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ROOSEVELT: THE HAPPY WARRIOR



Theodore Roosevelt.

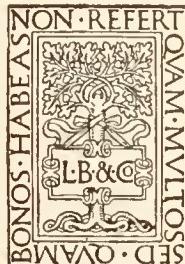
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R O O S E V E L T THE HAPPY WARRIOR

BY
BRADLEY GILMAN
"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport
the world affords."
— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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TO

M. R. F. G.

MY FELLOW TRAVELER, WHOSE INTEL-
LIGENT SYMPATHY HAS BEEN TO ME
THE VERY BREATH OF LIFE,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK



CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

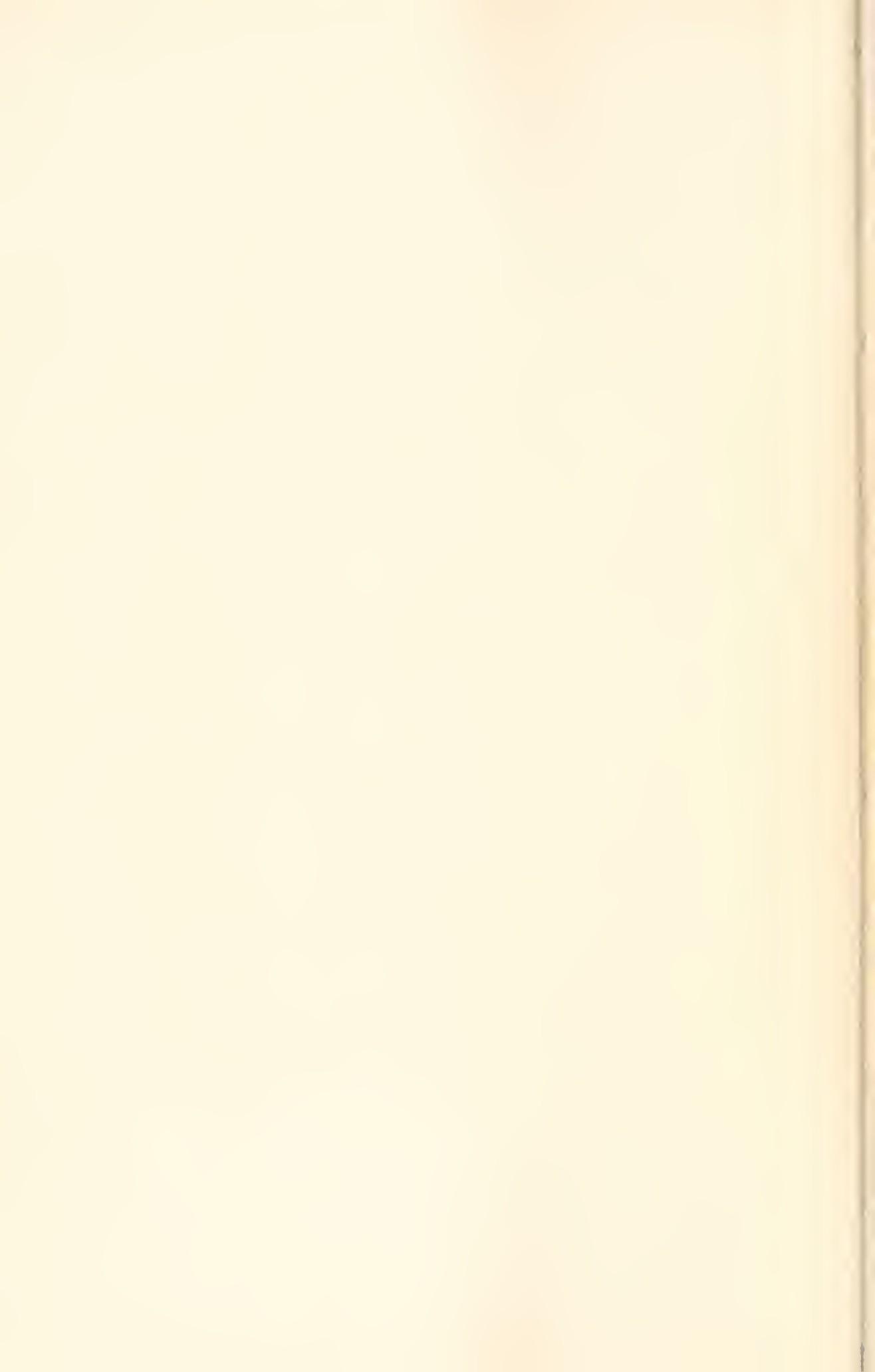
• • • •
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

• • • •
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

• • • •
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim.

• • • •
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

—*William Wordsworth.*



PREFACE

My old-time Professor of English, at Harvard, Francis J. Child, once said to me, "Sonnets are things which everybody writes and nobody reads." Be that as it may, I fear that Prefaces are things which every author writes and few people read. In truth, most authors, I suspect, write two prefaces. The first one when they square themselves to their task and desire to "sketch in" their plan and purpose. When they have finished their work, they tear up this written preface and write a new one, telling what they believe they have accomplished.

This has been my own course of procedure. My preliminary preface is in the wastebasket. And now, surveying my completed work, what do I find? Yes, and what do I wish my readers to find?

I have tried to analyze the character of my college classmate, Theodore Roosevelt, and to interpret him by his words and deeds. I have not hesitated to go quite beyond the reportorial field of the chronicler. I have not cared to express a coldly judicial attitude. Rather have I sought to set

PREFACE

forth that high estimate of him which I have cherished through more than three decades.

I have sought, by my interpretations of his words and deeds, to strengthen in his friends the love which they already feel. And, by laying bare to the noonday light, so far as I have had the power, his innermost springs of action, I have hoped to transform into sincere friends some who once were honest foes. Following the lead of Wordsworth's immortal conception, I picture Theodore Roosevelt to myself and to my readers as "The Happy Warrior." Joy and combat. Elevation of soul through championship of Right and Truth. Those are the two foci of the ellipse which expresses his strenuous life.

Several biographies of Roosevelt have already been written, with varying values and from various viewpoints. My method, in this book, has been so personal and intimate that I have needed to seek material from many persons who were his friends and mine. They have responded freely, generously. To them all — and especially to my classmates of Harvard, '80 — I express my warmest thanks.

I wish, also, to acknowledge, gratefully, the assistance I have received from these books: "Theodore Roosevelt, An Autobiography", "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time", 2 vols., by Joseph Buck-

lin Bishop, "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children", edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, published by Charles Scribner's Sons; "Theodore Roosevelt", by William Roscoe Thayer, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Logic of His Career", by Charles G. Washburn, "Talks with T. R.", by John J. Leary, Jr., published by Houghton Mifflin Co.; "Life of Theodore Roosevelt", by William Draper Lewis, published by John C. Winston Co.; "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt", by Lawrence F. Abbott, published by Doubleday, Page Co.; "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen", by Jacob Riis, published by Macmillan Co.; "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt", by Hermann Hagedorn, Jr., "Bill Sewall's Story of T. R.", by William W. Sewall, published by Harper & Brothers; "Theodore Roosevelt the Man", by Ferdinand C. Iglehart, D.D., published by *The Christian Herald*.



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ROOSEVELT: THE HAPPY WARRIOR

CHAPTER I

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

My earliest recollection of Theodore Roosevelt is still fresh in my memory. I saw him, really to distinguish him for the first time, in the transept of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, in October, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Six — our Freshman year.

I had come out of the dining-hall, and, as I walked toward the outer door, I noticed three fellow students engaged in animated discussion. What the topic was I knew not. But I was struck by the earnestness with which one of them was setting forth some point to the other two, in turn.

The speaker emphasized his points by vigorous movements of his head and by striking his right fist into his left palm. He was a lad of medium height. His slightly curling hair was a light brown color, and he wore side whiskers. Behind his spectacles I could see his keen blue eyes flash, and he seemed

entirely absorbed in his speaking. His words poured out rapidly, and he fairly stammered in his eagerness to express his ideas. He frowned as he talked, yet at times he paused and smiled. And I noted, for the first time, his singular yet winning expression as his short upper lip bared his teeth.

"Who is he?" I asked of the friend with me. And the reply came, with an amused smile, "Oh, that's Teddy Roosevelt, one of our '80 men."

From that point of time on through forty years Roosevelt became to me more and more a marked personality. And my acquaintance with him, beginning slenderly, enlarged and strengthened until I counted myself, through the great rich years of his mature power and world-wide fame, one of his most appreciative and devoted friends.

Upon the period of his life which lay back of my first sight of him — the period of his childhood and boyhood — I am compelled, of course, to look through eyes other than my own. Indeed, chiefly — like fellow chroniclers of his life — through his own eyes. For to him, in his "*Autobiography*", are we mainly indebted for such knowledge as we have of his earliest years.

Lucius Eugene Chittenden, at one time private secretary to Abraham Lincoln, kept a diary and afterward wrote "*Memories*" of the great man whom he served. And in them he drops the casual,

naïve remark, “Had I known, at the time, how great a man Lincoln was, I could have written far more details about him than I did.”

Would that he had better known the great Emancipator. And would that some friend and associate of the boy Roosevelt could have discerned the unfolding greatness in him and set down ten times the number of incidents and anecdotes, sayings and conversations, which we treasure, in the all too meager Autobiography.

I have long been interested in comparing him, the mature statesman and reformer, with himself as the child and the schoolboy. I take the woven fabric of his mature character, as it now lies exposed to the gaze of the whole world, and try to trace the threads of that firm fabric as they run back into his boyhood and childhood. They were tremendously strong, many of them, at his age of forty and fifty, but were essentially identical with the slenderer, more fragile threads of his earlier years.

Take this “thread” as an illustration. I read, not long ago, an account of his excursion with Earl Grey over English fields and meadows, on Roosevelt’s journey back from Africa, and about the pleasure of the two men in their observation of the birds. Earl Grey expressed surprise at Roosevelt’s interest in them and his knowledge of them.

Trace that “thread” farther back along the

fabric of Roosevelt's life. John Burroughs, an authority on such matters, declared that Roosevelt had remarkable familiarity with the birds of this country.

Still farther back, some of us recall a somewhat heated controversy on nature study which ran the rounds of the newspapers. Roosevelt had questioned some of the interpretations of smaller animal life set forth by a well-known naturalist. I forget which of the two disputants was correct — Roosevelt, I think — but the controversy showed that my former classmate had observed very keenly.

Thus the thread of nature study runs throughout his entire life. In his college course it was very apparent from his choice of studies. It leaps into humorous prominence in that story of his ride from Boston to Cambridge, in the horse car, having beside him several live lobsters for study in a loosely tied package. One of the lobsters crawled out of the package and up into an adjacent woman passenger's lap, to her great alarm. Recapture and apologies followed. But there was the thread of the naturalist running through the incident.

Back runs the naturalist thread into Roosevelt's childhood. He was, mentally, a good observer, but normal physical sight was denied him. He found out his deficiency when he was about twelve years old. But before that time, handicapped as

he was, he observed insects, fish, animals, flowers, flora and fauna; and there was present in him that genuine scientific spirit which later came into so full a fruition. How amusing, and yet how significant to the analyst, the psychologist, are the stories told about his "Museum of Natural History!" Other youthful members of the family lent their aid, but he was the leader, and hardly out of pinafores.

At that stage of his career, he became interested in white mice. And with a resourcefulness and energy which never left him but rather increased as years passed and physical strength increased, he informed the neighborhood that he would pay five cents for each white mouse sent to him, and thirty-five cents for a family of them. Result? The house was swamped by contributions.

One of his acquisitions was a snapping turtle, which he fastened to the leg of the sink in the laundry. And one of the housemaids gave notice that she would leave unless the turtle was removed.

A hint of the thoroughness which was always a marked characteristic of him comes out in the recorded incident that he had secured a dead wood-chuck and wished to set up its skeleton. And he told the cook to boil the body "twenty-four hours, so that the bones would all separate out, and not one be lost to science."

The story of the dead seal, measured by him in front of the store, and the incident of the white mice, put for safe keeping into the ice chest,—a preservative device, surely—those stories hint at the same eager activity, wide range of interest, and vigorous originality which characterized him in mature life.

Every “live boy” of any age can sympathize with him, as he trudged about, dragging a copy of one of Mayne Reid’s adventure books, or Livingstone’s “Travels in Africa.” That vividly written book of the great African missionary must have sown the seed, in little Theodore’s mind, of an eager curiosity to see the land of lions and elephants, giraffes, and “rhinos.”

Jacob Riis is responsible for one little fragment of Rooseveltian biography which illustrates the child Theodore’s daring activity. “A woman who lived next door to the Roosevelts in East Twentieth Street told me that once, in passing the house, she saw Theodore, a mere child, hanging out of a second-story window. She hurried and told Mrs. Roosevelt, who, as she started anxiously to catch the venturesome youngster, remarked, ‘If the Lord hadn’t taken care of Theodore he would have been killed long ago.’”

The most significant of the early incidents of Roosevelt’s life, of which we have record, was the

amusing one which tells of his protest against an undeserved — as it seemed to him — reprimand by his mother. There was an abundance of affection in his childish heart for her, as in her heart for him. But one day he felt himself aggrieved at some action of hers toward him. And when came the time for him to say his evening prayers, he be-thought him of her sympathy for the Confederate Cause — she being of Southern birth — and he added a clause to his formal prayer. He prayed for the success of the Union arms. He even particularized. He prayed that God “would grind them to powder.” As always, no halfway measure.

Luckily his beloved mother had a strong sense of humor, which he inherited in full measure, and she concealed her smiles and forbade all similar improvisations in the future, under penalty of being reported to his father, — “The only man whom I ever feared,” Roosevelt declared in later life.

That incident held the germ of one of Roosevelt’s strongest characteristics. It was his instinctive effort to strike back at any one who attacked him. Submission to real or fancied injustice was not in his nature. In his sparring contests at college and in all the contests of his later life, his invariable action was not quiescence or endurance simply; but he “came back.” Like a steel spring

he recoiled upon all who struck at him. Often circumstances did not permit him to express this desire. Wisdom or tact dictated some other course. But the instinct, the strong desire, was always there. In a conversation, during the latter half of his life, with his friend, John Leary, Junior, he said, with his characteristic vigor, "Jack, a man has no more right to forget an enemy than he has to forget a friend. I've always tried to do something for everybody who ever did anything for me." Then a smile, and, "But the regret of my life is that I have been unable to take proper care of all my enemies. I've had a million of them—too many for any man to attend to in an ordinary lifetime."

This code of morality was more after the Spartan or Mosaic order than the Christian. But, in reviewing any man's words or in analyzing his character, we need to remember that his theories and his actions often do not coincide. Sometimes the man's conduct rises far above his theory. This was true of Roosevelt. And in his case we need also to remember that his sense of humor, his brilliant, daring spontaneity of speech often led him to say things which he by no means meant in their full, unmodified form. We know, without being told, that this delightful outburst of his con-

cerning his enemies was followed by a laugh, equally delightful.

Apropos, in passing, of Roosevelt's keen sense of humor, observable through his mature life, I cite two incidents given by the Reverend F. C. Iglehart, which disclose to us an early section of that thread of humor which was woven so largely into the entire fabric of his life.

The growing boy, Roosevelt, not only betook himself early to books, but he made easy contacts with "all sorts and conditions" of boys, as far as opportunity offered. There, for instance, was the sturdy, straightforward nephew of the village blacksmith at Dobbs Ferry, where Theodore spent a summer. They were playmates, those two, and friends. The nephew, a year older than Theodore, is still living and recounts some of their operations and coöperations. I suspect that the relationship was, necessarily, a bit more feudal than democratic. But it gave satisfaction to both.

One of the incidents was this. The two boys were playing together one day, on a pond upon which Theodore had a skiff. He was alone in the skiff at that moment; his companion sat on the bank. Presently two of Theodore's grown-up friends drove by in a carriage. At the opportune instant he sprang up in the frail craft, tumbled about, and contrived to tip the craft over, splashing

into the water, quite out of sight. He remained under water a considerable time, to the delight of his watchful playmate but to the alarm of the deceived grown-ups.

The other incident, revealing the boy's inherent drollery, is this. It was the custom in the Roosevelt family that summer for the senior Theodore Roosevelt to be driven to the train each morning by a "coachman" in the "depot wagon." Theodore, Junior, frequently accompanied his father. One morning, as the boy returned with the "coachman" to the house, he induced the man to allow him to don the coat and hat which made up his "livery." Well covered up in these, he directed his playmate, the blacksmith's nephew, to sit beside him on the box. The playmate demurred, because he was wearing "only this hickory shirt and this small straw hat, and your mother'll know me." But Theodore insisted, wanting the boy for his "footman", he said; and he drove to the front door. Then he called out, in the loudest and most "grown-up" tones he could summon, "Is Mrs. Roosevelt in?" The puzzled housemaid, sweeping the porch, replied confusedly that she was in. "Then tell her," enjoined the rollicking youngster, "to come out for a drive. If she doesn't come now she can't have a drive at all to-day." Whereupon, without waiting, perceiving that the climax had been

reached, the amateur coachman drove away to the stable.

Only homely little incidents, these two, but prophetic of the exceptionally developed sense of humor which the man Theodore Roosevelt manifested. Every man flatters himself that he has a "sense of humor." And most men have. The others we pass over in silent pity. The mature Roosevelt had the humor sense in abundant measure. Indeed, it protected him, on countless occasions, from the deeper pains of disappointment, anxiety, and futile wrath. As he stood, a champion of truth and righteousness, before the world through many years, he did not wear the full armor described by the Apostle to the Gentiles — helmet, breastplate, and all the other pieces — but he bore a keen sword in his strong right hand and a polished shield upon his left arm. The sword was his own intrepid, combat-loving spirit, and the shield was his unfailing sense of humor, which "quenched the darts of many an adversary."

CHAPTER II

BULBS AND BLOSSOMS

A few months ago I went down into my cellar and groped about there, in a dim light, gathering several kinds of bulbs. These I planted in a sunny spot of my garden. And I saw them, in due time, push up into stems and stalks, and later flower out in flaming colors.

That dim cellar, with its undeveloped yet vital bulbs, may serve as an illustration of Roosevelt's life, during the period of his childhood and early boyhood, as it appears to me, from my present viewpoint. It is dim, and our knowledge of its contents is derived largely from Roosevelt's own memories. There are few persons living to-day who can add much to what he recollects. When he came to Harvard, he came out into the light. He began, in 1876, that group-life which was to continue, enlarging continuously, through his entire career. Many of his college classmates are living to-day and can build up a considerable body of information about him from their recollections.

The interesting objective which I set before

myself at this point is — to bring up out of that dim early period, like bulbs from their shadowy seclusion, the germs of those qualities in him which later flowered forth in luxuriance, before the eyes of the world. And I feel inclined, at this stage, to recur to those two striking qualities to which my first chapter adverted, — the quality of humor, or mirthfulness, and the quality of combativeness, typified by a shield and a sword.

Roosevelt's sense of humor has more psychological value to the analyst than might casually be supposed. It shows plainly, even in his own autobiographical narration of certain incidents in his boyhood. For example, there is delightful humor in his reference to his zealous efforts in the field of taxidermy. "Doubtless the family had their moments of anxiety and suffering — especially when a well-meaning maid extracted from my taxidermist's outfit the old toothbrush with which I had put on the skins the arsenical soap necessary for their preservation, partially washed it, and then put it back with the rest of my wash-kit, for my personal use."

Again, during his first journey abroad, he spent a summer in a German family in Dresden. As in his American home, he was active in his "nature studies." And he records that, "Whenever I could get out into the country, I collected specimens in-

dustriously, and enlivened the household with hedgehogs and other small beasts and reptiles which persisted in escaping from partially closed bureau drawers."

During his stay at Dobbs Ferry, he became the possessor of a "breech-loading pin-fire double-barreled gun." "It was an excellent gun for a clumsy and often absent-minded boy," he says. "There was a spring to open it; and, if the mechanism became rusty, it could be opened with a brick without serious damage. When the cartridges stuck they could be removed in the same fashion."

We may be sure that when he wrote that, forty years afterwards, his face wore that same fascinating smile which became famous the world over. And, apropos of that smile, it may be told that he was never seen to laugh more delightedly than when, during a political campaign, he read the "story" of a reporter who described him, when he pressed his way to the platform, as "biting his way through the crowd."

Again I recur to the closing words of the previous chapter and to the sword in his hand, symbol of the valor of his spirit. That actual love of righteous combat, mental or physical, was one of his greatest assets as a reformer and a public official. That characteristic has been noted by thousands, and it was pointed out by Mr. Taft in his

noble, tender eulogy of Roosevelt, after the latter's death. And a letter which has come to me, as I write, from a classmate, contains this statement: "I met Roosevelt in New York one day, just after he had been appointed to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I congratulated him, and suggested that he would now live a quiet, pleasanter life than had been his as Police Commissioner. But he replied, shaking his head doubtfully, 'I don't know about that. I like a fight. I do like a fight.'" And he did. But let it be noted that he liked it only when it was rooted in a righteous motive.

That aggressive quality in Roosevelt first comes to light in the fist-fight which he, as a boy, precipitated with two traveling companions of his own age. He was on his way to Moosehead Lake, in Maine, sent there with the parental hope that its outdoor life would strengthen him and help him throw off the asthma by which he was beset and tortured through several of his earlier years. Not only was he asthmatic, but he was frail and physically below the average of boys of his age. But in spirit he was unsurpassed. And when his youthful fellow travelers made fun of him, he attacked them. "But either of them, singly, could handle me with easy contempt," he records.

This discomforting experience was a turning point in his life. He faced the fact of his inferiority

in physical strength, and — true to the rare elasticity of his nature — he reacted upon it and set about correcting his defects. His parents and all his older friends had realized his bodily disability before he did. And all the world now looks back upon his weak, suffering childhood with pity and wonder, — pity for him as he seemed so poorly equipped for the struggle of life, and wonder that he so transformed his weakness into strength.

He accomplished this by the persistent exercise of his most unique gift, — an indomitable will. Other qualities he had which counted in his mastery of life, but his will was marvelous, almost miraculous. If he had been born two thousand years or more ago, in Greece, in Sparta, his infant fate would have been to be exposed to lingering death on Mount Tagytus, with other Spartan defectives. His capacity for survival and helpful citizenship would have been considered slender and negligible. But the record of his sheltered early life not only suggests the high distance which the human race has come, as indicated by its care for the weak and helpless members of society, but it proclaims also the miracle which an indomitable human spirit can accomplish, in its mastery of its body.

His father, always wise and sympathetic, encouraged the boy to enter into such sports and pastimes as would develop such slender physical

powers as he had. And the walking, sparring, riding, rowing, and other sports which he took up he continued throughout his life. That near-sightedness which was so evident during his entire career became known to him when he was thirteen years of age. Before that time, like most children similarly handicapped, he had not realized — nor had his relatives and friends — his defects of sight. But spectacles for his eyes were promptly provided, and a new world stood revealed before him.

Many people have expressed surprise that with his poor eyesight he could yet attain such proficiency in “nature study.” But the spectacles largely remedied his visual defects; and, mentally, he was keenly observant. Then, too, his hearing was always acute, and this was a great asset in his study of birds; he caught their calls and songs usually before he identified their plumage and movements.

One point may here be noted, as we recall the several kinds of pastimes which he entered into as a boy. These were the rowing and sailing on the waters of Long Island Sound. Most boys are eager for boats, but most boys pass on from row-boats to sailboats. They soon prefer the latter kind. But Roosevelt was unique in that he always preferred rowing to sailing. And just here, in this preference, we discover one of his striking char-

acteristics. Evidently he preferred the rowing because it gave him something to do. He was incessantly active. And, naturally, he preferred using his strength on the oars to sitting listlessly at a tiller or a wheel.

This stage of our survey may properly be the one where attention is called to the fact that Roosevelt was essentially a "self-made" man. That term has been applied to many men, especially in this land of comparatively free development and unrestricted opportunity. But, usually, if those men's careers are closely examined, it will be found that their advance, their "rise," has been brought about more by their alteration of their environment and by their seizing opportunities, than by their conscious alteration of their own characters.

Thus, strictly speaking, they have not been self-made, or remade, in any marked degree. But, in Roosevelt's case, there was a conscious, determined remaking of his mental qualities. He was by nature shy and self-distrustful, but in his mature and public life — let me say, with a smile — those qualities were never attributed to him. He eliminated them. And by nature he was timid. He records this, with all frankness, of himself. But he also records his method of correcting that defect. He says, "I read a passage, in one of the novelist Marryat's books, where the hero explains

how to acquire the quality of fearlessness. ‘A man should keep such a grip on himself that he can act as if he were unafraid. And, in time, he will become unafraid.’”

This, analyzed, is of course “Will.” And this was possessed by Roosevelt in an exceptional measure. He put it forth upon his emotional nature, and he became fearless,—physically, mentally, and morally. This was done consciously. He tells us, “I trained myself painfully and laboriously, not only as regards my body but as regards my soul and spirit.”

Roosevelt’s will, recognized by him and developed by him, simply supplemented and directed a natural activity which was his always, even back in those pinafore days when he made a somewhat mordant attack upon his child-sister, and was duly chastised, after pursuit and capture by his inexorable father. He was easily the leader in all games among his young relatives. He started the family “Museum of Natural History.” He was not content to observe and wonder and feel delight at the novel objects which he found about him. He was enterprising, resourceful, original. And the “Museum” resulted.

Although the boy Theodore’s most pronounced intellectual bent was toward natural science, other studies had not been neglected. His feeble

physique, through his earliest years, made of him a "home boy", and he was not put through the usual public-school course of instruction. But his Aunt Anna, as a member of the household, guided him through the intricacies of "the three R's", and at one time a French governess lived with the family. This first-hand instruction in French gave the boy a familiarity with the language which he retained throughout his life.

The earlier of the two trips abroad which he made as a boy appears, on his own statement, to have given him but little. At ten years of age, a boy cannot get much more in Europe than in the United States. The charms of its history and art elude him. But, four years later, in the winter of 1872 and 1873, he sailed again, with his family, across the Atlantic. And on this trip he went as far as Egypt. His general reading had prepared him for the picturesque remains of the Nile's ancient cities, and he greatly enjoyed what he saw. Yet it must be noted that even on this journey, as on the first one, the naturalist spirit dominated. On the Nile he was above all else a collector of birds. Indeed, before the party had set forth from their native land, Theodore had provided himself with a supply of pink-colored "Roosevelt Museum labels" for use on this "adventurous trip", as it seemed to him.

As we range about, through this dim pre-collegiate life of our great American, finding in his recorded words and acts the germs of the great deeds which characterized him later, we ask again and again, "But what was the one dominant quality in him which gave him the greatness which the world now ascribes to him?"

We can pick out several without which he could not have achieved what he did. Yet, back of all the others, the one factor which most arrests our attention is the dynamic factor, the energy, which seemed never to tire and drove him to express himself in scores of ways, joining now with one group of faculties and now with another, so that not only was "No human endeavor outside his range of interest", as the ancient phrase put it, but there was hardly one which he did not actually seek and eagerly pursue and in it attain excellence. The driving power in this phenomenal man combined chemically with all his varied faculties and interests and made them function with rare vigor.

This was the same element which figured in his remaking of himself, physically and spiritually. When Pandora, in the ancient legend, looked into her box of gifts, bestowed by the gods, she found that all the gifts had escaped, save hope only. When the sickly child Theodore examined his gift-

box, he found that almost his only valuable possession was his will. Straightway, with that he began to remake his life, corporeal and spiritual. And, as it transpired afterward, he did much to remake, to help reform his beloved country. Discovering that dauntless will within his breast, he found what Archimedes vainly sought,—a fulcrum by which his native land and even the entire world might be moved, and moved forward.

This dynamic element in Roosevelt was what John Morley sensed when he said, in England, after visiting the United States: "I saw there two things which were extraordinary — Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt." Yes, and was it not Power which he saw in both? Was it not what was detected in Napoleon Bonaparte by that member of the Directory, in 1799, who said to a fellow member, as Bonaparte, a new man, entered the assembly hall and looked about him, "I think that in him we have found our master"?

The dynamic element in both Bonaparte and Roosevelt was strikingly similar. But in other essential qualities they differed widely. The Corsican brigand looked out upon the world as an arena where he might exalt himself by ruthless victories. The American patriot — whose plans rarely ranged beyond the borders of his native

land — looked forth over that beloved land as his “world”, and in the words of King Arthur of the Round Table, he “longed for power on that dark world to lighten it, and power on that dead world to make it live.”

CHAPTER III

THE CLASS OF '80

Almost any graduate of almost any class of almost any college or university in the United States will tell you, in confidence, that his class was "The famous class of —", or "The well-known class of —", and then the year is named. Now and then some daring graduate breaks through the commonplace and declares that his class was remarkable for not being remarkable.

We of the Harvard Class of eighteen hundred and eighty feel, however, that we need not resort to this *tour de force*, but may say proudly — yet quietly and modestly, as is becoming in those who but reflect glory — that we are indeed of "the famous class of '80." And our class is famous largely because Theodore Roosevelt entered it, in 1876, and graduated with it.

When he came to Harvard, and while he remained there, his life was of one piece with his previous life. It was no fault of his that he had been born into a family that was characterized by all the conventions and customs of thinking and



PHOTO BY WILLIAM LYMAN UNDERWOOD

ROOSEVELT'S HOME WHILE AT HARVARD; UPPER FLOOR.



PHOTO BY WILLIAM LYMAN UNDERWOOD

ELL OF HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE WHERE DINING-CLUB MET.

acting which, the world over, mark what are called "the best people." When he came to Harvard, he continued to live, as far as was possible in his new environment, according to his previous practice. When he drove about over Cambridge in his dog-cart — a unique vehicle and much noticed — he did it as naturally as he had done it previously at home.

He was exceptionally and intensely individual. Later he became much more consciously communal, social. His choice of rooms in a private house at Number 16 (now Number 38) Winthrop Street, Cambridge, instead of rooms in a college dormitory, and his retention of that domicile throughout his college course was an unconscious expression of his instinctive individualism. He wished independence. Then, too, he was much absorbed at that date in the idea of making natural history the pursuit of his life. And he desired greater freedom in his collecting of "specimens" than probably would be allowed him in a college dormitory.

From the first he was a striking figure among his college mates. I have already mentioned my own first sight of him, as he argued vehemently with two friends in the transept of Memorial Hall. To the casual observer he was noticeable because of his side whiskers — quite uncommon among his fellow collegians — and his quick abrupt ways. To

those persons who knew him more closely he was always a surprising personality. He was different from most or all other undergraduates, yet there was no pose about him; he was entirely simple and considerably self-absorbed.

Any one who entered his study at Number 16 Winthrop Street found there an apartment different essentially from all other students' rooms. It reflected his own personality and past. It was decorated not only with the usual pictures and bookcases which would be expected in a lad of his training and background of home life, but it contained several stuffed birds and beasts and a few mounted antlers,—fruits of his own prowess in hunting and his skill as a taxidermist.

Seeking, as I am doing, for indications of his unfolding character, at this college period, as in earlier periods, I find significant testimony to his remarkable self-reliance and independence of the opinions and actions of his companions. This quality was evinced even in his face, as I recall it, and now shows in his photograph. Take that photograph of him as he appeared at his time of graduation. It is easy, and pseudo-scientific, to read into a man's cranial or facial formation, shown by his photograph, his mental characteristics,—after one has become familiar with them. Nevertheless, the photograph of Roosevelt's face when

a student at Harvard shows, to any impartial observer, at least two qualities. First, his eyes, which are open, frank, and fearless, manifest plainly that sincerity of nature which was always his. Later photographs of him show those frank, ingenuous eyes closing more and more—as do the eyes of most men who go out into the competitions of life—for they are learning, by stern experience, to conceal their own purposes and to discern the purposes of some rival or opponent. But, essentially, all through his life, and especially in his college days, he loved what was real and true, and he always declared for it.

This sometimes made him the butt of waggish friends. For naturally he took men at their own word; and it was easy for a frivolous, facetious companion to start him, by some statement, into a heated discussion. At the meetings of the Hasty Pudding Club, on several occasions, he was lured by some cooler member into debate for exhibition purposes. And his eager contention for his side of the question increased a natural hesitancy of speech in him, and his stumbling, stammering words brought his listeners to laughter. William Roscoe Thayer, in his admirable volume on Roosevelt, testifies to his tumultuous and sometimes inarticulate speech. Mr. Thayer refers to a dinner given in 1879 by

the *Harvard Crimson*, to which Roosevelt was invited as a representative of the *Harvard Advocate*. In his brief address on that occasion, Roosevelt showed great shyness and hurried over his sentences "as skaters hurry over thin ice." And he must have been fully aware of these, his defects of public speech, for he told at this dinner the anecdote (Mr. Thayer narrates) about a stammering man recommending — with many grimaces and gaspings — the doctor who had cured *him*.

All this immaturity of speech was surmounted by Roosevelt later, and he became a most interesting and convincing campaign speaker, although never an eloquent speaker, as the word is usually defined.

Again, as to his college photograph. That strong, defiant chin ought to tell any acute observer the story of Roosevelt's dogged determination, his rare power of concentration, his lifelong surmounting of defects within and obstacles without. The chin alone did not bring his success. Other determined chins there have been. But his had an exceptional brain behind it. And, in combination, it was a large factor in the achievements of Roosevelt's strenuous life.

Let us look, now, at two or three of the recorded incidents of his college life. They are not only interesting in themselves, but to me, as I keep in

mind my psychological objective, they are distinctly illuminating as to Roosevelt's character.

Back of his domicile on Winthrop Street was a stable. One night two students, who occupied rooms in the same house with Roosevelt, heard neighs and screams from a horse in that stable. And they conferred sleepily together as to the advisability of looking into the matter. Finally, after several minutes had elapsed and the cries did not cease, they arose reluctantly, threw on some garments, and went out of the house and across the alley, to investigate.

They found the stable door open. And they found Theodore Roosevelt already on the spot, trying to get the frightened horse out of his trouble. The animal had put his leg through a hole in the side of the stall. Roosevelt had heard the outeries and straightway had climbed down from his second-story room and had rendered "first aid." The point of real interest is — not only his sympathy with the horse — but his taking hold of the situation promptly and unaided. And that was always his self-reliant, independent way. Little mattered it to him, throughout his life, what others did or thought about a worthy cause or a pressing public need. He went at the matter himself.

The same instinct for independent self-assertion was evinced when he marched in the Republican

campaign procession, through Boston streets, one torch-lit evening, soon after we entered college. At one point along the route, sundry ribald fellows, on an adjacent roof, contributed not only defamatory epithets to the line of ardent young Republicans below, but made unpleasant contributions of various noxious articles. Their actions drew angry protests from their helpless victims. But it is told that on that adventurous night, young Roosevelt — “Teddy” then called — became known to many of his classmates by stepping out of the ranks, shaking his fist at the craven crew on the roof, and crying to his companions, “Come, fellows! Let’s go up and smash those blackguards. Let’s kill ‘em!”

Whether literally true or a trifle apocryphal, this incident offers me so good a suggestion that I risk using it. It shows the reacting spirit of the young Freshman. He was not content to endure, like his companions, without retaliation. He was eager to get back at the rowdies, storm them in their stronghold, and take vengeance on them for their unfair attack.

When our “Class of ’80” entered college, the four classes made a total of about eight hundred students. In some ways so small an undergraduate body offered advantages now impossible. But then as now, the problem regarding each man who

entered was, "How much of the two main branches of education will he lay hold of?" There was and is, on the one hand, the education which comes from an accumulation of facts, an acquisition of knowledge. On the other hand, there is the education which means development of the man's capacity and powers.

The striking conviction which is forced upon us, in Roosevelt's case, from our observation of him — and from what he observed in himself, in retrospect — is that he did not alter essentially in character and power in college, and that the chief part of his accumulation of facts came through his own private reading, as often outside his prescribed courses as within them. But that he did good work in his prescribed and elected subjects is shown by his record, which tells us that he graduated in the upper eighth of his class, he was made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and he received "honorable mention" in Natural History.

When he entered college, bringing with him the habits and tastes of his past, he purposed giving himself to a lifelong study of natural history. The "Museum" of his childhood had expressed a vital interest and enthusiasm of his nature. But he was soon deflected from his purpose by the bookish, theoretical, laboratory methods then in vogue at Harvard, — as at most other colleges. He was

eager to get out among the living birds and beasts, and he was bored by the requirements of microscopic and anatomical investigation.

This eager desire of his to get at the living realities of "natural history" is the more noteworthy when we remember that he was no stranger to the printed page. He was already an omnivorous reader. But he saw that while some things could be learned only through books, other things — as the best and most real things in natural history — should be learned at first hand. Still this was not so much a defect of the college curriculum as it was a necessary evil. Obviously Harvard could not send all her ardent young naturalists to the four corners of the earth to study birds and beasts in their natural environment. This kind of study Roosevelt really pursued later, by his travels and explorations.

The new life of college opened up to Roosevelt, as to every college student, social, intellectual and — not least, in his case — physical development. When our class entered in 1876 our men began with zeal to exercise at the chest weights and other apparatus. But in a month many of them flagged and came no more. Not so Roosevelt. Throughout his college life, as through all his later life, he gave constant attention to athletic exercise. And he did it, as he did so many other things, with the

deliberate intention of building up his physical strength, which he knew to be the basis of all other efforts which he might wish to put forth.

Doctor Dudley A. Sargent, at that time in charge of the gymnasium and the physical culture of the students, gave us all a minute scientific examination. I quote briefly from his report, kindly loaned me by him:

"Theodore Roosevelt was examined in Cambridge in March, 1880, when he was twenty-one years and five months old. At this time, he weighed 136 pounds. His total stretch of arms, which would also include the breadth of his shoulders, was less than his total height; which is seldom the case in fully developed men. Notwithstanding his rather small frame and mediocre muscular development, his total strength test was only surpassed by five per cent. of those in college at this time. His superior strength was largely due to the mechanical advantage he gained by his short arms. But he must have felt himself severely handicapped for boxing, rowing, and other forms of athletics, by his very short arms. In looking over the gymnasium record of this remarkable young man, we find the only physical measurements in which he surpassed his classmates were in the girth of his head and neck. All his muscle measurements were below the average, those of his legs especially

so. As soon as I pointed out his strong points as well as his physical weaknesses, he got busy. He realized that during the formative period of his youth, when other boys were developing their arms, chest and legs in doing gymnastic stunts and pursuing athletic exercises, he had been bent over his books, cramming his brain with all sorts of miscellaneous information. He told me that he did some work in a gymnasium before coming to college, and in this way developed the strength of arms and chest shown in his strength test.

"Roosevelt seemed to realize the fundamental truth that what one gets out of any physical effort depends largely upon the strength and energy he puts into it — for he threw himself into his body-building work, the short time he remained in college, with the greatest interest and enthusiasm. I regret very much that I never had an opportunity to examine Mr. Roosevelt later in his life. That he should have been able apparently to add so much to his physical vigor and powers of endurance, after leaving college, so as to have been regarded by many people as a 'human dynamo', — is a remarkable occurrence, considering his poor physical foundation in his youth. Roosevelt's life history furnishes one of the best illustrations with which I am acquainted, of what may be done in middle life by a fixed determination and a resolute

will to overcome youthful physical defects and deficiencies."

When Doctor Sargent gave Roosevelt his physical examination he made some jesting remark about the young man's slight development in the legs. That remark was enough to start Roosevelt on an attempt to remedy the defect. "But what shall I do to develop them?" he asked. And Doctor Sargent replied lightly, "Oh, I suppose you might take to skipping rope, like the girls."

Enough said. Roosevelt straightway procured a skipping rope, and on many an afternoon he might have been seen upon the piazza at Number 16 Winthrop Street, vigorously using it as suggested. His original method at first caused amused comment on the part of his friends. But that sort of thing never troubled him. Temperamentally, he was always indifferent to it, although later in his life he learned — as he learned so many things, out in the competitive world — the value and power of public opinion. The next step came when several of his friends took up the same exercise, showing that he already had influence among these friends.

The same rational purpose lay back of all his sports. He never cared for the usual college games, football, baseball, and the rest. But he continued in Cambridge the interest in boxing

which had been aroused in him as a boy at Oyster Bay. The boxing undoubtedly gave him, value for value, more returns of exercise and strength than almost any other form of exercise could have given. Then, too, it gratified that joyous sense of personal combat which was always strong in him from infancy to age.

Those who boxed or sparred with Roosevelt, in public or in private, have told me warmly of his marked adherence to fair play. This was the "square deal" in its infancy. And there is record of one famous bout in which he took part, where his antagonist struck him and drew blood, after the referee had ordered a halt. The indignant spectators broke into a noisy protest against his antagonist. "Foul blow! Foul blow!" they cried. But Roosevelt, wiping his bleeding nose with one hand, held up the other for silence, and then exclaimed, "He didn't hear the referee, fellows. I know he didn't hear him." Whereupon cheers went up for sturdy fair-minded "Teddy."

He took, in all, many lessons in the science of fisticuffs, and his skill stood him in good stead on several occasions in his life. But he had not the physique to put him among the best. He was not over five feet eight inches in height, and his reach was not great. Still, he was extremely quick and experienced, and nobody in college, of his weight

and inches, could stand up long against him. His hands were small. I have often, in later years, glanced at his small hands and thought how little adapted they seemed for the boxing-gloves and other rough sports, as also for the vigorous demands upon him as a hunter of "big game."

Whatever Roosevelt happened to be doing at a given moment, that thing he did with enormous energy. Even when he was reading — perhaps in a fellow student's room, and the room full of noisy, rollicking mates, he clutched the book with both hands, generally at the top on the under side, and all his energy, physical as well as mental, seemed to be concentrated on the act. One of our classmates has told me that on a certain occasion when Roosevelt was in this classmate's room and was discussing some subject, he became so strenuous that he broke a chair with which he was emphasizing some point in the discussion. And I remember distinctly listening to him at an Exchange Club dinner, many years after college, where he was addressing several hundred men on technical points in hunting. The markings and warning signals of rabbits and deer I think was one of his topics. And in listening to his vigorous sentences and in observing his equally vigorous gestures, one might have supposed that the speaker was holding forth on his one special life-theme. Whereas, at that

period in his public career, he was carrying on effectively scores of projects and was bearing heavy burdens of national policy.

In those college days of '76-'80, Roosevelt had all his mental and physical energy and less sophistication than he acquired, inevitably, afterward. In our classrooms, in our lecture hours, it was not often that any student broke in upon the smoothly flowing current of the professorial address. But Roosevelt did this again and again, naïvely, with the evident aim of getting at the more detailed truth of the subject. One of my classmates, who was in his section of Political Economy (Pol. Econ., for short) writes me that he recalls Roosevelt's pushing questions at the instructor and even debating points with him. This novel action made Roosevelt a subject of wonder and comment. Free Trade was the undergraduate fetich, at Harvard, at that epoch, and probably was the topic most debated.

Another letter from another classmate goes more into detail. I quote from the letter, literally: "I recall an incident in one of the classes when the instructor, Professor D — , a much beloved man, was discussing differences between curly-haired races and those with straight hair. The opinion was presented by him that straight-haired races

greatly excelled. Whereupon Roosevelt — you remember he had brown curly hair — arose and declared, very forcibly, that he did not agree with the instructor. At once the whole section 'Wooded up', with much laughter. And Professor D — joined in it. Roosevelt was by no means dismayed, but, now with his smile, stuck to his point. 'I'm right in my view, just the same.' Then he sat down."

From a classmate's letter I quote: "I was with Roosevelt in a Rhetoric section. Just who the instructor was I cannot say. But I remember that it was always difficult to get any definite statement out of him, on any subject. One day Roosevelt tried. I remember distinctly his vain efforts to get a 'Yes' or 'No' in reply to his question. Perhaps so brief a reply could not have been given. At any rate, Roosevelt did not get it. And I recall distinctly his characteristic and unconcealed gesture of impatience and disgust as he settled back in his seat."

From another source I have an illustration of the same unquenchable spirit. Roosevelt engaged in a public debate at the Harvard Union, then situated on Main Street, near Central Square. What the topic of debate was I do not know. But Roosevelt's side lost, as adjudged by the referee

committee. He acquiesced cheerfully in their decision, and at the close of the meeting, going up to the two opponents and shaking hands cordially, he congratulated them on their good work. Then he added firmly, "But we had the right of the question, for all that."

CHAPTER IV

MORE COLLEGE DAYS

During the three or four years after Roosevelt's graduation, his character underwent great changes. But through the four years of his college course he remained substantially the same, except for the steady, normal acquisition of knowledge and development of character which would be expected of any collegian.

When he came to college his family forbears and social background were not unknown to various members of the Freshman class, and he was welcomed as a man eligible to all the social advantages at Cambridge which his position implied. In Roosevelt's college days there were, roughly speaking, some forty societies among the students. How far Roosevelt sought admission to these organizations and how much he was sought for, I cannot say. Not only was he a "desirable", but he certainly would have applied for admission, if he had desired it, at any door where such application was proper.

Accordingly he became a member of thirteen

of the forty societies, some of these being the Institute, Hasty Pudding, Porcellian, Rifle Club, Glee Club (Associate Member), Art Club, D. K. Society, Finance Club, Athletic Association, and Natural History Society. In addition he was an editor of the *Harvard Advocate* during his Senior year; and — as already mentioned — he was made a Phi Beta Kappa man.

In these various clubs he fulfilled his duties acceptably and often with distinction. Perhaps among them all, the one where he was least adequate was the Porcellian. I was not of Porcellian timber myself, and have no first-hand knowledge of the matter. But from a friend, a college mate, I gather that the serious and almost austere young Knickerbocker did not find the aims and methods of that social group very much to his liking. Nor in turn was he felt to be, by his fellow members, an enthusiastic sympathizer in their club life. There was nothing seriously out of joint in his membership, but he did not care much for the frivolities of ordinary group-conversation, and he drew a very strict line of restraint for himself in all matters convivial.

The group of which he was most vitally a part in college was undoubtedly his dining club. A group of eight men it was, as originally formed in the Freshman year, and later a group of six. The club



MEMBERS OF DINING-CLUB, AT HARVARD, 1880.



MEMBERS OF DINING-CLUB, 1905.

met at "Mrs. Wilson's", now Number 62 Brattle Street, Cambridge. And their daily contact brought the men very closely together. Of course all kinds of topics were discussed, and often differences of opinion brought on heated debates. I am told that eager and excited as Roosevelt usually became in discussing a subject, he rarely, if ever, wholly lost his self-control. Some of the others, on the contrary, did at times go beyond their rational poise. And it frequently resulted in Roosevelt's looking up from his plate — to which he usually gave his close, near-sighted attention — and exclaiming, "I say now, fellows, don't let's get too hot over this matter! We can't all see things just alike. Now, let up a little, do!"

And thus, many a time, he was a veritable peacemaker for that ardent little group.

He usually ate heartily, I am told. "Two helps" being nearly always called for by him. When he received his portion, he was accustomed to retain his spectacles and prepare it carefully on his plate. When prepared, he took off his glasses and devoted himself pretty exclusively to eating. He seemed to be keeping up a line of absorbed thought as he ate. As one of this group told me, "He did not seem to enjoy eating very much, but ate as we might stoke a furnace — because it must be done. He did not live to eat, but he ate to live." He

seems to have had a deliberate purpose in this matter of eating, as he did in nearly all his acts. Many years afterward, when he was starting upon what looked like an exhausting political campaign, he said — in sketching his plans to a former college classmate — “And I’m going to eat. If a man doesn’t eat, he can’t work.”

At times, in the intimate little dining club, he put on his glasses and joined in some discussion. Not frequently, but always with vigor. Apropos of his officees as peacemaker, I recall the account given of another attempt of his to quiet a noisy group. One evening he and several friends went to a theater in Boston. After the performance they drifted into “Ober’s” — a somewhat promiscuous restaurant just back of Washington Street, near Winter Street. Here “all sorts and conditions” of men — and women — and drink — were to be found. Roosevelt’s group became somewhat heated and enthusiastic and demonstrative. There was no saying what the climax might have been. Suddenly Roosevelt leaped upon a table and, gesturing vigorously, cried out above the din, “I say, fellows, let’s not go too far! We mustn’t carry this thing too far. We’ve about reached the limit, fellows. Let’s get out!”

Somebody bigger and stronger than himself promptly pulled him off the table, amid a roar of

good-natured laughter. And he and his noisy companions soon started for the sequestered, academic groves of Cambridge.

There was never any danger to his reputation as a vigorous, virile fellow in his doing a thing of that sort. His game qualities in sparring and wrestling and in debate were too well known for that. As one man who had sparred and wrestled with him frequently said to me recently, "He was such a fair-minded fellow. Open, square, generous, an awfully fierce fighter, but always a good sport."

Altogether Roosevelt, in his college days, took his place as a somewhat unique personality. The normal conventional kind of man could not make him out, but respected and wondered at him. Whether he would turn out a crank or a leader of some new order stood a puzzling question. William Roscoe Thayer, Harvard '81, speaks of sitting with Roosevelt on the window seat of a room in Holworthy, and chatting about what they intended to do after their college course. "I'm going to try to help the cause of better government in New York City," declared Roosevelt, "although I don't know exactly how." And Thayer comments, "I looked at him inquiringly and wondered whether he was the real thing or only a bundle of eccentricities." Results have shown that he was indeed "the real thing."

Again and again his classmates have been asked, "Did you see signs in him, in those days, of the greatness which he afterward showed?" I do not find anybody except Charles G. Washburn, of our class, who quite asserts that he saw greatness in Roosevelt in college. Washburn was one of the original eight members of the dining club previously mentioned and had opportunities to know him well. A few years ago he wrote an excellent and discriminating book about this classmate whom he profoundly admired. In it he says, "It became evident very early that Roosevelt was a person *sui generis* and not to be judged by ordinary standards. Very early in our college life I came to believe in his star of destiny."

I have implied, perhaps, in my recital of his outspokenness in the classroom, that he was not unduly sensitive and shy. The whole truth of the matter is that he was really shy, but he persistently struggled, in this field as in so many others, to overcome a natural defect which he saw tended to hamper him in whatever work he might engage in. There are several pieces of evidence pointing to this conclusion. To any person who saw and heard him frequently, in his later public life, as he made speeches and gave addresses countless in number, it might have seemed as if he had never known shyness or stage fright.

One incident which reveals his undergraduate shyness and sensitiveness has been given me by one of the participants in the scene. It appears that a committee of three students presented themselves before President Eliot, to state some grievance. Roosevelt was to be the spokesman. The President entered the room. No American citizen whom I have ever known, and no European royalty whom I have ever seen equaled him in dignity and majesty of mien. And when Roosevelt confronted that dignity and majesty, his "tongue clave to the roof of his mouth", — for a moment only. Then he burst out, "Mr. Eliot, I am President Roosevelt —," which confused him still more, and for several moments he could say nothing.

All this timidity he triumphed over, in due time. Doctor Edward Everett Hale, a past master in public speaking, was once asked by an eager but shy young man how he could overcome his extreme shyness in public. "Speak every time anybody asks you to," replied the honored author of "*The Man Without a Country*." And the advice was sound. Roosevelt's experience in New York politics took away all his shyness.

In private, he never had any real shyness about talking, although as a child he had always spoken rapidly, and sometimes, in his eagerness, incoherently. But his difficulty was one of the tongue

and larynx, not of the mind and will. He could talk, and at times he could refrain from talking. One of my classmates, a most genial, likeable man, has given me an illustration of this from his own experience. Speaking of hunting and other outdoor sports, my friend said: "That was one of the points I held in common with Roosevelt, at college. I liked shooting. And he went, again and again, up into Maine with 'Bill' Sewall, to camp and hunt. Several times Roosevelt asked me to come to his room to talk about some trip I had taken in the woods or along the shore, in search of game. He would ask the most minute questions about the cries and habits of the birds and animals which I had hunted. He cared far more for that side of the subject than I did. But when I had told him all I knew, I recall that he suddenly ceased his questions, took up a book or magazine, and began to read.

"What do you think of that?" continued my friend. "You are trying to analyze him. Now, how do you explain him, there?"

I hesitated over my reply. Then I ventured, "A lack of sympathy, was it?"

My friend's hearty laugh reassured me. "No!" he replied. "He was just bored with me. That was all. He had drained me of the information he sought; and on other subjects I just bored him.

He was interested in more serious questions than I cared for."

There is one incident of Roosevelt's career at Cambridge which has been told repeatedly, but often it has been told incorrectly. I have the best of reasons for believing that this version which I give is the right one.

At his home in New York he had grown up in the habit of attending church and Sunday school of the Dutch Reformed faith. When he came to Cambridge there was no church of that kind within reach. But he had been reared in the firm belief that every man ought to connect himself with some church and in some way serve it, and, through it, society. As he examined the several churches near Harvard Square, he found himself in sympathy with Christ Church, Episcopalian, Reverend Mr. Spalding, rector.

Accordingly, without consulting anybody, he presented himself before Mr. Spalding and expressed a wish to teach a class in the Sunday school. I knew Mr. Spalding personally, and I think he was somewhat surprised at this unsolicited offer of service. But he concealed any surprise he felt and replied calmly that he would be happy to put Mr. Roosevelt in charge of a promising class of boys. This was done, and all went happily for a time. "Teddy" was known by his companions to be

teaching in a Sunday school, but nothing that he did surprised anybody who was intimate with him.

All went well in his teaching for several months. The boys admired him, and he loved them. With his characteristic "largeness of nature", he gave presents at Christmas time to his pupils which quite surpassed the presents of other teachers to other boys. And a certain lowering of "morale" became evident in the school as this fact became generally known. A little reconsideration, however, corrected this too expansive Christmasing, and all went on in peace.

One Sunday, after several months had passed, one of the little boys — "Billy", we will say — came into the class, and was plainly seen to have a suspiciously "black eye." His companions did not try very hard to ignore it; in fact, they made frequent terse inquiries about its cause. At length their teacher himself asked Billy directly but sympathetically about the matter.

For a few moments Billy parried inquiries, but presently burst out, "Well, yer see, Sam — that big feller, Sam — he came along where I was playing marbles with Jimmie. And he swiped some of my marbles. And I told him to give 'em back, and — well, that's how I got my eye blacked."

It was a frank statement of elemental facts and forces, and the young teacher saw it as such. But

he felt leanings in two directions. His natural sympathy was with the boy and his stand for his rights of property. But he remembered that he was a Sunday-school teacher. So, after a moment's deliberation, he said, "Of course you know, Billy, it's wrong to fight — that is, er — generally it is. And I'm sorry about this. I hope it won't happen again."

This said, he slipped a twenty-five-cent piece into Billy's hand, and the lessons of the class were resumed. It is said that this award of the young teacher's became known to the somewhat rigid rector, and resulted in Roosevelt's being relieved of his duties with the class. And for many days it was a standing jibe with the waggishly inclined among his friends for somebody to inquire of him, "Well, Teddy, teaching Sunday school still?"

It is only a trifling incident, this, but it has a point in common with larger, later events, even with the Panama Canal incident. In both cases Roosevelt was not content with technical, conventional morality. He went below technicalities and got at the equity of the situation, as I will affirm, more minutely, in a later chapter.

Another characteristic of Roosevelt's is implied in this incident. It is the exceptional way in which he combined in himself qualities mutually antagonistic, qualities which in most people are not

found existing together. For example, he was capable of the highest idealism, yet he urged recourse to physical force, to fist-blows, under certain conditions. In all his writings and his addresses, he held up the highest moral conduct as the only worthy aim of individuals and nations. And he exemplified it in his private life and in his public policies. Yet when he was asked what a man should do if — for instance — another man were to spit at him, or threaten him with violence, his prompt reply was, "Strike him and strike him first."

The exceptional assemblage of opposite qualities in his character I have seen exhibited by him as he discussed, for instance, "Greetings and farewells among primitive people." He followed the subject down to its minutest details. And a listener might have thought, "This man is meticulous. He lives in small things. He has no large range." And then, in an instant, I have seen him swing to a consideration of world-themes and treat them in the largest possible way.

I was reminded of this significant quality in Roosevelt recently, as a classmate told me that he recollects a meeting at the Hasty Pudding Club, when Roosevelt remained, with a few others, nearly the entire night, in order to frustrate an attempt to vote in a student whom Roosevelt and others

considered "undesirable." There are many men — grim, dogged beings — of whom you would naturally expect that kind of bulldog tenacity. But how easy to say of Roosevelt, especially in his mercurial, youthful days, "This brilliant young fellow is quick to lay hold but would never hold on." That would be a natural but mistaken judgment. He could think, feel, and act with remarkable speed, but he could also sustain his thought and feeling and action to the last gasp.

The psychology of his nature probably was this. That after he had begun promptly, temperamentally, upon the mental, physical or emotional act or state, he threw it over into the domain of his enlightened will. And his dogged resolution, like a vise, held him to his chosen path.

It pleases me to add that the classmate who told me this incident of the undesirable Hasty Pudding applicant closed his remarks with a moment's meditation, and then added, with tenderness and yet firmness, "Oh, Theodore was such a clean-minded fellow."

Following this incident of the Pudding meeting, I may properly explain that Roosevelt was no "dog in the manger", glad to keep somebody out of what he himself was enjoying. There was the case of R——. He was shy, inexpressive, and not very attractive at first sight. But he had excellent

qualities underneath, as Roosevelt happened to know. Accordingly, when R — came up as a candidate for the Pudding, and seemed likely to be black-balled, Roosevelt put in a very earnest and successful plea for him.

No, it was not blind, brute, bulldog tenacity in Roosevelt, nor was it conceit of leadership. It was simply his inherent love of "the square deal."

Frederick Mather Stone, Harvard '82, has given me an incident which serves my purpose excellently, as I try to elucidate my classmate's qualities and characteristics from such anecdotes and reminiscences as I can gather. Stone was "running" for the "Dickey." In the yard one day, as he came near Gray's, he saw Roosevelt — already a member of the Dickey — sitting on the front steps.

It might be interpolated here that when Roosevelt was "running" for the "Dickey", one of his stunts was to attend a performance of the Medea, then playing in Boston, and applaud all the somber situations in that extremely somber drama.

Roosevelt beckoned Stone to come near; then he asked, with all the license of interrogation allowed him at such a time, "What's your name?"

Stone's reply was "Rocks, by God —" then trailing on into some language so reprehensible that he would not repeat it to me.

Roosevelt listened to the full statement; then he asked, "You don't like to say that vile stuff, do you, Stone?"

And Stone replied, "I certainly don't."

At this point in the story, if Roosevelt had been an ordinary, average man, he would have said, "I'm sorry that you have to say it," and the interview would have ended. But, being the exceptional young fellow he was, predestined by his just and generous nature to take up every grievance he came across, he exclaimed, "Then, Stone, don't you say that dirty stuff. Say the first three words when you're asked, and no more. And, Stone, if anybody makes a fuss, you refer him to me. I'll back you."

Roosevelt always rebelled at vague ethical generalities and the dry husks of righteousness and sought out and acted upon the kernel of right, truth, justice,—in the one particular situation which confronted him. In his Autobiography he mentions Professor A. S. Hill by name, and with evident gratitude and appreciation. A feeling which I also share, as a pupil of Professor Hill. But when I seek for an explanation of my classmate's evident preference for that somewhat caustic teacher of Rhetoric and English, I am puzzled.

Further, I have this incident from one of my

classmates. He tells me, "One day, at Cambridge, in our Sophomore year, I met Roosevelt just outside University Hall — the building where most of the college departments had their offices. He was considerably excited. When I asked the cause of the excitement, he burst out angrily, 'I'm going straight up to the President and tell him that Professor Hill has insulted me. He said this morning, before the whole session, that I could never learn to write good English.' I tried to pacify him," continued my classmate, "and I think I did. For when I left him he did not go up into University as he had intended."

That must have been merely a passing outburst of youthful indignation. And, years after, as Roosevelt looked more calmly back over his college course, there seems to have been something admirable in Professor Hill's character or methods which made Roosevelt single him out for especial mention in his Autobiography. What that quality in the professor was I cannot say, with confidence. But, knowing the two men, their temperaments and their attitude toward life, I fancy that Professor Hill's insistence upon linguistic and rhetorical realities, beneath the academic, cumbersome rules handed down from Whately and other erudite writers upon rhetoric, — this cutting of red tape appealed to reality-loving Theodore Roosevelt.

The story has been told that it was in the Rhetoric section, during his Sophomore year, that Roosevelt's romantic interest in Miss Lee — later his wife — became generally known. William Draper Lewis, in his interesting "Life of Theodore Roosevelt", has given an account of this matter in some detail. "During all this time he had become more and more interested in Miss Alice Hathaway Lee, who lived in Chestnut Hill, a pleasant suburb of Boston. During his Sophomore year he was a student in Rhetoric under Professor Adams Sherwin Hill. One day the professor was reading to his class a theme, which he objected to because it was over-romantic. In the middle of his reading, he paused and asked Roosevelt to criticize the theme. The young man hesitated, and the professor then asked him specifically, 'Mr. Roosevelt, what do you think of a young man falling in love?' Roosevelt, blushing furiously, made no answer. And so his secret was out. The culmination of the affair was his engagement to Miss Lee, and their marriage, on his twenty-second birthday, a few months after he had graduated from college."

I have visited Cambridge recently to refresh my memory upon Roosevelt's college life. There is the old wooden dwelling-house on Winthrop Street, where he lived during practically all his four years. And there is the well-preserved, dig-

nified house at Number 62 Brattle Street (corner of Hilliard) where his dining club met. Also I noted the substantial iron fence, with its impressive gates, which now surrounds the college grounds. And I give a letter from one of my classmates which tells how that encompassing fence came to be erected:

"I served with Roosevelt and John Woodbury (our faithful class secretary) on the Class Day Committee. And I recall that Roosevelt suggested that the Committee should use a material portion of the class fund to construct a picket fence around the grounds, to protect the Class Day ceremonies from invasion by the uninvited public. Class Day, '79, the previous year, had been spoiled by an incursion of a mob, and it was our wish to prevent a recurrence of such an incident. Roosevelt suggested the fence. But before we committed ourselves to so large an expenditure, we secured an assurance from '81 that they would take it off our hands — as a 'second-hand' fence, of course, at a reduced price. I have always understood that this arrangement was carried out. That picket fence was the origin of the dignified iron structure, a splendid gift of '81, which now encompasses the yard; and I think that these facts are worthy of record in a biography of Roosevelt."

It might seem, from the space given to the social

side of Roosevelt's life in college, that his work in his courses of study was of little moment. His own autobiographical survey of his four years as an undergraduate might also lead the casual reader to the same conclusion. But Roosevelt, in his *Autobiography*, is too modest about his academic achievements. I have already adverted to them, but not in sufficient detail.

Bearing in mind the number of clubs and societies of which he was a member, and the time he gave to athletics, the hasty critic might expect to find that not much time and interest remained for study. But here again we find him combining in himself unrelated and almost mutually opposing qualities and aptitudes which in most people are widely separated from each other. Roosevelt loved his sparring and boxing and driving and shooting and all active outdoor sports, but he could put his feet under a desk and "toil terribly." He could withdraw his trained and harnessed will from all physical action and put it into intellectual fields, for sustained effort of many kinds, and with excellent results.

I will use, in closing this chapter, some of the material gathered by my classmate, F. J. Ranlett, and printed in an article by him in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of June, 1907.

In his article, among many useful facts, he has

prepared the table which shows how Roosevelt used the privileges of the new elective system:

Hours Taken in Sophomore Year	Hours Taken in Junior Year	Hours Taken in Senior Year
3 hours a week in German 1 hour in French	1 hour a week in German 3 hours in Italian	3 hours in Italian 6 hours in Natural History
6 hours in Natural History	5 hours in Natural History 3 hours in Political Economy	3 hours in Political Economy

Mr. Ranlett points out that one third of Roosevelt's elected courses were in modern languages, no Latin or Greek. Also, that the table contains no courses in English Composition and none in History, "An omission very noticeable in a man who, in after life, wrote so much and so well, on so many subjects — even in historical fields.

"In Sophomore History, and in the other prescribed courses — Rhetoric, Logic, and Metaphysics — Roosevelt took high stand. And in all his electives (save perhaps a one-hour course in French), he is found upon the rank-list. In Philosophy VI (Political Economy) he led the class. In all his Natural History courses his rank was so high that Final Honors would have been easy for him. But he cared not enough for this outward distinction to try for it."

The table given by my classmate Ranlett is

provocative of surmise and conjecture, in the light of Roosevelt's later career. It will be interpreted in various ways by various people. He entered college poorly equipped in Latin and Greek and well equipped in mathematics. He elected Natural History at the earliest opportunity and held to it throughout his three elective years. He gave no attention to electives in Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, and Music. He gave considerable attention to Political Economy. This last field lay close to what proved to be his life work.

In our time at Harvard — as at the present time — the custom prevailed of having the group photograph of the entire class taken at graduation. And often, as I have glanced over that picture, at that group of hopeful young men, I have noted with a certain satisfaction, with a sentiment indeed not wholly rational, that my face comes next to his, beside him. And that accidental collocation I like to take "as an outward and visible sign", — and the rest of it. All his public life I was close to him in spirit, in sympathy, in eager support, "Beside him", with him, whole-heartedly so, yielding place to no man in my admiration and devotion.

CHAPTER V

A POSTGRADUATE COURSE

In October, 1880, Roosevelt was united in marriage to Miss Alice Hathaway Lee, of Brookline, Massachusetts. She was a lovely and charming girl, and Roosevelt gave to her that romantic passion which would have been expected from a man of his ardent idealistic nature.

Soon after their marriage, the two went on a trip over Europe. In Switzerland he made the ascent of the Matterhorn. One of my classmates writes me, "I met Roosevelt at Zermatt, and his wife asked me to remonstrate with him about climbing the Matterhorn. At this time he had had no experience in mountain climbing. I did urge him not to attempt the ascent. But his only reply was, 'I shall climb the mountain.' And he did it, with success."

The mountain climbing was not quite what the physician, who had given him a careful physical examination as he was ending his Senior year, would have prescribed for him. Said that physician to him, "You have some trouble with your

heart. You must choose a profession which will not demand of you violent exertion." Roosevelt listened to him — and a few months later was toiling up the Matterhorn. But he was right and the physician was wrong, or at least was overcautious. It is well to note that.

A biographer or a historian is tempted to build his narrative in periods, as a nautilus builds its shell, in sections, perhaps condensing and crowding too much into one part and subordinating or ignoring some other part. But a biography or a history is like a vine, — enlarging or shrinking, but always continuous.

Yet the years 1881 to 1884 do comprise such radical experiences in my classmate's life that I look upon them as forming a rounded and quite crucial period, which more shaped his future than did any other three years of his life.

On his return from Europe with his wife, they took up their abode in New York City. And three possible vocations invited him. His old-time predilection for natural history was now laid aside. He was already well along in his writing of his "History of the Naval War of 1812"; that work unquestionably had direct bearing upon his official duties at Washington later in life. There was now the attractive possibility of his giving his whole attention to historical or biographical work.

Again, there was the field of political life, with reform aims, as he had intimated to friends in college. And last but nearest lay the law office of his uncle, with a cordial welcome.

This office he now entered and began the study of law. But he did not long continue it. Like James Russell Lowell in a similar situation, he found the ends sought and the means used distasteful to him. In Lowell's case there was little except a general lack of interest in the subject. But in Roosevelt there recurred the same extreme ethical sensitiveness which had led him to protest at Harvard, in his theme and forensic courses, against taking either side of a question, irrespective of his personal convictions. He tells us in his Autobiography that if he had come under the broad influence of Professor Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, he might have looked at the matter differently. But as he faced the profession of the law in his uncle's office, it revolted his intense love of truth and sincerity. And he would have none of it.

Although in later life he modified his extreme antipathy to legal methods, I believe that he never quite lost it. He was almost fanatical on questions of morals. And although he afterward numbered dear friends among members of the legal profession, I think he never quite acquiesced in the legal doctrinaire convention that every ac-

cused person has a right to the best possible presentation of his case.

This subconscious bias I believe was a factor in his later advocacy of the recall of judicial decisions. Not only did he hold to the will and sovereignty of the People, as the foundation of our democracy, but he never lost his ethical distrust of the infallibility of a group of men trained in the legal schools. Apropos of his "recall of judicial decisions" — advocated by him at Columbus, Ohio, in 1912 — I wrote him him a letter in which I pointed out that although the people were the ultimate power, they were often hasty and fitful, as a whole, and should be checked in any sudden outburst of feeling, — in short, should be "protected from themselves." In reply came this letter, dated April 9, 1912:

My dear Gilman—

I thank you for your letter and I appreciate it. I agree with you that the voters should be "protected from themselves," but that means only that they should be protected to the extent of giving themselves full time to form a deliberate judgment. My proposal gives them a minimum time of two years. Surely that is enough.

With many thanks,

Sincerely yours,

T. Roosevelt.

This letter brings out a breadth as well as penetration of view which, at the time of the "recall"

incident, was generally overlooked. More than that, I believe that Roosevelt's action in this matter, his daring to raise even the slightest shade of doubt regarding the infallibility of our courts, brought upon him that opposition of the legal fraternity which continued throughout his life. Judges and lawyers, like the members of any class or profession, resent criticism from a layman.

Another rerudescence of this deep-down and perhaps morbid antagonism toward legal procedure came out in his address before Harvard graduates, in Memorial Hall, on Commencement Day, 1905. The hall was full to overflowing. The Honorable Joseph H. Choate presided. Many of the nation's most eminent citizens were present, and a large proportion of them were lawyers. At a certain points in his address — which he had written out and was reading, as he often did on important occasions, where he was fearful about saying excited and regrettable things — he uttered these words: "Is it not lamentable that so large a number of our ablest young men, having finished their undergraduate course, go on through the law schools and thence into the world, there to steer individuals and corporations as near the edge of illegality as they can go without allowing them to get over the edge?"

This was uttered in the hearing of hundreds of

eminent members of the American Bar. Up to this point in his address applause had been frequent and unreserved. But on the instant a silence fell on that august assembly, and lips compressed and faces frowned. The speaker felt at once the opposition aroused. But it did not frighten him. On the contrary, it roused his superb combative spirit. He paused, looked out over the hall, smiled his unique dental smile, and remarked, "The applause seems somewhat lukewarm at this point. I will repeat what I said." And repeat it he did, with additional vigor. And that great assemblage, won by his intrepidity — though perhaps unconvinced as to the soundness of his position — broke into thunders of applause.

The essential aim of this volume being an interpretation of the character and greatness of my classmate, the interesting point in his career, to my thinking, in the period of 1881-1884, is that during it he underwent, socially, that change of heart, of perception, of conviction, which my old-time Professor, Doctor William James, termed in the religious field being "twice-born."

Doctor James expounded this view fully in his book, "*Varieties of Religious Experience*." He maintained that most people possessed a certain moderate measure of religious conviction and sentiment by their birth and early training, almost by

absorption. But a certain number of these people, somewhere in their careers, passed through some kind of special experience, or conversion, which intensified their previous experience and gave to them quite new religious convictions and sentiments. These people were the "twice-born", said Doctor James, "in the field of religion." Similarly, but in the social field, Theodore Roosevelt became "twice-born" during these years 1881-1884. As a child, he had been born into and trained in one class of society — the "Best", so called — but one class only of our nation. He was in that degree provincial, limited, as essentially and surely as was the humblest citizen dwelling in the purlieus of a congested city. But his life during those eventful years named — his intense passion for his beloved wife, his continuous close contact with stern, bare, human realities in political life through three years, his profound grief at the death of his wife and his mother (the two occurring in February, 1884) — these experiences made of him, observant, sensitive nature that he was, a "twice-born" man. From the refined yet provincial social life of his childhood and youth he developed and became truly democratic, truly cosmopolitan. This "postgraduate" education of his was continued in the next period, — the ranch or "cowboy" period. But it was ac-

complished, essentially, during the three years named.

This larger life he referred to once, in an intimate group where I was present, in this way: "I tell you, fellows, we must get into touch with all kinds of people. We must be able to see life from other viewpoints than the one to which we were born." Then he paused and added, "But we must keep, through it all, our own inner standards." And he did this. I know of no more dramatic yet now amusing scenes in his life than those situations where he had started upon a political canvas, in New York City, under the guidance of friendly yet anxious "Joe" Murray, and was taken to interview the grog-shop bosses of Sixth Avenue. Much as he desired their approval and support, he would not cringe, he would not relax those "inner standards" which he had set for himself. Not only did he tell a frowning saloonkeeper that instead of getting lower taxes for liquor sellers, he would try to have the taxes increased, but he maintained his standards of dress and speech in situations where most men would have tried to conform to the manners and customs about them. Those were essentially opéra-bouffe scenes — that well-bred, refined young fellow from Fifth Avenue holding himself ever a gentleman, as he sought the votes of Sixth Avenue habitués. Similar situations were

met by him later in a similar, sincere, courageous way, when he fraternized with ranchmen and cowboys in the West.

With the assistance of "Joe" Murray, "Jake" Hess, and other perspicacious friends, Roosevelt gained the approval of men who had never before met a man like him. They saw and responded to his genuineness as he did to theirs. And the "Morton Hall crowd" sent him to the Assembly, at Albany, where he maintained his moral, social, linguistic, and sartorial standards, yet gathered gradually about him men of antipodal manners and customs, fighting always for reform — "playing the honesty game", as his corrupt fellow legislators dully and anxiously expressed it.

"Keep in touch with all kinds of people, get their viewpoint, but maintain your own inner standards," urged my classmate, in my hearing. And he exemplified this dictum at the Progressive Convention in Chicago. In the hot, sultry atmosphere of the hall, nearly every man had put off his coat and even his waistcoat, Roosevelt among the number. When the deciding vote was cast and he was declared the nominee of the convention, he must needs go up to the rostrum to accept, formally and solemnly, the honor accorded him. At once he began putting on his coat. Friends near him advised, "Go along just as you are, Roosevelt! Don't

bother about the coat!" But with a nicety of feeling which delights me as I recall it, he made no reply but insisted upon putting on the coat. And thus properly clad, he ascended the platform and accepted the nomination.

This insistence on the second half of his dictum — the inner standards — is not the half which most interests me as I study his crucial three years, 1881-1884. Rather it is the half about "getting the viewpoint of all kinds of people." Therein lay his "second birth." Even as the politicians about him were taking his measure, he was taking theirs. Step by step he gained knowledge of their motives, outwardly so different from his own, yet singularly alike in many respects. Consciously or unconsciously he was following the method of Robert Louis Stevenson — "Friendship without capitulation." He was looking — not for differences, but for resemblances, for points held by him in common with the bosses and "heelers", and keenly enjoying them.

Gazing back through the years over that period of Roosevelt's "conversion", its strongest dramatic scene, its "high light", is the one at Albany where he denounced the corrupt judge, member of the highest court in the State. Like an intrepid young paladin of righteousness, this idealistic stripling attacked not only the august judicial luminary him-

self, but the whole bodyguard of Purse, Privilege, and Power by which he was upheld.

The young college graduate apparently did not differ much from hundreds of other young academic idealists, as he entered the arena; but only the Roosevelt concentration, tenacity, and fearlessness enabled him to fight to a finish a battle where he defied precedent, alienated friends, and—as he once said to me—"took his very life in his hands."

His public life, his political future, of course he meant. And the "old family friend", a more experienced man, thought the same—that one who held an interview with him, praised him and presently bestowed upon him the eminently worldly advice, "Don't go too far, Theodore. You've made a real impression. Now let the matter drop. You'll be put down and out if you go on any longer against those big men." But Roosevelt was never a quitter and he fought the battle through, obtained the investigation committees which he had sought, and although they returned a "whitewashing" report, the public was convinced that his charges had been sound.

Mr. Thayer, speaking of Roosevelt's keen, relentless cross-examination of the opposing counsel, says in his volume: "Even in those days, Roosevelt, when in deadly earnest, had a way of fixing

his under jaw and pointing a forefinger which menaced like a seven-shooter." That vivid description appeals to me because years afterward I saw a somewhat similar situation, where for a moment my distinguished classmate — then President of the United States — must have looked much as he did in that Assembly Hall at Albany. It was at a class dinner. A hundred and more men were present, and Roosevelt had been asked to do all the after-dinner speaking. He did it admirably, telling us in confidence inside facts about several of his "policies." At one point a member of the class, presuming upon the speaker's friendliness, interrupted with an irrelevant question. Roosevelt gave a concise reply, then continued. A second time did that incautious person interject a remark. And a second time did Roosevelt reply, but with significant brevity. Then he resumed his talk. A third time that infatuated man arose and offered a suggestion. And I can never forget the tone, look, and gesture with which Roosevelt, annoyed beyond endurance, replied to him. His jaw was set, his blue eyes flashed, his arm and forefinger were leveled like a gun barrel, and his voice crackled like a machine gun: "When-I'm-through-you-can-talk."

We all had felt chills of apprehension at the interruptions, and all had lamented our interjectory

classmate's folly. But his collapse, upon receiving that rapid-fire volley, made us sorry for him, even as we realized that he deserved it.

I am struck, as I read about Roosevelt's Albany experiences, with the way in which he blended the idealistic, the academic, if you will, with a practical attention to the prosaic and athletic demands of any situation. When he took that leg of the broken chair into the arena-like committee room, he showed that he grasped the elemental, brute-force possibilities of the time and place. He had sized up the quality of the "Black Horse Cavalry." He may have recalled that dastardly recourse to brute force in the United States Senate, when Preston Brooks struck down unarmed Charles Sumner.

At any rate, physical violence was not attempted by his enemies — not at that time and place. But at the Delevan House entrance, later, lurked "Stubby" Collins — hireling of the corrupt legislative ring — and planned to knock Roosevelt down. But the alert young reformer got in his lightning blow first. With that skillful arm and small but well-hardened fist he stretched the ruffian upon the floor and passed on.

The really essential and lasting interest which this period of 1881-1884 has for me is not the iniquitous ring, nor the "unjust judge", nor the revolting dwelling-house sweatshops, but the unfold-

ing of Theodore Roosevelt's character. In the light of his subsequent national leadership, this was the important factor. And again I affirm that he was more truly a self-made man than any character—not excepting even that Abraham Lincoln whom he so admired—in American history. As he passed through the years, he laid them under tribute. He impressed himself nobly upon them, but he gathered from them. He had been born to "privilege", but he constantly added to the number of his contacts with the great, real world; and he retained through all, not only his Sir Galahad idealism, but that phenomenal will, that power of concentration upon any given point of his expanding horizon, which made him unique in our national annals.

CHAPTER VI

“IN COWBOY LAND”

“In cowboy land” is the title of the chapter in Roosevelt’s Autobiography in which he describes his experiences on the Little Missouri River, Dakota. The influences which led him to go out into that frontier life are quite evident. He had always loved camping and hunting, and while in college had made trips into the Maine forests. His brother Elliot had written him from Texas about the fascinations of the free, wild life of the border. And now were added two forces which quite turned him from the high-pressure life of New York and the complexity and corruptness of political life.

One of these forces was his discovery and disappointment that he had come to the end of what he, alone, as an individual, could accomplish in reform work. He had done wonders at Albany by his personal might. He had yet to learn — as he afterward saw and said — that teamwork only, with that concession of individual preferences which goes with it, could carry to permanent success the kind of reform work upon which he had started.

Without self-excuse he stated the case to his trusted friend, Jacob Riis, years afterward. “I suppose that my head was swelled. I let my individual judgment and conscience decide everything. So I soon found myself alone. There were other honest, excellent people, only we differed in certain matters. I know now that if you want to get things done you must pull together as far as is possible.”

Another influence which decided his conduct at this point was the sorrow which overwhelmed him at the death of his wife and his mother. And, quite as we might expect, he desired to go away from those scenes which constantly reminded him of his loss and loneliness and to seek solace from the soothing hand of Nature. There had always been for him a “call of the wild”, and now that call was one of help and healing.

A minor cause for his going to Dakota at this time, yet one not to be ignored, was that his old-time foe, asthma, threatened him afresh. His physical strength had been impaired by his profound grief, and he knew that the sure remedy was such an open life as a western ranch offered. So behold him, in the picturesque garb of a cowboy of an extreme type, settled upon his newly acquired property on the Little Missouri and throwing his

whole being into the manners and customs of that border life.

His own description of his surroundings reads thus: "My house was a long, low building of hewn logs, which I helped to build myself. It had a broad veranda and rocking-chairs and a big fireplace and elk-skins and wolf-skins scattered about. It was on the brink of the Little Missouri, right in a clump of cottonwoods. I have shot deer from my veranda. I kept my books near me and did a deal of writing, being, the rest of the time, out all day in all kinds of weather."

In the building of this house Roosevelt assisted his two old-time friends of the Maine woods, Sewall and Dow. About his own skill with an ax he was perfectly frank, as about all other matters, when he spoke calmly and reflectively: "I could chop fairly well for an amateur, but I could not do one third the work they could do." And he was vastly amused when he overheard somebody ask Dow about his efficiency and this reply was given: "Well, Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut down forty-nine, and the boss — well, he beavered down seventeen."

But the saddened, lonely young man was not much concerned with the outer results of his exertions. The inner, subjective results were what he aimed at, and this vigorous output of muscular force was the very corrective which he sought for

his grief. The broad wild spaces, of which he has written with warmth and poetic feeling, were laying their charm upon him; and always he had dearly loved action and effort of the most strenuous kind. Rowing a boat he had found more enjoyable in boyhood than sailing. And now, in his ranch life, he shared all the hardest, roughest work of his companions.

This has a bearing on any analysis of Roosevelt's character. There are two general classes or fields of human pleasures — those where a man sits passive and receives, and those where he puts himself into vigorous action. The pleasure which comes from the arts — to the listener in the musical world, and to the spectator in the plastic and the pictorial fields — never held an important place in Roosevelt's life. His father had played the piano for his children and evinced a moderate taste for music; but my classmate never possessed much keen interest in it. At college he had been a member of the Glee Club, but only an associate member.

Then, although his rare, intelligent activity made him conversant with the conventional discriminations concerning pictures and statues, I believe that he never got much joy from these things. It is said that he held a high opinion of Remington, the vivid, vigorous painter of men and animals of the Western plains. But this opinion must have rested

chiefly upon Roosevelt's special knowledge and happy associations with that virile frontier life.

Roosevelt's duties and pleasures, during the period of his ranch life, took him far and wide over the surrounding country. And he bore his share of the tasks and hardships so willingly and with such persistent endurance that he soon made friends everywhere among the cowboys, even among those who had looked with distrust and contempt at this bespectacled "dude" from the East.

Roosevelt had very little lasting difficulty with the better class of cowboys. They held their elemental moral virtues, as did he, and the two types soon recognized and approved each other. But there were many "bad men" scattered over the new country, and with one or another of these he came into collision. One evening the young Easterner entered a "hotel", fatigued after a hard day's riding. The barroom was the living room of the resort, and it was well filled with cowboys and cattlemen. He took a seat in a corner, out of the way. But a local bully, the worse for drink, caught sight of his unusual face and figure and made advances. Roosevelt's account of the scene is vivid and very readable. "As soon as he saw me he hailed me as 'Four Eyes' and said I was going to treat. I joined in the laughter but made no re-

sponse. He then came over near me and with a gun in each hand used foul language.”

Here comes to the rescue — as several times in Roosevelt’s life — his experience in boxing. “He was foolish to stand so near and foolish to stand with his heels together, in a very unstable position. He ordered me to get up and treat.

“I rose slowly, remarking, ‘Well, if I’ve got to, I’ve got to.’ Then, looking past him casually, I suddenly struck, quick and hard, with my right on his jaw, then with my left, and again with my right. Down he went, his head hit the corner of the bar, and he lay senseless. Whereupon the crowd approved heartily my action, disarmed him, hustled him out, and put him in a shed.”

Only a trained boxer would have noted the “heels too close together.” And the “first the right, then the left, and again the right” was the ripe fruit of those athletic days in “the Gym” at Cambridge.

Thus he lived through the robust experiences of his ranch life. He was an exotic in this land of elemental force, yet there was such a wide reach in his nature that he took the vigorous, rigorous experiences as if born to them. And throughout them all, underneath the outer, exacting routine of the day, he carried on an interior life of which his hardy companions knew little. He wrote and read much, somewhat to their perplexity. If he had

done nothing but hold a book and a pen he would have stood contemned in their eyes. But he shared the zest and strain of the hunt and the round-up with them so joyously and efficiently that he commanded their respect. And his frank, warm nature won their affection.

And who of that group on the Little Missouri saw and consciously felt the appeal of wild rugged Nature as did this "exotic" from the "effete East!" In his "*Wilderness Hunter*" he writes sentences of description which are as rich in color and as tense in feeling as ever fervid John Ruskin wrote about pictures. "The visitor to these scenes shall carry forever in his mind the meaning of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sunlight; of vast snow-clad wastes, lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes; of the rush of mighty rivers; of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain passes; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness, and of the silences that brood in its still depths."

That sounds like John Muir at his best. And what passages can you point out in Homer or keener, closer feeling for Nature than that?

The life of the ranch, by its contrast with the life of New York and Albany, and especially by its

subjective remoteness from his grief and loss accomplished what he had desperately hoped it would accomplish. It diverted his brooding memories, it summoned him from his sorrowful reflections to action, observation, and physical achievement. Like Antæus of old, the touch of Mother Earth renewed his strength and vital forces. Thus his elastic nature gradually regained something of its normal poise.

Yet there were times when sad memories of his happy past clouded his sky. Faithful Bill Sewall says, “He was melancholy at times. And, the first year on the ranch, much down in spirits. He told me, one day, that he felt as if it did not make any difference what became of him — he had nothing to live for.” Those men were very different indeed from each other in temperament and training; but the human bond was strong between them. We smile indulgently as Sewall writes, “We were very close together, in those days, and he talked over about everything with me. His ideas and mine always seemed to run about the same.”

Yet the days were not all clouded. The robust young exile from Manhattan varied in his moods. Real life thrilled him always, and laughter was not wholly estranged from him. We do not think of Roosevelt as a humorous writer, yet he wrote with piquant abandon when he described that experience

in the crowded "hotel" of a little "cow town" of the prairie. He stopped his horse and was shown to his room. It contained two beds. In one were two men, fast asleep. In the other a man also asleep. His name was Bill Jones. The narrative continued, "I turned in and I slept. A couple of hours later I was awakened by the door being thrown open and a lantern flashed in my face, the lantern gleaming on the muzzle of a cocked .45. Another man said to the lantern-bearer, 'It ain't him.' The next moment my bedfellow was covered by two guns and addressed, 'Now, Bill, don't make a fuss, but come along quiet!' 'I'm not thinking of making a fuss,' said Bill. And Bill pulled on his trousers and boots and went out with them. Up to this time there had been not a sound from the other bed. Now one of its two occupants lighted a candle and gazed around in silence. At this point I committed the breach of etiquette of asking questions. 'I wonder why they took Bill,' I said. No answer, and I repeated, 'I wonder why they took Bill?' 'Well,' said the man with the candle, 'I reckon they wanted him.' And with that he blew out the candle and conversation ceased. Later I learned that Bill, in a fit of playfulness, had held up the Northern Pacific train at a station by shooting at the feet of the conductor to make him dance. This was purely a joke on Bill's part; but

the Northern Pacific people possessed a less robust sense of humor, and a United States Marshal was sent to arrest Bill for delaying the mails.”

This picturesque period of Roosevelt’s life was much drawn upon, through several successive years, by the cartoonists of the press and magazines. And he was represented humorously in all the real and fancied positions incidental to life on a cattle ranch. But in that actual experience, while he appreciated the comic elements, he was aware that he was dwelling amid elemental and savage forces where a mistake might bring him to his death or into hopeless disgrace.

Take that incident — in two parts — which his friend Bill Sewall recounts with artless brevity. It reads like a tale from Plutarch. “While Roosevelt was away on this hunting trip, we heard that a bad man on a nearby ranch had said he would shoot Roosevelt at sight. I told Theodore about it, when he came back. He said, ‘Is that so?’ Then he rode straight over to the shack where the man lived and told him he had heard that a man intended to shoot him. ‘And,’ said Theodore, ‘I want to know why.’ The man was flabbergasted and denied that he had ever said anything of the sort. He said he had been misquoted. The affair passed off pleasantly, and he and Roosevelt were good friends after that.”

That is the first half of the story. Here is the second. That same "bad man" lived on the ranch of a Marquis de Mores. And the Marquis, irritated by some fancied slight, sent Roosevelt a letter which hinted at a challenge to a duel. "The challenge did not actually come," explains Sewall, "but Roosevelt expected it. And he said that although he did not believe in duelling, he would accept it if it came; he would not be bullied. As the person challenged, he said, he had the right to choose the weapons. And he would choose Winchester rifles, at a distance of twelve paces. 'I'm not a very good shot,' he said, 'and I want to be near enough to hit.' The two principals were to 'shoot and keep on advancing — until one or the other was satisfied.'"

It would seem that with Winchesters, at twelve paces, "satisfaction" would soon be reached.

Always Roosevelt had believed in "the square deal", long before he had so formulated the idea, even back in the days of his Sunday-school class when he had rewarded the small boy who had resisted the stealing of his marbles. And now, at Medora, when three lawless tramps stole his boat on the river, promptly and tirelessly he set about retribution and recovery. Although his fellow ranchmen advised him not to undertake a well-nigh hopeless chase, he persisted. With two other men

he went down the river a hundred and fifty miles, dangerous in places; and after three days of swift pursuit he overtook the thieves, recovered his property, and brought back the men to serve a term in jail.

There was always a tenacity of purpose in Roosevelt which surprised observers who saw for the first time his brilliancy and alertness. He had an unsuspected capacity for “following through”, as the golf phrase is. He combined the quick, eager snap of the terrier with the hold-on grip of the bulldog.

When Roosevelt was in Paris many years afterward, he made an address before the Sorbonne. And with a shrewd sense of what would be novel and picturesque to his listeners, he gave this bit of reminiscence of his ranch life. “In the cattle country a ‘maverick’ was an unbranded yearling. The custom was for mavericks to be branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. I had recently hired a new cowboy and we were out looking up our cattle. We found a maverick, roped it, threw it, and my new cowboy started to brand it. Then I noticed that he was putting on my brand; and I said, ‘That animal should not have my brand; we are on J —’s range. The man replied, ‘I know my business. I always put on my boss’s brand.’ I replied, ‘Is that so? Well, you stop that and go back to our ranch-house and

get your pay up to now. I don't need you any longer.' The man was astonished, and exclaimed, 'Why, what's the matter? I'm putting on your brand.' At that I answered, 'Yes, my friend, and if you would steal *for* me, you would steal *from* me.'"

That was not idealism in ethics; but it probably appealed to the elemental nature of the man with convincing force. Roosevelt knew his man. He was remarkably quick at getting the unwritten standards of the new country clearly into his mind.

One would scarcely think of him as needing to learn tact, in this raw and apparently unconventional life of the cattle ranges, but he recognized that need and learned his lesson. He found that among cowboys and "wranglers" and ranchers there were social conventions, although these differed somewhat from the code of Fifth Avenue, New York. He says, in his "Autobiography", "My experience was that if a new man did not talk until his associates knew him and liked him, and if he did his work, he would get on. . . . When I went among strangers I always had to spend twenty-four hours in living down the fact that I wore spectacles, remaining judiciously deaf to any side remarks about 'Four Eyes' and the like. . . . I made use of that diplomacy, among new men, which con-

sisted in not uttering one word that could be avoided.”

Not very easy, that, for a young man of Roosevelt's free, facile tongue and eager expression. As a student at Harvard he was not noted for his tact, quite as we would expect from a young fellow of his sincere, enthusiastic nature. I like him the better for that. A college student who is conspicuously tactful at the age of — say, twenty, is tactful probably because he lacks the warm impulses which characterize normal youth, or he has been overtrained already.

One of the most delightful revelations of Roosevelt's tact and humor blended is given in the words of Sewall. “Theodore was out riding one day and stopped for luncheon at the house of a woman who was a good deal of a character. She was living with the man who had shot her husband. Theodore sat down in a corner to read a book. He always carried one with him. His legs were stretched out, and the woman, getting his dinner, stumbled over them. Then she exclaimed that he'd better move his damned feet. He complied, and remarked that he thought it was a perfectly proper thing for a lady to ask a gentleman to move, but that he had never happened to hear it put that way before.”

In his mature life, Roosevelt evinced a reasonable amount of tact, but it was an acquired taste.

What he did have naturally was that kernel of which tact is the outer husk, namely, sympathy. Walt Whitman said the truest word that I have ever heard about sympathy. Recalling his service in the hospital during the Civil War, he said, "I did not *pity* the wounded soldier, I *became* the wounded soldier." And by that high standard Theodore Roosevelt was sympathetic. That was why he was loved, in his time, as no other man in the United States ever was loved. That was the significant, subtle explanation of the humorous story, often told, regarding the "Cow-Puncher Rough Rider's" explanation of the way in which he had shot a man. "Why, Colonel, I had a difficulty with a gentleman, and — er — well, I killed the gentleman." "But how did it happen? How did you do it?" The ex-puncher mistook the meaning of the question and replied, "With a .38 on a .45 frame, Colonel." So intimately had Roosevelt shared that turbulent border life, so sympathetically had he entered into and maintained the standards of his ranch friends, that this culprit thought of him as being interested solely in the weapon, the physical means by which the criminal deed had been accomplished.

One of Roosevelt's partners in the ranching enterprise on the Little Missouri was a man named Merrifield. He has given us several interesting

reminiscences — quite “inside information” — of the stern, rugged, daily ranch life.

“The first night of the round-up Roosevelt said to me, ‘Now, Merrifield, I’ve learned to night-herd, and you and I will take the trick from ten to twelve o’clock.’ I had never night-herded myself, so that night Roosevelt taught me, and every night after, for three weeks, he and I stood night-herd together, riding round and round the herd under the stars, humming some monotonous old song to the cattle, to sort of settle their minds for the night.

“Roosevelt showed up for the man that he was on that round-up. It was hard work, even for seasoned hands. You never get enough sleep on a round-up for one thing, and I remember men who had lived in the saddle for years getting so fagged that they were ready to drop. But Roosevelt was always among the last to go to bed at night and the first to get up in the morning. He asked no favors. When he joined the round-up, bringing his own string of ten horses, he told Three-Seven Bill Jones that he expected to be treated just like the other cow-punchers.

“‘I want to work with the wagon as a rider,’ he said, ‘and I want no favors shown me. For the time being I am the same as any of the men, and I want to do the same work as any of them.’ He wanted ‘no favors’, he said, and I can say that he

got none. Favors were not being handed about on a round-up those days."

Merrifield gives one incident which reveals Roosevelt's stoical self-control under pain. "In his string of ten horses he had one mean brute named Ben Butler. Several of his horses bucked on occasion, but Ben Butler had the trick of falling over backwards. One afternoon as Roosevelt was starting out on 'the circle', the horse fell over with him, and Roosevelt broke the point of his shoulder. There was no doctor within a hundred miles and Roosevelt knew it. The break must have hurt him badly, but he didn't say a word about it, but just got on another horse and went on with the day's work. He didn't speak of it again and the rest of us forgot about it. The break healed up itself. It wasn't until about a year after that I realized what he must have suffered.

"It happened that I broke my ankle that winter and was unable to ride for five or six months. Then, having bought some cattle, and Sylvane and the other cowmen being away on a round-up, I had to take them out to ranch. The river was up and I had to do a good deal of riding. The second morning it was pretty hard; the third morning it was something terrible. No human being who hasn't gone through it can imagine what it is. I was en-

tirely used up. That time Roosevelt got hurt I didn't realize what he was up against.

“And he wasn't the one to tell me. He was grit clear through. I was used to rough living and it never occurred to me that I might be putting a strain on him which took all the grit he had to carry. When we got back from the round-up that spring, with his shoulder scarcely healed, I didn't think anything of putting him on a horse for forty to sixty miles a day. We'd ride up to the ranch of a man named Gregor Lang, some fifty miles up the river, up one day and back again the next. Then when we'd had our supper I'd say to him, ‘How about going out and getting a deer?’ ”

“He'd say, ‘All right!’ So we'd get fresh horses and start out to kill a deer.

“After I had broken my ankle and had my lesson, I apologized to him for putting him up against such a foolish proposition. He laughed. ‘Merri-field,’ he said, ‘when you'd bring out that fresh horse for me to ride, if I'd had my preference in the matter I'd rather have ridden a red-hot stove than one of those horses.’ ”

In college, Roosevelt always had a great deal of that something which we call “influence.” His opinion or wish counted. On the plains it was the same, even among men who naturally and at first viewed him with surprise and distrust.

"One night," says Merrifield, "we were camped at Andrew's Creek, just across the Little Missouri from Medora, and all the boys of our outfit and most of the other cow-punchers in the round-up rode into town and got to drinking. Roosevelt rode to town himself later in the evening and about eleven o'clock stepped into Tom Slack's saloon. The place was crowded with the boys and they were pretty noisy, having had about all they could carry, and beginning to get careless with their guns. Roosevelt greeted them and said, 'One more drink, boys,' and going to the bar set up the drinks for the crowd, though he never drank himself. Then when the men had their drinks he says, 'Come on, now, let's go,' and went out, and the boys trooped out after him like so many children."

The ranching enterprise at Medora did not yield financial success. A cold winter came on and Sewall estimated that fifty per cent. of the stock perished. But the outdoor life, the entire change of scene, had done what Roosevelt had hoped for. It had blunted the sharp edges of his grief and made life tolerable and even desirable.

At about this time — the early autumn of 1886 — Roosevelt was one day chatting intimately with his friend, Sewall. And he told Sewall that he was going back East "to see about a job that had been

offered him. He said it was a job he did not want. It would keep him in a row all the time.”

And Sewall adds, “I heard, afterward, that what he referred to was the nomination for mayor of New York.”

Roosevelt had made several short visits to New York during this ranching period. On one of these brief visits he wrote the characteristic letter which I here give, taking it from Mr. Joseph B. Bishop’s exhaustive and authoritative “Theodore Roosevelt and His Time.”

First, a sharp querulous letter to Roosevelt from Jefferson Davis, whilom president of the Southern Confederacy.

Beauvain, Miss.
Sept. 29, 1885.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt,
New York, New York.

Sir:

You have recently chosen publicly to associate the name of Benedict Arnold with that of Jefferson Davis, as the only American with whom the traitor Arnold need not fear comparison. You must be ignorant indeed of American history if you do not know that the career of those characters might be aptly chosen for contrast, but not for similitude; and if so ignorant, the instinct of a gentleman, had you possessed it, must have caused you to make inquiry before uttering an accusation so libelous and false. I write to you directly to repel the unproved outrage, but with too low an

estimate of you to expect an honorable retraction of your slander.

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) Jefferson Davis.

The letter was the choleric outburst, useless and ill-advised, of a disappointed, nerve-worn old man; Mr. Davis was then seventy-seven years old. Doubtless Roosevelt should not have said what he had evidently been reported as saying. But, on receiving Mr. Davis's letter, he sent this reply, characteristic of his instinct to strike back at any man who struck or tried to strike him.

New York, October 8, 1885.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is in receipt of a letter purporting to come from Mr. Jefferson Davis, and denying that the character of Mr. Davis compares unfavorably with that of Benedict Arnold. Assuming the letter to be genuine, Mr. Roosevelt has only to say that he would be surprised to find that his views of the character of Mr. Davis did not differ from that apparently entertained in relation thereto by Mr. Davis himself. Mr. Roosevelt begs leave to add that he does not deem it necessary that there should be any further communication whatever between himself and Mr. Davis.

I note the delightful third person in which my angry young classmate's reply was couched. But if Roosevelt had been older and Mr. Davis had been younger, neither would have written.

CHAPTER VII

VICTORS AND SPOILS

William Sewall was correct in his surmise that his beloved "Boss" was returning to New York to accept a nomination for the mayoralty. That was early in the autumn of 1886. When Roosevelt told Sewall that the job which awaited him would keep him in a row all the time and that he did not like it, I think that he told only half of what he felt. In a sense he may have dreaded the strife and struggle of the impending campaign, but in a larger, more lasting sense he enjoyed the prospect of entering it.

The quality in him which I find most difficult of analysis — both by my own study and by consultation with my friends and his friends — is his astonishing energy, expressed both physically and mentally. I cannot account for it fully, either by known laws of heredity or by the fact that he persistently and intelligently built up and repaired and rebuilt his physical as well as his intellectual equipment all through his life. The fact that he was a very sound sleeper — as he has assured me — will ac-

count, at least in part, for his wonderful resources of nervous strength. But these explanations do not fully explain. He was exceptional in his eager, tireless vigor, mental and physical.

Therefore, when the call to righteous, patriotic combat in the municipal arena of New York came to him, I know that he welcomed it. Here was his opportunity for action, and for action which would be on the side of reform and righteousness. He welcomed it confidently, out of the full stores of his strength, as the thoroughly trained pugilist welcomes his adversary in the ring, or the well-equipped legal advocate welcomes the district attorney. For the pugilist "in the pink of condition" and the court advocate armed at all legal points are more fully themselves than at any other time in their lives. And contest, combat, becomes a joy.

A story told by Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson regarding her brother illustrates the joy in combat of this "Happy Warrior." She recalls his "first public speech in New York." It was a form of debate at the Union Club. Roosevelt spoke first, and upon Americanism. He was followed by St. Clair McKelway, who sought to play with this new unknown young man, cat-and-mouse fashion. He spoke jeeringly yet skillfully of Roosevelt's "isms." Applause from the audience punctuated

his sentences. Mrs. Robinson — then in her teens — grew anxious, because her brother was expected to reply. For a short time, as she glanced at him, his countenance was grave and even anxious. Then she saw his unique smile come to his face and a gleam to his eyes, and she knew that he was eager to get to his feet. This he did in due time, and began vigorously, confidently, joyously, "I do not need ten minutes for my reply. I need no more than one. I call to the gentleman's attention one 'ism' very dear to me and much overlooked, here and elsewhere, by him. I mean patriot-ism." And he poured out a flood of impassioned and even personal arraignment which brought a storm of applause from the company present and considerably disconcerted the indiscreet journalist who had inadvertently brought this onslaught upon his own head.

In an hour like that, Roosevelt was most truly himself intellectually, morally; quite as he was most truly himself physically, when he faced and killed that savage grizzly bear, in 1889, on the western side of the Yellowstone Park, Idaho.

So I feel sure that Roosevelt went back to the complexity of New York life and to its relentless rivalries and deadly conflicts with a glad smile and an eager spirit. But, as it happened, the strife upon which he entered was brief, abortive.

The political group which had nominated him was composed of independents and Republicans who sought to defeat the Democratic party, locally known as "Tammany", and portrayed in popular cartoons as a tiger. Tammany, made anxious by the opposition, had nominated an excellent man, Abram Hewitt. And this man's popularity was so great that struggle against him was doomed to failure. Nevertheless Roosevelt went into the contest with zeal and doubtless enjoyed the strenuous days and nights, even though he failed of election.

He was not seriously discouraged, however, and he had recovered, in the main, his full vigor of body and normal poise of mind and spirit, so impaired by his great sorrow. And he now gave his attention to his literary work. Also he went across the ocean to England, where, on December second, at St. George's, London, he was married to Miss Edith Kermit Carow, who had been his playmate in childhood.

The two had been firm friends through the years. She and Theodore and Corinne Roosevelt had joined in games and excursions many times; and when in Europe, at the age of eleven, he had written to her — with slightly defective orthography — telling her that she was his most faithful correspondent. In his diary of that juvenile period he records, "In the evening Mamma showed me a pic-

ture of Edith Carow and it stirred up in me homesickness and longings for the past."

This marriage was a happy union of hearts and harmony of temperaments which bore nobly, richly, through all the years, the tests that come to all married lives. Most happy marriages are based upon a divergence of temperaments and a community of character. Throughout their united life Mrs. Roosevelt was the calming, steady force and he was the originating, resourceful leader. She gave a ready and sympathetic ear to his numberless plans and helped him to a wise selection among them.

After remaining several months in Europe, the two returned to the United States and settled in the house which he had built at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island. This was destined to be their home, the scene of their happy family life, throughout their length of united days. It was within an hour's railroad journey of New York City, and it afforded all the opportunities for that outdoor life, on land and water, which Roosevelt and all his family loved so well.

Here he now set about literary work. Through pen and paper he gained that expression of his nature which he craved, in a remarkable degree. It was inevitable that he should put into writing the experiences and reflections which had been his

on the wide plains of the West. He had already published his "History of the Naval War of 1812", a purely academic work, yet more than a rearrangement of facts already printed by other writers. In it his eager demand for truth asserted itself, and the book was a real contribution to the impartial estimate of values in that contest between the too dominating mother-country and her assertive, sensitive daughter.

Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" grew directly out of his personal acquaintance with frontier life, its lack of the embroideries of highly civilized life, and its possession of the elemental, human virtues. His books of travel and adventure were simple, vivid narratives of what he had personally seen and experienced. And his public addresses, put into book form, are really in the same class, psychologically, as these. For they were records of what he had observed in that human world which often becomes a jungle of warring animals, so fierce are its competitions. Records of warfare, attack and defense, with comments upon them, deductions from them with advice and guidance for future, similar conditions. Righteous struggle, moral warfare, Roosevelt always welcomed.

When I look over the long list of his published books, two points strike me. First I wonder that he could so curb his physical activity as to

sit still at a desk and write them all. Yet they were but a manifestation of his energy, of his "self-expression", as the phrase now runs. And second, looking at the titles alone, a discerning critic can see that they are not the product of a purely literary man, but the by-product of a man of affairs. Action, action, action was the keynote of his life. He wrote little or no fiction. He never strayed far from facts, with inferences from those facts. His biographical and historical work was his least characteristic literary output. It was academic and it could have been written by any one of hundreds of people about him. But his "action-literature" in field and forest and in the arena of human affairs — this distinctive and perspicacious, quite beyond the ordinary.

Then, back of all that he wrote was his personality. We glimpse it in his written words, but it found full expression only in personal intercourse and public addresses. It is this dynamic personality which will be the perplexing problem of historians and biographers yet unborn.

This personality he threw into the great burdensome, discouraging work which President Harrison laid upon him, in 1889. He was made one of three Civil Service Commissioners. He had learned by his experience in the Assembly at Albany that a reformer cannot reform — alone. He must work

with and through other people. Accordingly, young in years yet with the tried temper of a veteran, he went into the arduous, unpopular field of Civil Service Reform. If President Harrison had desired to "shelve" him, as Thomas Platt did later, he could have hit upon no field for him which would appear to bring him more enemies and more shut him off from political preferment. But this was not Harrison's intent. Roosevelt had stood for him in his campaign, and the President simply gave him difficult work because he believed that he could do that work.

President Harrison probably had some qualms of distrust and anxiety as his zealous young appointee pushed his reforming personality into unexpected strongholds of privilege. Many years later, at a meeting in New York, he facetiously introduced Roosevelt — then governor of the State — as a man who had seemed, at times, "somewhat impatient for righteousness."

So Roosevelt, in the spring of 1889, opened an office at Washington and laid his plans for an arduous campaign of most unpopular reform. Then in September he went West to "take a hack at the bears in the Rockies", as he wrote his sister. It was one of those avocations, a hunting trip, which he intelligently and regularly prescribed for himself as a physical and mental tonic. It was an in-

terlude in his political routine which, because of two extreme perils which he incurred, nearly became his postlude.

His guide, on this trip into Idaho, was a skillful but lawless old hunter named Hank Griffin. He could scent game afar but the odor of whisky more appealed to him. Roosevelt carried, for an emergency, a flask of whisky. Griffin got possession of this flask secretly, and became cross and unruly. And one day the situation was this: Roosevelt had said that he would take one of the horses and go on the hunt without Griffin. Then Griffin, seated with his cocked rifle across his knees, and grinning derisively, declared that he would shoot his boss if the horse were taken. And he probably would have done it.

The situation had reached an acute stage. But Roosevelt met it with sagacity and efficiency. He pretended to acquiesce in his guide's ruling and moved about the camp, gathering materials for his departure on foot. Presently he got within reach of his own rifle, seized it, pointed it at the drunken ruffian and told him to put up his hands. This was done, the guide, however, protesting that he had only been joking. But the young Commissioner took no chances and made Griffin separate himself from his gun. The rest was easy. Roosevelt, with

a horse, got away from the camp and returned to the settlement.

On that journey back came the second deadly peril, this time from an enraged grizzly bear. He said of it, long afterward, that it was the most imminent of all the perils of his hunting life. The bear, after being wounded, charged him. Roosevelt shot again, at extremely close range, and killed him. But the animal, in his charge, passed him as he sprang aside, and the big forepaw swept within a few inches of the young hunter's face.

This was the kind of diversion which Commissioner Roosevelt enjoyed in that autumn of 1889. And he was now back in another kind of conflict, almost as perilous. In seeking to establish the merit system of appointments to Federal offices, the Commission — of which John R. Proctor was the nominal head — was daring to stem a tide of precedent and custom which had come down, in all political parties, since the days of Andrew Jackson. "To the victors belong the spoils" was an axiom at Washington. It was the same vicious "putting of the cart before the horse" which can be seen to-day in the school appointments of most of our towns and cities. "Give the residents of our own town the positions as teachers!" demand the voters, and the school committees follow that suggestion. No thought of the capacity of the teacher or of the

needs of the pupils. The teacherships are regarded as rewards.

That was the almost universal rule of political appointment, when Roosevelt, like another Hercules, set himself to clean out the Augean stables of Federal officialdom. Vice-president Hendricks, in 1884, put the patronage principle in a picturesque form. "We must take the boys in out of the cold, to warm their toes." The Cleveland and Hendricks administration being a Democratic affair, and the first for twenty-four years, there was doubtless considerable eagerness on the part of "workers" to get close to the fire. Although he was not the nominal head of the much-hated Commission, Roosevelt speedily became its leading member. Later in life, when asked about the factor of luck in his career, he said that some things did happen and some did not. "For my own part," he added, "I have tried to put myself where things were likely to happen." And in that bit of common-sense philosophy he gave the only practical solution I have ever heard given to the academic problem of free will.

In no period of his stormy career did Roosevelt have as mountainous a wall of opposition to surmount as in his Civil Service days, and with much less background of prestige than in later reforms. As we survey his Titanic efforts of that period, we

feel a momentary thrill of pity. But that thrill is quenched speedily as we remember — and must always keep in mind, in any analysis of his character and successes and failures — that he dearly loved combat. Be it with a grizzly bear or a border ruffian or entrenched political power, he was happy when fighting, and always, without exception, his fighting was for right and truth as it was given him to see them.

Scores of times, in this Civil Service crusade, he forced committees, bearded officials in their dens, and dominated mass meetings, and then, at each day's close, slept the full, deep sleep of a child with unclouded heart, and rose refreshed on the morrow to renew the conflict.

Not only did he evince unconquerable courage, but he was eminently sane and practical, and he was fast becoming astute. He knew that he was right in urging the merit system of appointments, but he could understand the surprise and opposition as such "Old-timers" as his faithful friend Joe Murray, to whom the maxim "To the victors belong the spoils" was as fundamental as any command of the decalogue. With a sad smile but a firm pen Roosevelt must have written, many years afterward, "There was a certain thinness, morally, in some of the Civil Service advocates. This made them distrusted by vigorous human men like my

friend Joe Murray. He always felt that my Civil Service Reform work was the one blot on my otherwise excellent public record."

One incident out of scores which might be cited shows the sanity and then the consistent moral tone in Roosevelt's character. I refer to the well-known Shidy case. It came in 1890. Hundreds of offices had been set apart to be filled under the merit system. Roosevelt learned that appointments contrary to the new merit system had been made in Milwaukee. He at once investigated, found that a member of the local Civil Service board was the center of the plot, had a personal interview with him, and agreed to keep him in office on the board if he would tell the whole story.

This looks like compounding a felony. But Roosevelt never was frightened by big words. He saw that the only means at hand for laying bare the fraud was to promise immunity to Shidy. In a choice of evils he chose the lesser and went ahead. Shidy confessed, the Milwaukee postmaster was dismissed, and Shidy remained in office.

Comes the second half of the story. A Washington newspaper played up the incident, roused some public feeling, and soon afterward Shidy was dismissed from office. Roosevelt, failing to have him reestablished, went to the trouble of procuring for him a clerkship in the Census Bureau which had

not been brought under the merit rule. Thus he solved a complicated problem and solved it on the “square deal” plan, with a dash of human sympathy thrown in.

Opponents of the merit system had much to say, in those days of 1888 to 1894 — and have to-day also — and with partial truth on their side: that examinations which must be carried on in writing could not express the worth and capacity of the candidate. Roosevelt saw the reasonableness of this claim, but he could see more than one side of almost any question. And he simply took the ground that imperfect as written and “theoretical” tests were, they were better than the “reward” method, the “spoils” system.

He even advocated that practical tests should be applied where possible, as in the case of applicants for appointments as custom inspectors in Texas, where the men should be tested, he thought, in marksmanship and horsemanship. Such a plan seemed visionary to most people at that time, but he had foresight years ahead of his contemporaries, as usual. Such tests afterward were actually applied.

This was perhaps the most contentious period of reformer Roosevelt’s contentious life. Uphill work against time-honored prejudice and misty public opinion all the way. One of the incidents —

that tilt of his with Republican Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio — brings out in a clear light the tenacity of Roosevelt, his way of “fighting a fight to the finish.” Grosvenor looked after the wool interests of a few thousand sheep-owners in his State. This got him the sobriquet of “The Gentle Shepherd of Ohio.” He now attacked the Civil Service reform. Roosevelt asked that he, Grosvenor, be summoned to testify at the hearing. But “The Gentle Shepherd” did not like to come to close quarters with the young reformer. He thereupon stated that he would be “unavoidably absent.” But he heard soon after that Roosevelt was to be away on his ranch in the West. Accordingly he sent a message that he found he could be present, after all.

Then Roosevelt went to the extreme. He gave up his trip, attended the hearing, and tied up the astonished Congressman in his own strained logic as completely as ever a public official was tied up in red tape.

It was just one fight after another, that Civil Service term. And making enemies for himself all the time, yes, and alienating sincere but shallow friends. Yet he rejoiced in it. It was very life to him. He had truth and right on his side, and this nerved him to incessant action. “His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.”

I know, too, that his sunny sense of humor, so rich and unfailing, helped him through many cloudy days. Take the case of Senator Gorman of Maryland. Roosevelt must have enjoyed fighting it through and enjoyed writing about it in his biography, many years afterward. As I read his account of the case, lighted by humorous touches throughout, I can see, in my fancy, the twinkle in his eyes and the unique smile which punctuated his sentences.

Mr. Gorman had attacked the Civil Service reform. And, to illustrate its weakness, he cited the case of "A bright young man from Baltimore, a Sunday-school scholar, recommended by his pastor, and an applicant for a position as letter carrier. They asked him questions," said Gorman, "about the shortest route to China, and about steamship lines to Europe. And the young man responded that he had not desired to go to China or Europe. Then came questions," continued the Maryland senator, "about chemistry, and branched into geology, and they finally turned him down."

Roosevelt, recalling the controversy, writes, "Apparently Mr. Gorman did not know that we kept full records of our examinations. I wrote him that I could find record of no such questions and then asked for the name of 'The bright young man from Baltimore.' But that 'bright young man' re-

mained permanently without a name. I wrote to the senator that perhaps the young applicant had deceived him. But Mr. Gorman — not hitherto known as a sensitive soul — said he was ‘shocked’ at my doubts of his young friend’s veracity. So I made a public statement of the whole case. Then Mr. Gorman declared in the Senate that he had received an ‘impudent’ letter from me, and had been ‘cruelly’ called to account when he was trying to right a great wrong. But he never made public any clew to the identity of that child of his fondest fancy — ‘the bright young man’ without a name.”

Those of us who have exchanged letters with Roosevelt know his rapid and somewhat illegible handwriting. At a Civil Service investigation, one of the insolent defenders of the spoils system criticized sharply his chirography. “You yourself, Mr. Roosevelt, could not pass an examination in handwriting, such as you require of candidates. Your writing is a pinched-up sort, like a lady’s hand.”

The young Commissioner came back at him sharply: “That is true. I would not be qualified for a position as a clerk in a department, but I am not applying for one. But I am qualified to be a commissioner of Civil Service and to maintain its principles against the efforts of such men as you

who are doing so much to injure our governmental efficiency."

In this connection, the reader may be interested to look at a specimen of Roosevelt's handwriting; and I introduce a brief letter — one of many — which I received from him. There is little that need be said about it except that it was evidently the work of a writer who did not consume more time than was necessary over the details of his voluminous correspondence.

Most men who have reached the age of fifty, looking back over their lives, can point to a few situations where they were in danger of personal physical encounter with other men. With the great majority of us, such strained moments are few. But, in Roosevelt's case, there were many. He never consciously insulted or "dared" or offended any man; but he was naturally impulsive and frank, and also he knew not fear. So that some of us can recall several occasions when he was close to physical encounter, indeed several where he actually was engaged in it.

His drastic application of the merit-system rules, as fast as they were framed, fairly maddened some of the veterans statesmen and politicians. As one of his friends said to him, "He was always an aggressive knight, with lance always ready." An occasion where a fist-fight was narrowly averted

is thus recalled by Colonel E. W. Halford, for a time private secretary to President Harrison. "A prominent Congressman was in my room at the White House one day, and was repeating some of the bitter cheap charges against Roosevelt and Civil Service reform, which he had made, in a speech in the House, the day before. At that moment the Commissioner came in. Immediately the fireworks began; and in a moment or two the lie was passed. I got between the two, and the Congressman left the room. Mr. Roosevelt then apologized to me and said that he realized that any man who struck another, in the President's house, could not remain his appointee; and if he had exchanged blows with the other man he would at once have written out his resignation."

That was a fine touch on Roosevelt's part, but not surprising to any who knew him intimately. The story has a cheering sequel, however, as here given by Colonel Halford. "In the same room, several years afterward, the same Congressman sat one day talking with President McKinley. Roosevelt entered, saw his former opponent, took a seat modestly, and waited. Presently the Congressman, still addressing the President, but fully aware of Roosevelt's presence, remarked, 'McKinley, you remember a fellow named Roosevelt, who was Harrison's Civil Service Commissioner. He was

the most impracticable man I ever saw. I notice that you have, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a man of the same name. But it can't be the same man for your man is about the most efficient officer I have ever known.'

"That was handsome of him. So Roosevelt, always chivalrous, magnanimous, thought also. And he strode across the room, grasped his ancient foe's hand heartily, and exclaimed, 'Put it there! It's all right, hereafter.' And the two were friends from that moment."

In all this reform work and in later fields of reform, Theodore Roosevelt was an Idealist. But that word is so stretched and strained in our day that it has lost most of its definite meaning. Apart from its strictly metaphysical signification and in its popular denotation, the word Idealist means "one who believes in larger ethical aims than the world at present has realized." But a man may believe in these larger guiding ideas and yet not lift a finger to get them realized. Or a man may believe in the larger ideals and use them solely to advance his own interests. Such a man is a slave of "ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds." But the true type of idealist is the ethical, working idealist, the man who not only sees the better way but pursues it for the good of his country or the world.

Such a man was Theodore Roosevelt, eager for the advance of his country into ever nobler paths and ready always to sacrifice his personal ease and self-interest for that end.

He had ideals in many fields — scholarship, friendship, as husband and father, and wherever his active, eager spirit led. But apparently his ideal of his native land had special authority over him. He loved his country profoundly, and he seemed to see it glorified, radiant before and above him like a heavenly constellation. And by it, through all his strenuous career, his path was determined and his footsteps guided.

CHAPTER VIII

“THE FINEST” REFINED

We read in the ancient Greek myths and legends about the “Labors of Hercules”, but we are not told whether that hero saw them in series ahead of him, or took them one at a time, seeing and accomplishing each for itself alone. The entire series, taken as a whole, might have daunted him. If Theodore Roosevelt, at twenty-two, standing on the threshold of his mature life, could have known the series of arduous tasks of public service in which his life would be summed up at the age of sixty-two — even he of iron will and unflagging enthusiasm might have been dismayed.

Other men have held public office, have done good routine work, and have thriven on it; they have made of their name scarcely more than a rubber stamp, and have left a fairly good record for efficiency. But he was never content with this perfunctory method. He sought to bring every public work upon which he entered as close as possible to perfection. That is idealism in a working man. And when the man holds his idealism in one hand

and with the other hand lays hold of the realities of human nature and the facts of human life, individual and group — that is sane, practical idealism.

After his reformative career in the New York legislature, Roosevelt was rather expected to reform whatever department he was put into. And most of them needed reform. So when William D. Strong, himself “Reform Mayor” of New York, offered the position of Police Commissioner to him, the mayor expected a certain amount of disturbance and protest throughout the dives and saloons of the city and among the blackmailers at City Hall. And he was not disappointed. The smaller liquor dealers and retailers without a “pull” had been forced to pay to the police any sums demanded. But the larger dealers got immunity by reason of the political support they gave to Tammany. Even policemen were appointed to the force only after their payment of money to the “men higher up.” Three hundred dollars was the amount required from a man seeking the position of patrolman.

The old Knickerbocker municipality had become a sink of iniquity, a cesspool of corruption. Good men had tried to improve conditions, but had given up the task. They sadly prophesied the same outcome for Roosevelt. Following Lowell’s couplet,

it might be said that "Wrong was on the throne" and was sardonically awaiting a gagged and blind-folded victim "on the scaffold." But the young veteran from the Civil Service reform arena entered smilingly, yet sternly, upon his "job", put two iron years of effort into it, and when in 1897 he left it, the judge who charged the Grand Jury of New York County congratulated that jury and the public at large "upon the phenomenal decrease in crime, especially of the violent sort."

It has been said of Roosevelt, now that his eager, strenuous life is over, that great though he was, he lacked the ability to delegate his work to under officials. There are two sides to that method. If those delegated under officials are faithful, well and good; their superior is left free to cover more territory, and thus accomplish more. But fully half the inefficiencies and corruptions in governments arise from the failure of weak or wicked "under officials" to carry out measures which were born in purity and high intent in the hearts of their superior officers.

Well did Theodore Roosevelt know this. And throughout his victorious career he owed much of his strength and efficiency to the fact that he insisted on basing his actions upon facts which he had at first hand. Therefore, in his transformation of the corrupt police of New York, in his refining of

“The Finest”—for thus that executive municipal body was often called—he dug down to bottom facts of fraud and tyranny; he even patrolled the streets by day and night, to know for himself where the blame lay. These diurnal and nocturnal tours of investigation gained for him among the initiate the not inappropriate name of Haroun-al-Roosevelt; and thus East and West did meet.

The story of his adventurous two years as Police Commissioner would be imperfect without grateful reference to Jacob Riis, at that time a man whose vocation was newspaper reportorial work, but whose avocation was the uplifting of New York City out of fraud, tyranny, and corruption to justice and self-respect. Rudyard Kipling is reported to have said of New York that “It had a government by the worst elements of its population, tempered by occasional insurrections of respectable citizens.” But Jacob Riis’s struggle for the redemption of the city was not occasional. It was continuous. Alone and unaided he would have fought the good fight. But when Theodore Roosevelt stepped into Police Headquarters at Mulberry Street, these two men entered into one of the noblest, purest coalitions in all history. They worked together for municipal reforms, and incidentally they formed a friendship—men of extremely divergent antecedents though they were—

which was not outshone by the friendship of Damon and Pythias or that of David and Jonathan.

The respect and affection between the two clear-minded idealists was mutual. Roosevelt said of Riis, after his death, "Next to my own father he was the best man I have ever known." And when we read Riis's vivid description of Roosevelt's earnest deeds, we feel the beat of the loyal Danish heart which inspired the fiery, eloquent descriptions. You will rarely read more terse, intense English than you can find on the pages of his books. Take his summing up of city police conditions, after the new Commissioner had put in a year's work. "Amazing as it was, 'pull' was dead. Politics or religion cut no figure. No one asked about them. But did a policeman, pursuing a burglar through the night, dive, running, into the Park Avenue railroad tunnel, risking a horrible death to catch his man, he was promptly promoted. Did a bicycle-policeman lie with broken bones, after a struggle with a dangerous runaway horse, he rose from his bed with a medal for bravery on his breast. Did a gray-haired veteran rescue a drowning woman from among grinding ice floes, he was called to headquarters and made a sergeant."

The list of such cases, still on record, is almost

endless. Efficiency in the service was rewarded and inefficiency was firmly eliminated. And the policemen, after they recovered from their first panic under the new régime, knew that a firm, just hand held the reins; and they trusted that leadership and were proud of it.

Doubtless that association with Jacob Riis, the trained newspaper man, quickened Roosevelt's inclination to place his reform purposes as much as possible before the public eye. All his later life he did that very thing. He knew how the turgid incumbents of fat offices would oppose and misrepresent him. And he sought to appeal every case, as far as he could, from their biased, intriguing councils to the tribunals of the People.

So the newspapers were full of the doings of the new Police Commissioner. Other public departments sank into obscurity. Roosevelt got the ear and eye of the “plain people”, so called. “Where McGregor sat was the head of the table.”

Roosevelt's record as Police Commissioner, his persistent, fearless fight for justice and high standards, reads like a dime novel, so filled it is with sensational situations and daring deeds; yet it is all true and verifiable. To him, with his berserker blood running freely in his veins, it became almost commonplace, so continuous it was.

Out of the scores of incidents which might be

adduced to throw light upon his many-sided character, I select three. The first of these is the well-known episode of the anti-Semitic demagogue, Ahlwardt. This rabid hater of the Jewish race announced a public meeting on a certain date. Several of the members of that race asked Roosevelt to deny the man a license for his meeting. But Roosevelt did not wish to forcibly repress public speaking if such repression could be avoided. Therefore — with what I am sure was a mirthful twinkle of his eyes and a widening of his unique smile — he detailed a Jewish sergeant and forty Jewish policemen to station themselves in the hall during the meeting, and suppress, if necessary, that violence and uproar which Ahlwardt undoubtedly courted.

The meeting went through peaceably, laughably so, and gained no notoriety for the disappointed demagogue. And the incident stands on record as one which exemplified most delightfully the blend of humor and sagacity in Theodore Roosevelt's nature.

Two other incidents which I present raise a question regarding Roosevelt's qualities which I find it hard to answer.

First, there was the case of the disloyal fellow-member of the Police Commission. There were four members of the Commission. This particular

man, P — , professed great sympathy for Roosevelt and his reform work. But Joseph Bishop, who details the narrative, was convinced of this man's falsity, and warned his friend Roosevelt. In vain. As Bishop tells it in his biography, “In accordance with his invariable and incurable tendency, he persisted in placing full confidence in this man simply because the man professed full devotion to him.”

Thus matters ran on for months, Bishop suspicious, anxious, and Roosevelt trustful. Then came the dénouement. P — gave to Roosevelt a garbled account of Bishop's estimate of Roosevelt; an account partly true but conveying an utterly false impression as a whole. A sharp summons from Roosevelt brought Bishop to an explanation. And that explanation made clear to the Police Commissioner that P — was treacherous and should not be relied upon. Bishop's surmises were confirmed by the subsequent conduct of P — . He went over openly to Roosevelt's enemies and brought a deadlock into the proceedings of the Board.

The point which interests in this episode is that it raises the question as to how skilled Roosevelt was in reading human nature. I have heard intimate friends of his speak admiringly and unreservedly of his astuteness and his knowledge of

men. But was he really skillful and penetrating in this field?

The other incident which I recall, as bearing upon this point of my classmate's character, is given by Riis. A certain policeman, who had neglected his duties on several occasions, at last received from Mulberry Street his notice of dismissal. But the man had "piped off" (as Riis says) the kindly nature of the President of the Board. And one day he presented himself at headquarters with eleven youngsters trailing after him, some of them wailing dismally. The President had just come to the office, fresh from a romp with his own youngsters. And here stood this forlorn, discharged patrolman, with his unhappy little ones around him. The policeman waved a hand dejectedly over the group and then toward his tender-hearted chief. "Motherless they are," he said; and waited humbly.

The inevitable result followed. Roosevelt reinstated him; and the doleful little group filed out.

Very good, that, so far as heart was concerned. But how about head? For only two of the eleven children were the policeman's own. The other nine were borrowed for the occasion.

The fact is that Roosevelt had keen knowledge of human nature when his emotions were not stirred. Also, his discernment deepened as his

experience of men widened. But, essentially, he was a man of many and strong emotions. And these, many times in his life, impaired his judgment.

In a conversation with Miss Josephine Stricker, for a dozen and more years his efficient secretary and his intensely loyal friend, I laid before her this question of Roosevelt's reading of human nature. And her opinion was clear and firm and in accord with Mr. Bishop's opinion. “Mr. Roosevelt,” she said, “was not of a suspicious but a trustful nature. He trusted too much. He believed every man innocent until the man proved himself guilty.”

So there is the interesting psychological problem in any analysis of Roosevelt's character. My own solution is that he had a great and increasing penetration of mind into the character and motives of men. But his judgment was frequently clouded and deflected by his strong emotions. And, second, in the coldly intellectual field he was handicapped, in any judicial intentions, by his fertile self-expression, which he constantly strove to moderate and revise, but not always with success.

If we push this reading of human nature out beyond its bearing upon individuals to its bearing upon groups — political parties and nations, for example — we find that he was perspicacious in a

wonderful degree and sometimes almost supernaturally prophetic. Everybody knows this, at this late day, even those who in former days honestly thought him a "time-server" or "firebrand." Yet in one field, at least, his perceptions miscarried,—his optimistic confidence in the American people, his fellow citizens, that they were as much interested in bettering public service as he was. Further, that they would go, cheerfully, as many times to the voting booths as he would go. Hence his projects of the Initiative and the Referendum. But facts prove the contrary. The voters of the nation will go to the polls once a year, weather permitting, in goodly numbers. In an emergency, twice a year. But no more. Roosevelt measured the patriotism of the people by his own unflagging devotion to the country he loved, and he misjudged the situation. His own noble emotions deflected his judicial opinion.

However, "the people" were much on his mind and heart. Little wonder that he credited them with more than they deserved. In New York, during his service at Mulberry Street, his repeated appeals for support in his vigorous reforms were to the public, the people. And, temporarily, they backed him. All through his public career his hope of support lay in the "plain people" behind self-interested officials, factions, and cabals. He

said to a friend, in reply to a leading question, “The people at large disappoint me again and again, and then when I am almost discouraged and hopeless, they rise up and do something so magnificent that it restores all my confidence in them.”

The days and weeks succeeded one another, in his work as Police Commissioner, and each day and week brought its conflicts and contests. Ordinary attacks by corrupt opponents did not much trouble him. He “scented battle from afar” and rejoiced in it when the clash came. But some kinds of attacks upon himself were harder to bear than others. To be called a liar or a thief did not disturb him. Those plain Saxon words were often upon his own lips. But to be called hard-hearted, cruel, heedless of the downtrodden and oppressed,—that stirred him with indignation and righteous wrath. Take the case of the pernicious, evil-breeding lodging rooms of the police stations. They were barren of uplifting aid to the tramps and they were harmful to the community. And Roosevelt closed them.

Then arose revilings from various kinds of people,—both those vicious, slothful persons who were now thrown out upon their own resources and also from substantial philanthropists. The venerable chairman of the Charter Revision Committee asked him sternly if he “had no pity for the poor.”

And that attitude toward the tender-hearted Commissioner really wounded him. But he was right; and he persisted. And every worker among the needy classes, among the "down and outs", knows that Roosevelt simply anticipated by a few years the enlightened policy, under similar conditions, of our charitable societies.

The tourist at the Roman Forum is shown that there are several forums, one beneath another, modern, medieval, and ancient, with minor epochs identifiable among these larger ones. Similarly, in Roosevelt's character, as in most men, there are various layers, or personalities, one under another. And the warm-hearted, tender Roosevelt was as real as the stern official Commissioner. When I asked Oscar Straus to tell me, from his intimate association with President Roosevelt during Roosevelt's presidency, what quality most impressed him, his reply was: "His tenderness. He had other remarkable qualities, but his kindness of heart, his consideration of the feelings of his associates in the Cabinet — that was what struck me." And Mr. Straus continued, "There were times when something was needed to be done by some member of the Cabinet which was likely to bring to that man public disapproval. And I have known President Roosevelt to say, 'I won't ask

you to do that. I'll do it myself. I'm tough and I can bear it.' ”

His range of interests, continually added to and enlarged through his entire life, often surprises me anew. At one moment I see him grasping great problems, in his several official stations, and I see him a rising statesman of increasing eminence. Then I read in his Autobiography about Otto Raphael, the stalwart young Jew, who was well-fitted for police duty but had not possessed the requisite “pull.” Roosevelt urged him to take the examination; he passed, was appointed to the force, and acquitted himself most creditably, incidentally supporting several members of his family still in Russia.

Thus Roosevelt writes the narrative. And then comes a touch characteristically Rooseveltian; it could have come from no other of the long and variegated list of statesmen and high officers in this country. He closes his narration thus:

“I will mention that Otto and I were almost the only men in the Police Department who picked Fitzsimmons as a winner against Corbett.”

These are some of the exterior phases of Roosevelt's régime, in his police reform work in New York City. But, inside all this accumulation of exciting facts and repeated successes, the rebuilding of his own character went on. For he was, I

repeat, the most truly self-made man whom I know, in American annals. And to remake himself he must first know himself. He did know himself. He was honest with himself; and he was unflinching in his self-arraignments over failures or deficiencies.

As one of the many illustrations which might be given of Roosevelt's phenomenal power of prophecy, I recall that it was at this time that he wrote his "History of New York City." And noteworthy it is, as illustrating also his farsightedness, that in that book, published in 1903, he declares that we must cut out all hyphens from American names. And he urges an undivided American citizenship. That cry is uttered far and wide in our land to-day, but when he uttered it, his solitary voice was like that of "one crying in the wilderness."

This chapter may well close with a quotation from Jacob Riis, himself a true man and a loyal citizen. "We rarely realize, in these days, how much of our ability to fight for good government is due to the campaign of honesty waged by Theodore Roosevelt, in Mulberry Street."

CHAPTER IX

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
. . . It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

. . .
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

Having reached this point in my survey of Theodore Roosevelt's character and career, I have been brought to pause by a conversation which I held, recently, with Doctor L —, faithful friend of many years to the unique household at Sagamore Hill. When I urged that my classmate was essentially a fighting man, that he really loved combat, physical and intellectual, Dr. L — demurred. And we debated earnestly the question. But now, after several weeks of reading and re-reading and reflection, I hold to my position. My classmate loved combat, — attack and defense,

struggle for moral principles, warfare on palaces of privilege and dens of degradation. Thank God he did. Thus he was able to "fight the good fight" through all his days, indomitable to the end. And, as he said repeatedly to friends, life was a joy to him. He was indeed a "Happy Warrior."

Said my beloved professor, William James, "If this life is not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals. But it *feels* like a real fight."

To my former college mate as to my former college instructor, it "felt like a fight." And in the case of both those splendid men, there was also this divine overtone — as the musicians say — to the clash of arms and the din of battle, that the very stars in their courses were fighting with them for truth and right.

Theodore Roosevelt loved struggle, combat, conquest, in all their varied forms. That point I still maintain, as in previous chapters of this book. And, if I may add one anecdotal confirmation of my judgment, I will quote our classmate, Charles Washburn, who says that once, in his later life, he asked Roosevelt what act or experience of his past had been most joyous. And Roosevelt, after a moment's reflection, replied, "The charge up San Juan Hill."

He had achieved unprecedented success. But, "The blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare." And Roosevelt, "ever a fighter", like Robert Browning, was now called to a larger field of reform. His hand-to-hand struggle with saloon keepers, dive owners, thieves, and corrupt ward politicians had been a trampling under foot of vermin,—rats and snakes, shall we say? Now, through the unsought agency of his friend, Henry Cabot Lodge, he was called by President McKinley, in 1897, to serve the nation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

His studies for his "History of the Naval War of 1812", published in 1882, had given him sound, wide views of this branch of the Federal Government. But, knowing his "Chief" as I did, Secretary John D. Long, efficient, patriotic but circumspect—very—I have always smiled as I have pictured Governor Long's face of furrowed anxiety when this dynamic young reformer entered the calm atmosphere of the Navy Department. Lodge wrote to Roosevelt, March 8, 1897, a letter which hits off so admirably one of Secretary Long's characteristics that I quote from it. "I have seen Long. . . . He spoke in the highest terms of you. . . . He expects to be consulted about your appointment." Then this: "Long says, 'Roosevelt has the character, standing, and

ability to enable him to be a Cabinet Minister. Is not this appointment in the Navy Department too small for him?" "

That was Governor Long's way. Wise, cautious, never hasty, never losing his head through enthusiasm. Hardly. But efficient, and on the whole disposed to advance Roosevelt, yet sorry that Roosevelt was not to be somewhere else,—even in a full Cabinet office, rather than under his Secretarial roof.

So Theodore Roosevelt, "increasing in years and wisdom", took up his abode, with his family, at Washington, and turned his current of energy into the rusty machinery of the Navy Department. Long, believing in him, yet dreading his tireless, fearless, reforming spirit, looked on, smiling approval but keeping his cautious hand always near the brake.

With his swift, penetrating survey, the new Assistant Secretary grasped the unpreparedness of our navy. And most of his effort while in office was put forth to remedy that defect. He desired peace with all other nations as earnestly as did any member of the American Peace Society; but he blended that desire with more intelligence, with more insight into the cold facts about men and nations than was evinced by most of those well-intentioned people. I myself was an accredited,

unpaid lecturer of that typical peace organization through several years; and I know how fiercely many of those “peace-loving” people fought Theodore Roosevelt. They preferred, most of them — like William Jennings Bryan, with his sterile treaties falling from his fertile pen like the leaves in the Vale of Vallombrosa — “scraps of paper.”

How angry I became at the fatuous, shortsighted oracles of our peace societies! And how admirably my classmate summed them up in a sentence or two! “There are high-minded, earnest people who in a genuine fashion strive for peace; and then there are those foolish fanatics, always to be found in such a cause and discrediting it, — the men who form the lunatic fringe in all reform movements.”

“Preparedness” became his watchword as soon as he had gained knowledge of his new official surroundings. And going, as usual, to the root of the matter, he saw that good marksmanship on warships was as important as the warships themselves. But the administration was reluctant to expend money on either of these. Nevertheless, by persistence and personal appeal, he did get appropriations from Congress, and new ships were built, old ones were repaired, and other vessels were acquired by purchase.

Through all the indifference of Congress and

the opposition of the bureaus, he plowed his cheerful, intelligent way. His cheerfulness amid his perplexing duties is hinted at by a young fellow-worker, who narrates, "Late one afternoon, in Washington, we were ending a business round through the city. We started to take a street car. 'Have you the price of a ride about you?' inquired Mr. Roosevelt, smiling and feeling in his pockets. I replied, as I went through my own pockets, that I had not. My delightful companion rejoined, with a smile, 'Then, let's walk. Anyhow, it speaks well for the honesty of our government's officials when two of them, having just spent a million or two dollars, haven't kept enough in their own pockets to pay for carfares.'"

The young secretary was not only efficient in his affairs, but he was a delightful asset for any host at a dinner table. I have heard that the President received a call from some foreign dignitary and felt constrained to ask his visitor to dine. Then, feeling a little burdened at the prospect of entertaining this alien guest, he invited the young Assistant Naval Secretary to the dinner and seated him next the foreign visitor. The dinner passed off smoothly. Roosevelt and the decorated dignitary seemed to have plenty of talk between them. At one point in the conversation the President caught the drift of their conversation, and was

somewhat astonished — though not greatly, knowing Roosevelt's versatility — to hear him expounding a theory of athletics and illustrating it by naming and describing a half-dozen of the leading American athletes, — college football players, professional pugilists, and the like — and maintaining broadly that race ancestry was but a slight factor in athletic eminence.

There were two leading ideas in Assistant Secretary Roosevelt's mind during his brief occupancy of his desk in the Navy Department. One was the idea — or better, the sound practical idea — of raising the fighting efficiency of our nation's naval equipment to a point commensurate with the resources and the need of the nation. The other idea was a certain prescience regarding the logic of current events. Mr. Bishop in his biography says, "Roosevelt saw clearly what men would do, because he had accurate knowledge of and calm judgment upon what men had done." This, however, was only half the truth. Roosevelt's knowledge of men was increasing each year; but beyond that he had wonderful insight, a power to forecast events — when he put aside his emotions — which is more than mere accumulated knowledge can give. Some minds are cisterns, and others are fountains. Roosevelt's was of the latter kind. No cistern-mind can prophesy. It can only hold facts. The

fountain-mind gives forth what we never saw it take in. It is creative, inspired.

Admiral Dewey, in his Autobiography, speaks of Roosevelt's "singular understanding both of the importance of preparedness for war and of striking quick blows, in rapid succession, once war was begun." This "singular understanding" comes close to the truth of Roosevelt's mental processes, in any field where he was occupied. In the then situation he scented war with Spain. Affairs in Cuba, Spain's dependency, were becoming unbearably inhuman. And Roosevelt, always contemptuous of ostrich methods, faced them at their full value.

Admiral Dewey might easily have been prejudiced in Roosevelt's favor by the fact that it was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy who had assigned to him that strategic position in the Far East which made possible the prompt and decisive blow dealt by Dewey at Manila. The equipping and preparing of Dewey's ships at Hong Kong was ordered by Roosevelt quite without authority from his chief, Secretary Long, and was really a venturesome act on the Assistant's part. But he foresaw events and anticipated needs. And later his chief was by no means regretful that this early initiative had been taken.

Then came the sinking of the United States

battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor. And in the twinkling of an eye the gates of the Temple of Janus flew open. We are not told, in Greek tradition, much about the architecture of that martial structure, but — so far as this country and Theodore Roosevelt were concerned — it had a porch. The office of the Secretary of the Navy was that porch; and only a step was needed to carry the young Assistant into the interior of the Temple. Even if he had been president of the American Peace Society or had been taking a vacation in Kamtchatka, he would have heard that explosion of the *Maine* and would have flung his hat into the ring.

As he was situated, enlistment was easy and inevitable. Friends advised against it, but in vain. Doubtless most of them afterward concurred in John Hay's opinion. In 1898 Hay wrote to Roosevelt, from London, "I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close. When the war began, I deplored your leaving your place in the Navy where you were so useful. But you followed your own dæmon, and we older fellows must confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote,

‘One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.’ ”

One of the last acts of Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy appeals to me because it carries with it that little atmosphere of humor which he himself always breathed with delight. It seems that two prominent members of Congress, representing a certain Atlantic State, became nervous about the exposure of that seaboard State to possible attacks from Spanish warships. They had been worse than lukewarm about building up the navy, as Roosevelt had desired, but now they demanded a warship for their State's protection. They asked for that ship from the Assistant Secretary, and getting no response, they "became a permanent committee", Roosevelt writes, "in attendance upon the President. President McKinley, considerate and kindly always, told Roosevelt to send a warship. And Roosevelt did so. He says that he sent one of the old Civil War monitors to the city named. Ancient, useless, even dangerous to all on board. He had it towed by a tug to the proper station. A hazardous trip, he says, for the twenty-one naval militiamen on board. "Joy and peace settled upon the senator and congressman. Nobody seemed to grasp the fact that the worn-out, obsolete old craft would have been no more effective, for protecting the city, than one of the ancient galleys of Aleibiades."

Roosevelt's friendship with Leonard Wood had

already begun. The two young men had met socially at a dinner party given by the Lowndes family. They had walked home together that evening, and they learned that they were fitted to be friends. Roosevelt had first heard about Wood ten years before, because of Wood's astonishing and successful campaign against the Apache chieftain, Geronimo. Now the two young men, magnificent types of American manhood, came intimately together. Together they walked and talked, day after day. And their views about the impending war were as one. So openly did they express themselves about the duty of the United States toward harassed Cuba that kindly, cautious President McKinley and others spoke of them humorously as "The War Party." And when the President met Wood — his family physician at that time — he sometimes asked, "Have you and Roosevelt declared war yet," and the prompt reply came, "No, but we think you ought to."

When the declaration of war came, the joint purpose of these two friends was furthered greatly by the fact that Wood was the family physician of General Alger, Secretary of War. This intimate relationship gave him easy access to that Cabinet official and gained for himself and Roosevelt that prompt attention to their plans which cleared their path into the Cuban campaign.

When Roosevelt was offered by the War Secretary a colonelcy in one of the cavalry regiments then being raised, he declined it, saying frankly that he was not fitted for it, but would be glad to serve as a lieutenant colonel under Wood. Then he added, with a continuation of the same frank speech, that he believed he could fit himself for a full command in a few weeks. And subsequent events justified his estimate of his own powers.

The "Rough Riders." Never in history was such a company of men gathered together. Drawn by the fame of the two leaders, men from all the divers walks of American life eagerly applied for membership. Every live young man who had ever been associated with Wood or Roosevelt longed to be enrolled in the unique First United States Volunteer Cavalry. But that was a long name; and a shorter one, one that would flow lightly from the tongue, must be provided. I have heard Roosevelt express his growing anxiety, at that point of time, as the fertile quill-drivers of the press put forward suggestions. "All kinds of names broke out in the newspapers. I knew that some kind of a nickname would eventually supplant our long official title. But which one? I remember 'Teddy's Terrors' and 'Teddy's Terriers', and there were many others. But when somebody started 'Rough Riders', that struck me as being pretty good. We



THE ROUGH RIDER: FROM *PUNCH*, LONDON.

could hardly hope for a better." Then, in accord with his inborn tendency to "do something about it", he started telegraphing and telephoning. "I made the wires hot, for an hour or two, in various newspaper offices. And the result was that 'Rough Riders' stuck, and will be permanent and adequate."

When Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt got into teamwork together, results were assured. The two men trusted each other profoundly. They were equally sincere and determined. Temperamentally they complemented each other, Wood being rather reserved, not talkative, but an appreciative listener to eager, resourceful, expressive Roosevelt. In the cutting of the red tape of official formality they wielded the shears in turn. Both of them hated shams and empty, gilded appearances and pushed promptly for realities. Most people are now familiar with the chain of events which led from the mustering-in, at San Antonio, to Tampa, Daiquiri, El Caney, Las Guasimas, and San Juan Hill. To my mind the deeper interest which pertains to these exciting events is the informing light which they throw on Theodore Roosevelt's character. First of all stands out his inexhaustible energy as he strove for equipment and necessaries of life — the military life — in time of war. Roosevelt had served three years in the

New York National Guard, and that experience was invaluable to him. He knew what he wanted, what his command needed. And he and Leonard Wood strove, in season and out of season, against official inertia and incompetence, to get their wonderful, conglomerate organization of cowboys, ex-policemen, college graduates, and veteran Indian fighters into the center of the conflict. They broke a few musty old rules and regulations, but they "arrived."

In the record of Abraham Lincoln's life the points over which the reader lingers with most interest are those where strength blends with tenderness in that great man. Similarly, in Roosevelt's record, we now take for granted the causal connection of events which runs like a skeleton-frame through the rich body of events in Cuba, and dwell delightedly upon the touches of tenderness and humor which overlay his inner, stern intention and highly wrought purpose.

One of the best of these very "human" incidents has been somewhat garbled by reporters and authors, but, condensed from Roosevelt's own narrative, it reads thus:

"One of my men, an ex-cow-puncher, did not grasp the military principle that he must obey not only his own officers but officers of other regiments. One of the transport officers gave him some order

and he did not obey. Then the officer told him he was under arrest. Whereupon my man offered to fight him for a trifling consideration. Brought before a court-martial, he was given a year at hard labor and a dishonorable discharge. The Major General in command approved the sentence. There was no guard-house to put him into, so a fellow soldier, also an ex-cow-puncher, was put over him as guard.

"This all happened on the transport, going over from Tampa. When we landed and he was told that he would be kept back with the baggage and not allowed to get into the fight, he came to me in great distress. 'Colonel,' he exclaimed, 'I can't stay out. Only let me go to the front and I'll obey anybody you tell me to.'

"So I said to him, 'Shields, there is nobody in the regiment more entitled to be shot than you are; and you shall go to the front.'

"His gratitude was great. 'I'll never forget this,' he declared. Nor did he. When we got very hard up, he would get hold of some flour and sugar and would cook a doughnut and bring it to me and watch me with delight as I ate it. He behaved extremely well on the fighting line. So I had him brought before me, formally, and I remitted his sentence, which I had no real authority for doing, but it seemed natural and proper.

"When the mustering out came, the Commanding Officer asked where my prisoner was. 'What prisoner?' I asked. 'The man who was sentenced to hard labor and a dishonorable discharge', he replied. I said, 'I pardoned him.' 'Oh, you did!' was his sarcastic exclamation. Then I realized that I had exceeded my authority. But I answered, 'Well, I pardoned him, anyhow; and he's gone with the rest.' Whereupon the officer sank back in his chair and remarked, 'He was sentenced by court-martial, the sentence was approved by the Major General, and you — a Lieutenant Colonel — pardoned him. Well, that was nervy. That's all I've got to say.' "

Regarding Roosevelt's courage, during those fighting days along the heights in Cuba, there could be only one thing said. Indeed, it goes without saying that he knew no fear; indeed, let it be always remembered that he loved the fray, he rejoiced in the conflict, he lived more exultantly than during any other hours of his eventful life. He fought, like the "Happy Warrior" that he was, because of the righteousness of his cause. Always, to his mind's eye, there was present to him the memory of Spanish atrocities which he was fighting to annihilate. The cruel oppression of General Weyler must be put down. A helpless, outraged people in towns and "concentration camps" must

be rescued. And that purpose nerved his arm, making him the human champion of divine right and truth.

He was a brave man. Note also that he had not only physical courage, but that other kind, moral courage, which sometimes has been lacking in men who have defied death in battle. When the need came for a remonstrance to be sent to lethargic officialdom at Washington, when somebody there in that victorious but fever-smitten and dying army was looked for by General Shafter to dare to write plain words to the red-tape-bound bureau at Washington, the man selected by Shafter was Colonel Roosevelt. And he dared it. The letter was written, and also the famous "Round Robin" was sent. Orders for debarkation soon came, and thousands of soldiers' lives were saved largely because Theodore Roosevelt dared.

Another situation where a feebler man would have hesitated and done nothing, but where Roosevelt dared, was that where he was leading his eager men up toward the San Juan Ridge. He wished to force the fighting, of course. And he came up behind a line of Regulars who were waiting for orders. "'Why don't you charge?' I asked. The reply came from the Regular Commanding Officer, 'No orders, yet.' Then I said, 'I'll give the orders.' But he was cautious and reluctant. Then I said,

'You open up and let my men through.' Which was done. And the younger officers and enlisted men of the regulars sprang up and followed us, and we went up the hills with a rush."

His influence with his men, as a body and as individuals, was tremendous. The late Judge Knowlton, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, said to me soon after Mr. Woodrow Wilson's election to the presidency, "He is a man of ability and determination; but I think we must not expect the highest things of him." But Theodore Roosevelt's regiment and the whole nation were learning "to expect the highest things of him." And he never failed them. The high and heroic duties he always welcomed. He shared the hardships of the march, he led his men into the thickest of the fight, he gave them himself, in absolute sympathy and devotion. And the many anecdotes which came out after the war of his affection for those then mustered-out veterans of the Cuban campaign — humorous, indeed, some of them — simply revealed how the hearts of the men and their commander had been welded indissolubly together in that furnace of privations and perils at Guasimas and San Juan.

The man's frankness shines out clearly in his own plain words, as he wrote them. He says, "I was not satisfied with that Guasimas fight. I had

moved my men this way and that, as best I could, but I could get no clear knowledge of the exact conditions and needs of the situation. After it was over, seated with Generals Wheeler, Lawton, and Chaffee, they expressed appreciation of my leadership. I was really expecting disapproval; but I took their approval as coolly as I could, and concealed the relief I really felt."

We heard many commendatory things said, in the recent World War, about the unique, effective "morale" of the French armies. Officers and men fraternized, yet discipline was maintained. That problem of morale was solved in a similar way by Colonel Roosevelt in the Spanish War. His personality was such that he was on close terms with his enlisted men, yet his word was law. Respect for his courage, intelligence and sympathy was what did this, — the sympathy not least of the three. Afterward, when Roosevelt was Governor of New York, he took a trip through the West, and at one of the stations, a big, bronzed cowboy boarded the train. Roosevelt recollected him, shook hands, and said to a friend beside him, "This is the very man I was just telling you about." The smiling cowboy asked, "Telling him about Santiago?" "Yes." Then the man turned to the interested friend and said, "Well, maybe he didn't tell you about that night when we was lying out in the

trenches, soaked through with rain, and he came out of his tent and gave me his blanket? And maybe he didn't tell you how he took off his poncho and gave it to another fellow?" Roosevelt tried to recall it. "Did I really?" he rejoined. "Did I do that? I'd quite forgotten it."

But the enlisted man had not forgotten it. Few of those men did. Their leader became their ideal and idol; and intense was the worship which they — even to this day — offer him and his memory. I have received several communications, during the writing of this book, from veterans of the Rough Riders. One of these is so delightful, so distinctly an "original contribution", that I gave it verbatim. Not alone what the writer says, clearly and with affection, but what he implies, often unconsciously, is of interest. Reading between the lines brings out subtle meanings.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 28th.

My dear Mr. Gilman:

I am sure I would be pleased to comply with your request of saying something big and good of the man that is gone, but not forgotten by any of the "Boys of his Regiment," as he used to call us. In speaking of us in Camp, or on the march it was his saying, "Bully, my boys!" He always spoke of us as his "*Boys*," and he certainly was proud of his Regiment, and on those charging drills of which he loved to see good horsemanship, and if

any of the troopers got unhorsed he would smile, and remark, "That was a Bully throw, are you hurt any?" and then pass it off with a thorough Roosevelt laugh, for he loved the serious part, as well as the test of man, with beast. He loved the rough and ready, and how he loved to see the Cow-boys straddle bucking horses. After drills, the Boys of the Regiment would start those stunts, and he certainly was a first grand-stander for all that sort of horse sport, our Regiment against any other outfit, as he knew he could rely on his "*Boys*" to turn the trick on any horse living. When he would pass us, while we were at mess or play, we would hail him with, "Colonel, won't you have a bite with us?" He would stand for a second, meditating what to say, and with a big broad grin, say, "Certainly, my Boys." And then and there we would fix him some of our good solid 1898 Grub, and on a tin plate. He would stand and certainly eat and enjoy it with us, and then say, "It tasted fine, Boys," and walk off as pleased as a school-boy, for he knew we all loved him.

Just before being mustered out of service of the Rough Riders, and the boys feeling good and in prime condition, thinking of Home, there came to camp a lot of those smarty gentry from the city, called Jewelry Fakers of the smallest and lowest types, to foist off phoney two-dollar watches on the boys, ready to leave for their homes in the West. The biggest part of our Troopers were Cow-boys, and wished to bring home some souvenir, and especially a gold watch and chain, as they thought, at a bargain—from five to ten dollars a piece, when they actually were only worth one dollar,

price cut. I sauntered over to see what was going on, and one of these chaps was doing a land office business with his cheap and phoney snide jewelry. I spoke up and said, "Boys, you all have bought watches, and got fooled badly. Now to prove it. He is under arrest and in my charge. We will proceed to give him a general camp court-martial, under the rules of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, at this present day and hour." So we placed him on a soap-box. The boys all around camp flocked over to see what the rumpus was about, for Roosevelt's boys were ever on the alert for any fun. Well, after telling the man of what he was charged, of course I made it as strong as I could. He was quickly found guilty of defrauding the Rough Riders, and separating them from their hard-earned U. S. dollars, and he was to be "tossed up skyward in a real horse blanket by those basely defrauded boys of the West." I gave the word and the Cowboy yell to let him have his medicine. He got down on his knees, with hands uplifted as though he was going to his death. A blanket was brought in, and every inch of it was held by them for the toss. He was grabbed no gentle way, and heaved into the blanket, and such hollering! He went up in the air like a rocket, time and time again, with the delight of the boys, and you can imagine every time he went up, out came things from his clothing, such as phoney watches, rings, and the cheapest kind of jewelry, and the boys' hard-earned money.

When nearly through with him, Col. Theodore Roosevelt happened to look over to see what all the yelling was about, and I suppose he thought

of fighting and started over. I said, "Hold fast, boys. I will tell and explain all to him when he comes." So we still kept it up. One — two — three — and up he flew again. "Attention!" I said to the boys, and as they stood, all laughing and smiling, our dear beloved man of all men, Colonel Roosevelt, said: "Who tried him?" And they stood pat and said, "Tony Gavin." "And was he tried fair?" "Yes, sir." "That's fine. Bully for you, Tony!" He had a big grin on his face, when he sauntered away, and we could see him afterwards, telling the other officers what we did to the jewelry shark.

So you see he loved to see the witty side, and fun of everything. Of course the boys got back all of their money, and forgot to return any of the loot. The man certainly was glad to get out of camp as lucky as he did. And on another occasion I had the same task to perform, only that case was of selling jewelry to the boys, for their mothers and sweethearts, of the rankest sort of snide jewelry and jewels. Those boys, after being away from home and to Cuba, wished to bring home some little token for them to remember. Well, this jewelry fake I ordered to be thrown up skyward in a Rough Riders' blanket, and then to be carried and flung from the blanket into a horse trough, and then escorted to and out of our camp lines with machetes behind him never to return.

That kept those gentry from visiting the Rough Riders' domains. And how Colonel Roosevelt did laugh when he found out what I did to this individual. "Tony treats them sort of rough, but he is right. But the next chap that shows up, of that stamp, bring him before me," he said, "and I will

place him in the guard house for invading government property, and have him drummed out of camp, as an example."

But we could not see it that way, for I would rather court-martial them and have the sport, and then have our dear beloved Colonel Theodore Roosevelt have a good big hearty laugh over it.

At Montauk Point, where we were mustered out of service, President McKinley came to see our Regiment of Rough Riders, and for his edification Colonel Roosevelt had his regiment mount and pass in review, and the bugler sounded halt. Then Roosevelt gave the order to charge as if in battle, and you know how those boys could ride a horse, and those Indian yells, and shooting as if in actual battle towards the Spaniards. He wheeled towards President McKinley, and said, "Now, President, what do you think of my Boys and my regiment?" "Splendid! Grand, Colonel!" And indeed Roosevelt was pleased, and the troopers put life and vim into that last reviewing charge of the famous 1st U. S. V. Cavalry, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, at Montauk Point.

There was something strange about Roosevelt. He never forgot a face once he saw it. If he liked you, you was his friend. If he disliked you, you had better steer clear of him. He abhorred a cringeing man. One that would stand up squarely and talk right out, he admired, and would pat you on the back and say, "Glad to see you." He knew every member of his Regiment by name, and their occupations, and he would give them good advice. We presented him with a large bronze bucking broncho, made by Fred Remington, on his leave-

taking. We made a circle and he certainly made a fine speech to us, and hoped the boys would lead a clean, upright life, as good American citizens, and he certainly did cry, for his big manly heart was full at his leave-taking of his old Regiment of Rough Riders, 1898.

Yours respectfully,

Tony Gavin,

Formerly of Troop C, 1st U. S. V. Cav.
Roosevelt Rough Riders.

Gavin speaks of the sound advice given by his beloved Colonel in his farewell speech. Which leads me to offer this bit of analysis of Roosevelt's character. He did give a great deal of ethical advice. And it was sound, pure, noble advice. He really did a great deal of what might be called "preaching", if we were ironically disposed so to express it. And I venture this point of interpretation of his character: That he, knowing that he did this and knowing that the world usually associates such "preaching", such enunciations of "Sunday-school talk", with milk-and-water men, mollycoddles, and realizing this, deliberately cultivated, often conspicuously, the rough, vigorous, almost pugilistic manner and speech which is popularly associated with virile, unsentimental manhood. Indeed, he avows practically this purpose in two or three places in his Autobiography. His explosive "Bully" and some other expressions were

more or less camouflage to protect his fine, sensitive idealism.

Something similar might be said of his full, whole-hearted laughter. There was a bit of "protective coloration" in it. But a real point of character interpretation I raise when I say that in all his relations with all kinds of men, his sense of humor and his expression of it, by witticism or laughter, helped him greatly to form friendly ties with associates. This was especially true in the critical, exciting days of the Cuban campaign. If you can get a man to laugh with you, you have won him. And, if you laugh with him, you probably are close to a handshake with him.

Roosevelt had keen humor perceptions, intellectually, and had also that sensitive nerve system which easily explodes in laughter. In fact, groping, as I have done, for the secret of his phenomenal nerve-recuperative power, I am inclined to see in Roosevelt's free and frequent relaxing laughter a partial explanation of his conservation of corporeal nerve-tone. The records of the campaign in Cuba abound in humorous incidents. In his volume, "The Rough Riders", he quite corroborates what some of his soldier-associates have told me. He shared everything he could with them, even the humor. But some of the most ludicrous things came to him — socially trained as he had been —

only by his reading between the lines of their words and actions. For example, speaking of the infractions of military etiquette which were inevitable among such wild, untrammelled spirits as were most of the enlisted men, he says: "The lapses into which they fell, at times, were merely those of inexperience. When Holderman, in announcing dinner to the Colonel and three Majors, genially remarked, 'If you fellers don't come soon, everything'll get cold', he had the best of kindly intentions; and he was glad to modify his form of address when told that it was not strictly in line with the best military code."

Broad-minded cosmopolitan that he already was, Roosevelt saw clearly the comparative values of the human qualities around him. It really "delighted" him when one of the new recruits came up to him and poured out the following honest statement. "Colonel, I want to shake hands and say we're with you. We didn't know, at first, how we'd like you fellers; but you're all right, and we're with you. You can count on us."

Perhaps the best of all the little "touches of human nature" that "make the whole world kin" is the one which Roosevelt records:

"The Colonel and I strolled out, near midnight, to get the air. The sentinel near our tent was fighting the vicious mosquitoes. I saw him pitch

his gun ten feet off and sit down to get at such pests as had swarmed up his trouser-legs. Glancing in our direction, he discovered us, nodded pleasantly, and with unabashed and friendly feeling, remarked, ‘Ain’t they bad!’” Nothing more delightfully *intime* than that in French Army annals.

The sympathy which the Spanish War developed between the Rough Riders and their devoted “Colonel” never died out during Roosevelt’s life, and it led to many touching incidents, grave and gay, in later years, which may be properly termed, in medical nomenclature, *sequelæ*. Often during his occupancy of the White House, veterans of that splendid organization appealed to him as confidently as to their own brother. It is said that Congressman Grosvenor sought an audience one day at the White House and was denied admission. “The President is engaged,” said the page. “Who is in there?” demanded Congressman Grosvenor impatiently. “Oh, one of his old Rough Riders, I think.” And the angry Congressman, blending his vexation with a saving sense of humor, exclaimed, as he turned away, “Then there’s no hope for me. A mere Congressman doesn’t stand any chance at all against a Rough Rider.”

There is another of these unique appeals which

is already — and will perhaps remain for all time — a “classic.” In Roosevelt’s own words, thus:

“Among the many letters which I received from men of my old regiment came this: ‘Dear Colonel: I write you because I am in trouble. I have shot a lady in the eye. But, Colonel, I was not aiming at the lady. I was aiming at my wife.’ That excuse he evidently regarded as a sufficient one, between ‘men of the world.’ But I wrote him that I drew the line altogether at shooting at ladies.”

One incident, which I have seen in garbled form in print, has been given me correctly by an eye-witness, my classmate and Roosevelt’s classmate, the late Vanderlyn Stow, of San Francisco. Roosevelt, during his presidency, visited California in company with his Secretary of the Navy, William Moody. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco hoped to get him to come to San Francisco and address the club. Mr. Stow saw that this was asking too much, for it would establish a bad precedent. But he yielded — being president of the club — to his fellow members’ urging. He went down and met Roosevelt at Monterey. The three men lunched together. Stow preferred his request, in a perfunctory way, with the expected result. The general conversation was resumed. Roosevelt was in exuberant spirits. Presently he said, eyes twinkling mischievously, “Secretary Moody

has just accused me of a grave offense. He has said that I show favoritism to my old Rough Riders, that I put them all into offices."

He paused; and Moody replied, in that deliberate way which always gave weight to his humor, "I think you mistook me, Mr. President. I believe I did not say that you put them *all* into offices, but that you put in all who were not already in jail." And Stow declared that Roosevelt laughed so heartily at the keen rejoinder that he nearly fell off his chair.

Thus comes to an end this chapter on Theodore Roosevelt's career at Washington, in the Navy Department, and in Cuba as a soldier, on a real field of battle. And again I assert that Theodore Roosevelt loved fighting in the cause of Right. He was the happiest of warriors, as he intimated to his intimate friend, Charles Washburn. The charge up that San Juan Ridge was the most enjoyable episode of his life.

In closing, I look up at a beautiful bronze bas-relief over my desk, portraying in silhouette the face of my honored and beloved classmate. And across the base of that plate, below the head, I read these words quoted from Roosevelt's writings and molded lastingly into the metal fabric,—"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

CHAPTER X

GOVERNOR OF THE EMPIRE STATE

When Roosevelt returned from Cuba, and the transport steamer was off Montauk Point, somebody shouted to him from another vessel, "How are you feeling, Colonel?" And the reply went back promptly, "Disgracefully well." In that impulsive reply the sincerity and sympathy of the man found spontaneous expression. His saddened thought was of his "Boys" — some killed, many wounded, and many stricken by fever. And he — well and strong. It was a characteristic exclamation from a tender, generous heart.

He needed, however, all that health and strength, during the struggle before him in his native State. The Republican Party of New York needed him to prevent its defeat in the approaching gubernatorial election. For he, by force of circumstances and by his own splendid military record, was "The Man on Horseback." In France, after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, George Ernest Boulanger, loaded with military honors, returned to Paris. And the title of "The Man on Horseback" was

given him. It expressed his prestige and power gained on the battle field. A far nobler type was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; but the two men resembled each other for that hour in their popularity and influence.

The Republican Party needed Roosevelt. But Senator Thomas C. Platt, "boss" of the party, was "in a strait betwixt two." He desired victory for his party, but he dreaded admitting this bold young reformer into the inner political circles. Platt at this time was sixty-seven years old, and quite infirm physically; and Roosevelt was thirty years old, and physically at his maximum of strength. Of him intellectually it must be said that he was a growing man, and had not then attained all the wisdom and power of his later years. But he was practically the most striking personality in the country and seemed to Platt the most promising gubernatorial Republican candidate. Regarding Mr. Platt's mental equipment at this period, we might use Roosevelt's own caustic words of later date: "I could not find that he had a taste for anything except politics, and, on rare occasions, for a dry theology quite divorced from moral implications."

As soon as Colonel Roosevelt landed, he was met by Lemuel Quigg, discreet agent of Senator Platt. Together with Douglas Robinson the two

men conversed, sitting in Roosevelt's tent. Of course the errand upon which Mr. Quigg had come was apparent to the three men. Senator Platt had sent him to sound this young Lochinvar, and to judge whether he could be trusted, after he got the election — which seemed quite sure — to "work harmoniously" with "Boss" Platt, which meant giving Platt his own way in everything he cared about and taking what he left.

During two hours they talked. Quigg clothed his anxious inquiries in the usual political cant, and Roosevelt gave the plain, unyielding reply that if elected he would confer with Platt and with others on the various questions as they arose and then would himself decide. Further, he declared that he sincerely desired harmony of policy and the good of both the party and the State.

With that message — the best he could extract from Roosevelt — Quigg went back to Platt, the campaign was soon on, and the young reformer, fresh from Cuban victories, went up and down the State in a whirlwind campaign, enjoying it all to the full, and gaining supporters every time he spoke. Jacob Riis and other admirers shared in the toil and the delights of the campaign. Riis records that one ardent cowboy Rough Rider, "Buck" Taylor, speaking at a rally, exhorted his hearers to "Foller ma Colonel! Foller ma Colonel!"

An' he'll lead you, as he led us, like lambs to the slaughter." Cautious, anxious Thomas C. Platt, professional politician, gave him a half-hearted, hopeful support. He said afterward, "Roosevelt made a dramatic campaign. He fairly pranced up and down the State. And he called a spade 'a spade' and a crook 'a crook.'"

Early in the campaign Roosevelt showed strategic acumen. The Democratic candidate, Judge Van Wyck, was a man of good character and capacity, and he was not much open to attack personally. But his political lieutenant, Croker, "Boss" of Tammany, was a man of inferior grade; "a powerful and truculent man" Roosevelt calls him. The young reformer attacked Croker, drew him into the open, and there made his fight, showing the "Boss" up as the real and corrupt leader of the Democratic forces. It was an easier, more definite contest, thus, than it could have been against Van Wyck.

The result of the campaign was that Roosevelt was elected, but by only the narrow margin of eighteen thousand plurality. One reason for the narrowness of this margin was that the more extreme "Independents", so called, stood out against Roosevelt. They were men of the academic type, with high, vague aims and a narrow range of perceptions and sympathies. The trenchant — and

somewhat heated — description of them given by Roosevelt was that “their ‘Independence’ consisted of one part moral obliquity and two parts mental infirmity.” They demanded of him that he defy Platt in good, old-fashioned, stage-drama fashion. They had not the breadth of mind to see that he was trying to get all the help he could from Platt and the professional politicians of the party, corrupt though they might be. This was his wise, fruitful policy throughout his term of office. As a discerning friend wrote about him, “He did not intend to pose on the solitary gubernatorial peak of abortive righteousness.”

After his election, one of our classmates asked Roosevelt jocosely, “Now, Theodore, what kind of a governor are you going to be?” And the reply was ready. “I’m going to be just as good a kind as the politicians will let me be.” That reply revealed the two factors in his public career which now were becoming fixed in his mind and will. He determined to push his methods and reforms as close up to perfection as he could push them,—and still keep the support of the more or less imperfect party that elected him. His purpose might be described not as a vacuous circle, like that of the theoretical, easily shelved “Independents”, but as a productive ellipse, with two centers, the one idealistic and the other practical.

A brief description of him I here cite, as given by Charles G. Washburn in the course of an eloquent memorial address made in Boston by him on October 27, 1920. "What manner of man was this whom we honor to-night? A man unlike any other man whom we have ever known or read about, a character as transparent as a child's, tender in his family relations, a faithful friend,—but, when roused, in conflict terrible; and, when fighting for a great cause, he loved to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm."

That was the mature man — he was already that, at the age of thirty — who was entering the arena of New York politics. No wonder that Croker raged and Platt trembled. Coming events were "casting their shadows before" — for corrupt politicians in both the great parties.

When once entered upon his duties as Governor, Roosevelt put the same energy and industry into his work that he had always put into whatever work lay before him. In scores of ways he went beyond the routine duties of his office and improved and reformed existing conditions. That was his fixed attitude toward public affairs. He found time — resting himself, perhaps — to write his "Rough Riders" and "Oliver Cromwell." Looking back now at his two years as Governor, we may say that his greatest work was shown in four important

measures which he pushed through. They were, first, through the suggestion of Riis, the creation of the Tenement House Commission Bill. It was, in large measure, a following up and enforcing of the sweatshop reform which he had taken up when an assemblyman. Second, the office of Superintendent of Public Works, involving control of the State canals, needed revision; and Roosevelt revised it. Third, the big corporations who had obtained franchises to use public thoroughfares for street railways had never shared their profits with the People, the Public, who really owned those thoroughfares and from whom the corporations had obtained the right of way. Roosevelt made those companies pay for value received. Then, fourth, there was the office of Superintendent of Insurance. The man who held that governmental position was engaged in various business enterprises which prevented him from being wholly free and disinterested in carrying out the duties of his office. Roosevelt replaced him with a less involved official.

In all these acts Roosevelt met intense opposition, on the part of Platt and other "bosses", and on the part of the corporations and individuals whose incomes and honors and peace of mind he disturbed. He was clearly aware of the complicated conditions under which he worked. Mr.

Hagerdorn, in his excellent "Boy's Life of Roosevelt", has put this situation into a succinct paragraph. "Roosevelt's struggle was not a simple one. He could repudiate Platt and his confederates, and win popular applause by doing it. Or, he could accept Platt's dictation and thus secure the support of the powerful 'Machine' in his future career. If he took the former course, he would be unable to execute real reforms in any direction. If he took the second course, he would forfeit his own self-respect. Seeing this dilemma he took neither horn of it. He neither accepted Platt as 'Boss', nor did he repudiate him, wholly. He coöperated with him whenever that was possible, and he fought him only on fundamental issues of right and wrong."

Thus was made manifest Roosevelt's growth in wisdom since the days when as an assemblyman he aimed at similar reforms, but aimed at accomplishing them single-handed and alone.

The four measures which I have named — reform, essentially — gave him opportunity to put forth all that vigor and unyielding determination which was in him; in the case of the Ford Franchise Bill, approved by Roosevelt and disapproved by Platt, the young Governor fought the aged Boss and his minions to a finish. He sent an urgent message with the Bill into the Legislature; but

the Speaker, in a rage, tore it up. Again looking carefully over the merits of the Bill, Roosevelt sent to the Legislature another message, urging the passage of this important Bill, and intimated that if it were not properly read, he himself in person would go to the Assembly Hall and present it. That bold stand carried a panic into the opposition and they passed the Bill with a rush.

As I try to analyze and even catalogue Roosevelt's extraordinary qualities, the Insurance Bill especially draws my attention. In this way. Platt wished the then Superintendent of Insurance to be retained. Roosevelt believed that a change was needed in that office, and resolved to fight the matter through. He went over a little toward the Boss by suggesting a man who was Platt's friend. Then he stood squarely on that position. Letters passed between Platt and Roosevelt, each man unyielding. It was a deadlock.

Then came a situation, unique in itself and illuminating as to Roosevelt's character. When I was in college, I was indulgently given two hours' instruction in the murky, strabismic game of poker. The lesson cost me two dollars and sixty cents. All the knowledge I now retain concerning that unfriendly pastime is a sense of the singular factitious power of "bluff." This "bluff" was

never better exemplified than in that case of the Insurance appointee.

Roosevelt had determined upon a certain candidate, a reasonably efficient, desirable man, really one of Platt's friends. Platt demurred and warned Roosevelt in so many spoken words that it was now "war to the knife." Soon afterward a message came from one of Platt's henchmen, asking where he could meet Roosevelt. Roosevelt named the Union League Club. Accordingly the two met there. The authorized agent of Platt's went over all the ground afresh, trying to persuade Roosevelt to put in Platt's chosen man. The dramatic scene might be put into dramatic form, thus:

Platt's Agent: "This is your last chance, Governor Roosevelt. Ruin is ahead of you if you continue to disregard Senator Platt's wishes."

Roosevelt (shaking his head negatively) : "There is nothing to be added to what I have already said."

Platt's Agent: "You have made up your mind?"

Roosevelt (firmly) : "I have."

Agent: "You know it means your ruin?"

Roosevelt: "Well, we'll see about that."

Agent: "The fight will begin to-morrow and will go to the bitter end. You understand?"

Roosevelt: "Yes, I understand." (He opens

the door to go out. As he does this, Platt's agent suddenly calls to him.)

Agent: "Hold on! We accept. Senator Platt will withdraw his opposition."

That ended the game. And that it was a real game of Poker, with the "bluff" feature strong on the agent's part, Roosevelt indicates when he says of the interview, with his sense of humor showing through: "His face, throughout the interview, was as impassive and inscrutable as that of Mr. John Hamlin, in a poker game."

This situation was a vital and typical one, in Roosevelt's career. He once said to a group of us college friends, as he looked back over his public career, "Two or three times in my life I have stood as with my back to a wall, facing impending and probable defeat and ruin, so far as my public career was concerned. But in those two or three cases the scales of good fortune turned my way. Perhaps that is what they sometimes call 'Roosevelt Luck.' But it was 'Luck' only in part, at least." And he said one day to our Class Secretary, Mr. John Woodbury, as the two walked down Park Street, Boston, together, "There are some things I can do, some I can't do, and some I simply won't do."

That yielding to Platt, that continuing an incompetent henchman of Platt's in an important

office was one of the things "I won't do." And the point which I enjoy most, in that temporary break with the powerful New York Boss, is the tenacity of purpose which Roosevelt evinced. If you had seen Roosevelt at a dinner party, or in a group of friends, you might have said readily, "A brilliant man. But has he got stability and persistence in a long fight?" That Insurance controversy with Platt is a sufficient reply. And we are confirmed in our affirmation that an important element in Roosevelt's greatness was his possession, in a remarkable degree, of diverse qualities usually found only singly in men. The old saying has it that "Take Hold is a good dog, but Hold Fast is a better." In Roosevelt's fighting equipment both qualities were combined.

During those joyous two years of his governorship, the glamor of a growing popular support did not blind him to the inherent fickleness of popular favor. He looked facts and conditions straight in the face and did not delude himself. In a letter to his sister at this period, he said, "Just at this moment I am on the crest of the wave. But I know that after a crest comes a hollow." This same figure of speech he used years later, on his return from Africa, as he talked at a complimentary dinner given him at Sherry's in New York City. But, even as he did in the gubernatorial days,

he was earnestly and persistently using every means to remain on the "crest" as long as possible.

He was also steadily pursuing the same method of getting through the cordon of inimical politicians which hemmed him in and of reaching the masses of the people outside, which he followed afterward in his Presidency. He called press reporters regularly to his office and explained his aims and plans, and counted upon their aid in putting him clearly and honestly before the reading public. Always his hope of support in his stern reform methods lay in the intelligence and morality of the body of the American people as against the wiles and thrusts of the self-seeking, habitual politicians.

There is one other significant feature of his official life as Governor of New York which should not be overlooked. It is his attitude toward the enforcement of the statutes for capital punishment. Setting aside my knowledge of the facts, I would know, from my knowledge of his character, that he would believe in punishing by death the commission of an act of deliberate, willful murder. Quite as I would dare assert — without asking his opinion — that he believed in "freedom of the will." Such a belief was a component part of his nature, forceful, self-reliant, never self-excusing, but conscious of responsibility. Similarly, of capital punishment. Such a nature as his — strong in its sense of jus-

tice, facing fearlessly the whole gamut of human motives, low as well as high — such a nature would never submerge memories of a dead victim in the scented waters of a sentimental clemency toward a craven criminal who begged for that boon which he had coldly denied another. So, when tender-hearted Jacob Riis went to him and besought him to commute the death sentence of a certain relentless murderer, he suspended judgment for a few hours, went over the case anew, then wrote a kind but stern letter to Riis, declining to pardon. "Whatever I do," he wrote in that letter, "I do because, after painful groping, I see my path of duty."

His was a tender heart. As Oscar Straus earnestly assured me, "There never was one more tender" — but his sense of right was deep-rooted, and his perceptions of the need of law-enforcement he never lost. He abhorred the graveyard character of our statute books. He believed only in laws which "had teeth"; perhaps his own smile — sometimes cheery, yet again grim and threatening — might be said to symbolize this, his strong conviction.

The term of Roosevelt's governorship now drew to a close. Although it had been an almost continuous campaign of strategy and strife, he had enjoyed it. He said so, in a letter of February 1,

1900, to Senator Platt: "In spite of all the work and all the worry, I have thoroughly enjoyed being Governor."

One source of his happiness during those two strenuous years was the rich, beautiful home life that was his at Oyster Bay. In the Executive Chamber at Albany he stood: always watchful, challenging, like a soldier on guard. Threats hovered in the air about him, and snares were spread for his feet. He loved that kind of life, but it was one of extreme tension. At Oyster Bay, on the contrary, love and sympathy encompassed him, and he returned it in kind to wife and children.

There is a period in the continuity of even the happiest and most ideal homes when the forces of mutual service and good will are at their maximum. In the earlier years of home life, with children immature, these forces are less balanced, less reciprocal. Loving parents lavish attention on little ones with but little intelligent, commensurate response. Then, as the children reach the ages of four and five years, and thence on to the ages of fifteen and sixteen, there is an increasing unity of affection, which fades somewhat after those ages, as boys and girls seek more and more the companionship of their own generation. During that flowering period, the mother and father can give companionship that is wholly satisfying to the

young people. After it they must be content to step gradually aside, and — still near at hand, not afar off — see those young people seek sympathy from friends of their own age.

This is the inevitable course of evolution in the normal happy family. And this period came to the group at Oyster Bay at about the time when the father of the family was also the Governor of the State. It lasted through the days of his Presidency, and it evolved normally, happily, into the period following it, when the father and mother gradually gave over their authority and control into the hands of the children themselves, now fitted by wise training for a self-reliant and self-contained manhood and womanhood.

This is the law in all true homes. And at Oyster Bay it was really beautifully exemplified. The father shared fully and poignantly the interests and aims of his children. He shared their laughter and their tears. For him, when with them, the cares of governorships and presidencies ceased to exist. No American home ever was sweeter, truer, and nobler than that at Oyster Bay. When political enemies searched far and wide, high and low, for missiles which they might hurl against Roosevelt, they never had a defamatory word to offer about his home life.

Both the mother and the father of that loving

group were exceptional people. The whole world knows now the exalted character of that father, but not so many people know the wise, tender motherhood which was enshrined beneath that roof. With her delicate, reserved nature, she complemented the impetuous, originative nature of her husband. Intelligent, with cultivated tastes, she could give the intellectual sympathy as well as the warm human affection which he craved,— and gave in return.

That restful heart-satisfying companionship which they bestowed, without effort, on each other was made evident in many ways; for example, by the way in which they sought, again and again, each other's society in walks and drives and boating. There was between them the same absolute trust and deep content which Mrs. Custer, wife of General George Custer, describes in a homely and humorous but meaning-full line of her book of reminiscences. She shared a considerable part of her husband's adventurous military life on the Western frontier. And she says in her book, "The General declared that he was sure that he really loved me because 'he liked so much to have me around.'"

A classmate has said to me again and again, as we have recalled and discussed our eminent classmate, "Roosevelt will stand as an example and

model before the young and old of this nation in more ways, on more sides of his character, than any American that we yet know,—without exception." I heartily agree, and I point out, apropos of his home life, how wisely, how sanely he directed the molding of his children's characters. No sentimentality but quick, keen sympathy. No airy, unsubstantial fads in education, but intelligent observation and the firm application of the psychological laws of character building. In the earliest years he exacted unhesitating obedience to his own wish and word. Then, gradually, as their powers of judgment and ratioeination unfolded, he turned over to them decision as to their conduct. He became, in time, their counsellor, only leaving to them the casting vote. He pointed them, more and more, to obedience to that truth and right to which they saw him obedient. And splendid results justified his wise, loving—although sometimes almost Spartan—code.

This period — perhaps from 1900 to 1910 — was approximately the one in which he wrote his "Letters to His Children", that revealing volume edited by Mr. Bishop. The book softened the hearts and modified the distrustful attitude of thousands of people throughout the world. They had followed too blindly the lead of Roosevelt's enemies, writing and speaking, and had thought

of him as a fierce metallic war-fanatic. And now, as they read those touching revelations of fatherly sympathy, they felt assured that they came at the real man, affectionate and tender; and they gave him — fathers, mothers, friends, readers, the wide world over — their approval and regard.

Those fascinating letters run through a period of several years. His intimate interest in the affairs of the little people, his sharing of the childish aims and interests, even his charming, amusing pet names, little loving diminutives, give “the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin,” and do reveal, not a new Roosevelt, but a new character facet of that many-sided man.

Much as he enjoyed the pastimes and picnics at that ideal home at Oyster Bay, he had enjoyed no less the continuous fighting that went with his reform work as Governor. For he was not only the loving father, the tender husband, the faithful friend, — he was also and always “The Happy Warrior.”

“Who is the Happy Warrior?—
He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.”

CHAPTER XI

A RELUCTANT VICE-PRESIDENT

When that devout monk and eloquent preacher, Peter the Hermit, called upon Christendom, in the year 1096, to rescue the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from infidel hands, he declared in his passionate, persuasive exhortation, "God wills it, God wills it!" Many critical historians to-day, as they survey the highways of the past, may doubt the truth of that asseveration. Yet even among the least sympathetic of these critics might be found those who would hold that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

We come now to a point in Theodore Roosevelt's career where — if we anywhere see direct divine agency in hman affairs — we must recognize its presence. For, at the close of his second year as Governor of New York, with a splendid record of duty done and reforms accomplished, he and his immediate friends desired a certain thing for him, and struggled for it — and then events, or an overruling providence, blocked the path which he

had chosen and set his feet in a path which he did not desire, but a path which opened out, in the unseen future, into a field of national service worthy of his extraordinary powers. It was a field which very likely would not have opened to him had he not arrived at it through the undesired path.

This was the logic of events, humanly speaking, as we now look back. Roosevelt desired another term as Governor. He wished to continue his unprecedented fight for a clear, righteous administration of the machinery of government in his native State. But Senator Platt did not wish this; and Platt's official henchmen and the fat corporations whom Roosevelt had seriously disturbed likewise longed for relief from his keen scrutiny and irresistible domination. It had been only an armed truce between Platt and Roosevelt through the two years of the governorship. Yet the veteran politician secretly and within limits was fascinated by the gallant young crusader who ever and anon had fought him to a standstill in the State arena. Roosevelt probably was correct when he wrote to Senator Lodge at this period, "I believe that Platt rather likes me, although I render him uncomfortable by some of the things I do."

For months Platt had been quietly planning what he now, early in 1900, openly expressed. He

and his machine declared that for the good of the State and the nation, Roosevelt should be put into the Vice-presidency. They planned to put this active reformer into the most inactive position in the Federal Government; in terse, popular parlance, they intended to "shelve him." Or, as one facetious observer said, "Platt wished to be rid of him. But he could not 'kick him *downstairs*', so he had to 'kick him *upstairs*.'"

Roosevelt distrusted the Greeks, even when they brought him gifts. He saw at once the peril which this move — this plausible promotion — involved for him; and he struggled against it. He wrote letters, sent telegrams, and interviewed powerful political friends. He recognized the insidious danger which threatened his future usefulness more clearly than did Secretary Hay, who wrote thus humorously but superficially to Henry White, in London. "Teddy has been here at Washington. Have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came here with somber resolution on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know, once for all, that he would not be Vice-president. And he found, to his stupefaction, that nobody in Washington, except Platt, had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the Major, who said that he did not want him on his ticket, and that he would

be far more useful in New York. And Root said — with his frank and murderous smile — ‘Of course not — you’re not fit for it.’ So he went back to New York, quite eased in mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*.”

That free-hand letter — written quite in ignorance and somewhat out of sympathy — was a literary enunciation from the mind of the author of “Little Breeches” rather than a judicial opinion from the Honorable John Hay, efficient Secretary of State. Roosevelt had scented a real danger afar off and was struggling blindly to meet it. On his return to New York he made his wishes known very plainly to Senator Platt. He even declared vehemently that if he could not go before the voters of the State as gubernatorial candidate, on his record, for another term, he would rather retire to private life. Platt, the wily fox, affected to acquiesce in this decision. But his plans had been laid and he did not intend to relinquish them. He had suffered too severely at Roosevelt’s hands to allow that ardent young man any open door, or half-open door, for a return into the field of State politics, now that he was moving out of it by the completion of his term of service.

The Republican National Convention, for nomination of candidates, was now close at hand. And Platt, somewhat nervous, intimated that if Roose-

velt would not accept the Vice-presidential nomination, he, Platt, would block him in his campaign for another term as Governor of New York. That was a mistaken move on the senator's part. Roosevelt took up the threat and declared to his astute foe that if the New York delegation were not instructed to vote for Woodruff as Vice-president, he, Roosevelt, would lay bare Platt's threat before the voters of New York.

But — “the best laid schemes o' mice and men” went wrong, as often before. When the Convention got “under weigh”, and Roosevelt delivered the nomination speech for McKinley, the delegates made their wishes known by applause, cheers, and demands that “Teddy” stand as candidate for the Vice-presidency. Roosevelt protested, pled with them, and did all he could to push back the overwhelming wave of enthusiasm which surged up toward him. But his efforts were only Partingtonian in their ineffective results. Almost to a man that assembly rose and thundered its lavish admiration and its insistent demands. Speeches followed and the demands became even more inexorable. One man summed up the need. “We want a ticket made up of McKinley — a Western man with Eastern sympathies — and Roosevelt — an Eastern man with Western sympathies.” One of the delegates expressed the popular emotional

demand when he declared, "We want a candidate we can yell for." It went unsaid that nobody expected to "yell" for McKinley, even though he might vote for that genial gentleman.

So Roosevelt yielded and accepted. What else could he do? And he was "shelved", as he and Platt thought, although not so directly by Platt's agency as that old plotter had anticipated. But "shelved" he felt himself to be. And he was disappointed and depressed. As he said grimly to a friend, "I see no attractive outlook. I shall probably end my life as a professor in some small college." That was the cloud-shadowed future to which this eager young knight-errant looked. But, like a Sybilline prophecy, stand the words of one of my classmates on record to this day, words uttered by him soon after the Philadelphia Convention in 1900, "I would not like to stand in McKinley's shoes. He has a man of destiny behind him."

Historic facts justified the implications of this forecast. Four times in national history had vice-presidents been conducted to the presidential chair by that grim usher, Death. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur had been thus advanced, as their nominating conventions had not anticipated. The last two of these changes had come through

the acts of assassins. And on this point history was to repeat itself.

Roosevelt, when once fairly embarked upon the national campaign, threw himself into it with all his wonted energy. He traveled through twenty-four States and made about seven hundred speeches. He wrote to a friend, "The National Committee have worked me nearly to death." Yet, exhausted as he was, he enjoyed it. We are sure of that. And what a transformation had come to the timid, embarrassed young man of college days —gasping after words, inaudible in his articulation —now standing before vast audiences and driving home his clear ideas and lofty ideals with freedom and force! His mental equipment had developed through the years; and his exceptional moral and emotional qualities needed no augmentation. His voice, however, remained throughout his life, as it was in his youth, comparatively weak and ineffective. In this campaign of 1900 he was accompanied by Curtis Guild, later honored Governor of the Old Bay State. He of the generous heart and diapason voice went as an understudy for Roosevelt, who often quite wore his fragile voice to a hoarse thread and was compelled to stop speaking.

There was power in Roosevelt's manner as a public speaker, to command and hold attention, even when his weak voice and the great size of the

crowd made him inaudible. A classmate has told me that he once stood in a crowd in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and saw Roosevelt in the open air, with wagons and trolley cars rattling and clanging, hold the attention of fully five thousand people, during an address of an hour.

If they could hear his words, any audience would sit or stand spellbound. And even when conditions prevented their hearing him clearly, there was such fascination and suggestion of power in his face and gestures that people stayed and stayed, hoping to catch something of the brilliant yet rational appeals he was making for some upright man or just and humane cause.

In this tour through the country with Curtis Guild, men and women everywhere were eager to look upon and listen to the "Rough Rider" and "Reform Governor of New York." His picturesque past and his fearless spirit were well known in every section of the country. When people first heard him, they were often disappointed during the opening sentences. But they soon forgot their disappointment in their growing interest in the ideas he was urging. He had but few of the physical assets and rhetorical arts of the orators. Like another great man, Phillips Brooks, he broke most of the rules of elocution; it was his earnestness and sincerity, his courage and also his humor

that drew his listeners to him. The speech and not the speaker was what held his audience. Yet his personality had its charm. It grew upon people after they had gone away and recalled him. They said to one another that they had never before listened to anybody who spoke so simply, forcibly, and sincerely as he spoke.

From time to time incidents occurred, flashes of temperament leaped out through the formal routine of the schedule and program, which revealed the intrepidity of the Rough Rider and the unflinching defiance of "Boss" Platt's rival. One of the chief issues of the campaign was that of a silver or a gold basis for the nation's monetary affairs. Denver, Colorado, was a strong "silver" center. Roosevelt arrived there, went to the hotel, then to the hall, then to the platform, and then was introduced. The introduction was not a necessity, but largely a formality. Everybody knew him from his pictures. He had figured in cartoons, favorable or unfavorable, throughout the land. The hall was crowded with a curious, eager audience, which cheered him heartily. Then came his first sentence, clear, succinct, "I am for gold as our money basis." At once an uproar broke out in that audience, strongly predisposed as it was to silver. The confusion increased. The noise grew in volume and intensity,—catcalls, fists shaken,

threats shouted out. The attitude of the crowd had altered completely in a moment.

Through it all Roosevelt stood silent, motionless, upon the platform. His characteristic smile irradiated his face. The opposition rolled up against him like waves against a rock, and like a rock he stood undaunted, immovable.

He waited until the hostile attack had quieted down and his not powerful voice could be heard. Then he sent out again his challenge, brief, uncompromising, unafraid, "I'm for gold, just the same."

It was a splendid assertion of courage and conviction. And that audience recoiled under it as under a swift, hard blow. Then their sense of fair play, their recognition of his bravery prevailed; and their threats turned to applause, their hostility to admiration.

Thus, throughout that tour of campaigning, incident followed incident, and the days, although exhausting, were joyous days. For when once Roosevelt had committed himself to the trip, his inordinate love of action was gratified; and he forgot for a time his apprehensions about the stagnant eddy of the Vice-presidency which he was soon to occupy, while the strong currents of governmental administration coursed swiftly around and outside him. In that unique volume, "*The Education of Henry Adams*", the author

wrote, "Roosevelt, more than any other living man, showed the singular primitive quality that belongs to ultimate matter—the quality that medieval theology assigned to God—he was pure act." And the reluctant young candidate for the Vice-presidency forgot his reluctance in the joys of the chase, or the game, whichever you call it, and although by his earnest, persuasive address he might have been said to be weaving the very bonds which were to tie him later, yet he wove joyously—as it was his nature to—he being, as Henry Adams declared, "pure act."

In every audience, throughout the tour, were to be found scores of persons who had read about his great public service, or had read his books, or—as happened many times—had served under him in the Rough Riders. In one city a bucolic-looking man, with long, straggling beard, and trousers in boot-tops, came up after the meeting and took Roosevelt's small hand in his big bony fist. "I'm a-goin' to vote fer yer", he announced, with a genial smile, "not only because I like yer and what yer said, but, yer see, I've got a boy out on the farm an' he's read everything you've written. An' he sets gre't store by yer; an' I wouldn't jest dass to face him if I didn't vote fer yer."

Always it was true that the nearer people came to Roosevelt, or had come to him, the more they

admired him. At one large town a timid, worn, little gray-haired woman crept up at the end of the meeting and stood near, looking wistfully at him, but not daring to speak to him. Of course, seeing her, he went to her and put out his hand. She took it and then piped up, in a quavering voice, "I used to see you in New York, Mr. Roosevelt. In the L — H — offices. I was scrubwoman there when you were Police Commissioner." Roosevelt pondered a moment; then he recalled her. "Oh, yes, I remember, Mrs. B —. I'm so glad to see you. And how is little Jack?" The proud woman replied, "Oh, he's fine. He's grown up now, gets good pay, and supports his old mother." Then Roosevelt turned to a friend at his side and exclaimed, "Look at her, the noble little mother! I remember her well, and the faithful work and her well-brought-up boy. That's the kind of stuff our American fabric is woven from."

This tour through more than twenty States augmented the public favor which Roosevelt already possessed in a large measure. And he was not unconscious of this. Perhaps a word may here be interpolated as to that ambition which was charged against him, at various points in his career, by rivals and enemies. Was he ambitious? How ambitious was he?

Several writers, students and critics of this great American, have declared that he was extremely ambitious. Others have declared that he was not. The real truth about him seems to lie between the two extreme statements. In his college days, after his plans for studying Natural History had been balked, and after he had found Blackstone and Company dry and distasteful, he tried what we call vulgarly "Politics." And he went into that field with his heart as wholly and disinterestedly devoted to correcting abuses as it was in those earlier undergraduate days when he talked with friends about reforms in public service. Then, when he accomplished so much, almost unaided, at Albany, he felt his power. Next, he tempered and modified and pooled that power as he fought the hard fight in the Civil Service field. Then came advancement, step by step, with the people backing him. And possibilities of higher and higher public honor — and enhanced public responsibility — brightened the horizon before him. His untarnished record and his inexhaustible energy were evident to others. Recall that prophecy of Baron Speck von Sternberg, German attaché at Washington. Roosevelt and the Baron were good friends. When Roosevelt was appointed Police Commissioner of New York, the Baron wrote him, "I congratulate you on this appointment. When I write you

again, to congratulate you, you will be one step nearer the White House." When Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Sternberg wrote him from Pekin, "I congratulate you on being one step nearer the Presidency." When Roosevelt became Governor of New York, the Baron telegraphed him, "The next time I offer congratulations, it will be to President Roosevelt."

I cite that story, taken from William Draper Lewis's very readable volume, for what it is worth. It argues at least this much; Roosevelt's friends anticipated a career of eminence for him. And he himself certainly could not be blind to this nor dull to the thrill of a normal desire to attain all, in the loyal service of his beloved country, which he was worthy to attain.

All normally constituted human beings have ambition in a greater or less degree. Ambition is simply one expression of the compelling evolutionary process which has pushed the human race up above the cave-man level. It is essentially meritorious. The only debatable issue regarding it, is what and how much will an ambitious man sacrifice for his ambition. He can creditably sacrifice time, effort, wealth, and the like to it. But if he sacrifices morality, friendship, honor and the like, then and then only is it reprehensible.

And all the world knows how Theodore Roosevelt stood, in respect to those two paths.

I sat one day with Doctor Edward Everett Hale in his study in Boston. I had come to return some autograph letters of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, loaned me by Doctor Hale. Believing then, as now, in the greatness of my host and friend, I put the leading question, "Doctor Holmes was, of course, a great man, was he not, judged by even the broadest and longest world-standards?" Doctor Hale replied casually to this banal inquiry with a "Yes, oh, yes, he was." Then I asked, "And he *knew* he was a great man, didn't he?" Doctor Hale bit at once at my bait, whirled impulsively around and ejaculated vigorously, "Of course he knew he was a great man. Holmes wasn't a fool, I can tell you that." My question about both those eminent men was thus answered. And concerning Theodore Roosevelt's ambition I have only this to say,—that he was not a fool; he knew himself and his unfolding power; and he was ready to accept any duty which the American people desired to confer upon him, but anxious also was he—as, doubtless, ambitious Cæsar was not—tremendously anxious to fulfill his duties, great and small, with earnest, conscientious, patriotic industry and zeal; "as in the Great Taskmaster's eye", said Milton.

The two friends and fellow campaigners, Roose-

velt and Guild, rounded out their circuit of meetings in due time and with great success. When they returned to the Republican Headquarters at Washington, appreciative President McKinley invited them to dinner; and in the course of the interview, he thanked Roosevelt — who had been the chief speaker — for his excellent work and its probable results. To which Roosevelt replied in his characteristic, generous way, "You can thank Curtis Guild, also, Mr. President, for he worked shoulder to shoulder with me, and he deserves exactly as much credit as I do."

In the election which came in November, 1900, the Republicans swept the whole country. And Theodore Roosevelt was slated for a full term as Vice-president, beginning with March 4, 1901.

Certainly, at this point in Roosevelt's career, James Bryce's observation did not seem likely to see fulfillment. Mr. Bryce had said in 1899, "Theodore Roosevelt is the hope of American Politics." And the year 1900 saw Roosevelt consigned to that cul-de-sac in American officialdom, the Vice-presidency.

His term as Governor of New York ended on January 1, 1901. Soon after that date he went on a hunting trip in Colorado. And there, I have no doubt, between perils and among hardships, he

looked forward, with more reluctance than ever, to the dull four years impending.

One of Roosevelt's athletic trainers said of him in later years, surveying his public career, "He's just like a punching-bag. You hit it and it comes straight back at you. The harder you hit it, the quicker it comes back." And here we note another illustration of the resilient "come back" there was in him, either against a foe or against an unfavorable environment. Soon after he took up his Vice-presidential duties, he called upon Mr. Justice, later Chief Justice White and asked his advice about the propriety of his attending law lectures in Washington, with a view to being admitted to the bar after his term as Vice-president had ended.

Chief Justice White had a delightful sense of humor, as keen as Roosevelt's; and I know that he must have smiled — at least inwardly — when Roosevelt, earnest, unconventional, and threatened with boredom, asked his advice on this point. But the Chief Justice reciprocated, in spirit if not in letter; and generously offered to supply Roosevelt with books and to give him a "quiz" every Saturday evening.

However, the plan did not mature. The tragedy element which looms behind all our lives here broke through, in the lives of President McKinley, Vice-president Roosevelt, and indeed the life of the

nation as well. The bullet of the assassin Czolgosz changed all, even altered the course of the world's history.

I once sat in an audience at a theater where two plays made up the evening's program. The curtain rang down at the end of the first play. And we sat awaiting the announced second play. But unusual noise and clatter behind the scenes puzzled us. After unexpected minutes of delay the curtain rose, and we saw the stage set for an entirely different play from the one announced. Later we learned that the illness of one of the principal actors had necessitated the change and the scenes had been shifted in haste and excitement. As I look back upon that brief period between September sixth and September fourteenth, 1901, the fancy strikes me that a similar emergency and a similar transformation, though vaster in significance, took place. The Vice-president was summoned from Isle La Motte, Vermont, where he had just made an address. He sped to Buffalo, where his stricken chief lay helpless. The nation, by bulletins, followed the thrilling events. The physicians, two days later, gave most encouraging reports. Roosevelt went to Mt. Marcy, in the Adirondacks. Favorable reports from Buffalo came to him daily. Then, on the thirteenth, came the unexpected message from Secretary Cortelyou,

"The President's condition has changed for the worse." Roosevelt was thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad station. But he secured a buckboard and, with a driver as daring as himself, traveled through the darkness of night, with fog enveloping, over rough roads, dangerous even in full daylight, traveled with speed, changed horses several times, and reached the railroad at dawn. There he learned from his own secretary, Mr. Loeb, that the worst had come. President McKinley had died. Then by train he sped across the State to Buffalo. And with but little delay, by the expressed desire of the Cabinet, he took the oath of office as President.

Thus the scenes were shifted. Thus the stage of the great drama was reset in a fashion not dreamed of.

The "Power not ourselves" was "making for righteousness", but in an unexpected way. The various prophecies, dimly outlined by admiring friends, came to pass. Theodore Roosevelt was now President of the United States.

CHAPTER XII

THE PRESIDENTIAL PLATEAU—FIRST HALF

“The President is dead — may the President live!” That is the American democratic translation of the familiar Gallic slogan. Genial, wise, well-intentioned President William McKinley was dead, but the high office continued in the person of Theodore Roosevelt.

The office of President of the United States is, presumably, the highest honor which this nation offers. I figure it as a plateau. The distance across it is the period of four years. Sometimes the plateau is a double formation, with eight years the distance; then halfway across it stands an inn, for a brief night and a relay of horses; then on through the remaining four years.

To reach the various heights in the world, Alpine and others, some men toil up long, steep, rocky pathways; others climb comfortably up an easy grade in cogged-wheel cars, and still others seem to be shot suddenly, rapidly upward, to the astonishment of everybody, including themselves.

Abraham Lincoln and many others ascended

by the first and most toilsome route. General Ulysses S. Grant, a military hero, a "man on horseback", was carried up rapidly, yet comfortably, by the funicular of popular enthusiasm. While Chester Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt were hurled to the plateau's summit unexpectedly, violently, as volleyed there by an explosion.

All the wiseacres who, for ten years and more, had been pointing out defects in Roosevelt's nature, now awaited eagerly the full, dark revelation of rashness and inefficiency at which they had been craftily hinting. And the first shock to their vanity came when the new incumbent of the White House, with a wisdom worthy of his great forerunner, model, and ideal, Abraham Lincoln, at once sent forth this message to an anxious nation:

"In this hour of deep national grief, I wish to state that it is my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of William McKinley, for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country."

The owlish wiseacres and acrid prophets of gloom were aghast; and even stanch admiring friends admired the more the self-restraint, the sagacity of this brilliant young statesman, here evincing, as always, his singular blending of diverse qualities, his intellectual grasp so broad that he held at unity in his breast forces, tendencies, which

commonly are mutually antagonistic and inhibitive.

Roosevelt had learned much in his post-collegiate course in worldly wisdom, but much remained to be learned. He knew his Albany and his New York, but he did not know the "Solid South." Although his mother was a Georgia woman, and two of his uncles had been active in the Confederate Cause, he had not realized how deeply the roots of racial antipathy extended into the soil of the Southland. Now he was to learn it, and by harsh experience. The incident which illustrates this educative experience of his is not given in his Autobiography.

He continued the plan in the White House which he had followed effectively in his previous official duties. He consulted experts. He has told us that he consulted Senator Lodge, his valued friend, on all kinds of questions. On questions concerning Panama, Algeciras, Alaska, labor legislation, "big business", railway matters, — on each of these and many others he was accustomed to confer with special, competent men. Naturally then, as the Negro Problem, sectional yet national, thrust itself upon his attention, he wished to confer with some man of experience in this field. And Booker T. Washington, a negro, Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, was unquestionably the leader of his race, a man keen

in mind, rich in experience, and with wide and deep influence throughout both white and black races, North and South.

Knowing Theodore Roosevelt as we now do, we can see that he was certain in 1901, with his strong sense of justice, to become a champion of equal rights in the South. But he needed to know more fully the situation. And he invited Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House. Doctor Washington, more sensitive than President Roosevelt to the inflamed feelings of Southern men and women, wrote him a letter and pointed out the danger of arousing bitter animosity by such an interview. Roosevelt, in his large, generous way, was disregardful of such minor forces and insisted upon the dinner.

The invitation was accepted, the two dined together; discreet Francis Leupp tried to keep the dinner a secret, but newspaper reporters ferreted it out, and the Southern Press blazed forth in fierce denunciation. The President had recently appointed two Southern democrats to important offices, thus giving evidence of an impartial attitude toward the South and the Southern Democracy. But this "insult to the white race" made everybody south of Mason and Dixon's Line forget all equitable office appointments. They seemed to be quite unaware that English Victoria—that queenly

woman and womanly queen—a year before had invited Doctor Washington and his wife to tea at Windsor Castle. Probably, if they remembered it, it caused no lessening of their rancor.

The excitement died down and quite rapidly. Only two years later, in October, 1903, Roosevelt received at the White House a deputation of Episcopal bishops and clergymen of eminence; among them were two colored clergymen. All these, white and black, were received and entertained by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, with no distinction of persons. The usual afternoon tea concomitants were shared by all. And no newspaper raised a protest. The world had moved on apace. A fickle, feverish world to be sure, in some ways inconsistent and factitious in its loves and hates, but it had moved, and forward.

There was an amusing “Addendum” to the Booker Washington incident which is not commonly known. It has been given me by my friend, Matthew Hale, who at that date was a member of the family, acting as tutor for Theodore, Junior, fitting him for college. I quote Mr. Hale’s own words:

“Soon after the Booker Washington affair, early one morning, John Morley arrived from England to visit the Roosevelt family, and was brought into the dining room just as all were sitting

down at table. The negro butler was standing immediately behind Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt was seated opposite, and the children were scattered around the table. I was at the end of the table opposite the door through which Mr. Morley entered. The President introduced him to Mrs. Roosevelt and to the children, and then said, 'I want you to meet Matt Hale.' Morley, who seemed at the moment a trifle confused, did not notice me among the children at the farther end of the table, but did see the negro butler and started to shake hands with him, much to the confusion and embarrassment of the President. It is the only time I have ever been mistaken for a negro butler."

The lesson of his unwise invitation to Booker Washington sank deeply into Roosevelt's heart. It did not alter in any degree his keen sympathy with negroes, but it made him more cautious and discreet in his support of them.

This change in his attitude is shown by his treatment of a post office at Indianola, Mississippi, in 1902. A colored woman was postmistress, and was efficient. A wave of race hatred sprang up in that region, and a mob of white men drove the postmistress from the town. This was technically a defiance of Federal authority and might have been punished severely. Roosevelt did nothing of

this sort. As in many other difficult situations, he showed originality and resourcefulness, and he simply closed the post office, thus compelling the citizens of Indianola to travel five miles for their mail.

This episode of Booker Washington's dining at the White House, although picturesque, was not so vital and immediately fruitful as were many other details of my classmate's career, yet to be cited. Still, it came to him with a shock, at the very threshold of his Presidential term. And it appeals to me peculiarly, because I knew Booker T. Washington intimately during thirty years. I rendered him and his people some little measure of service, including aid in three ten-day tours through the South, when I acted as unpaid publicity agent for Northern newspapers. I know, therefore, somewhat about the difficulties on both sides of the troublous, complex "Negro Problem." And I wish to point out, apropos of the "dinner episode", that my classmate, roused to the exigencies of the problem — then new to him — went at once to the heart of the matter. For, in a letter written in November, 1901, he included this statement:

"The only wise, honorable and Christian thing to do is to treat each white man and each black man strictly on his merits as a man, giving him no more

and no less than he shows himself worthy to have."

That is a deep, illuminating statement. It is adequate and fundamental. It holds as true to-day as when Roosevelt wrote it. And it is gradually taking precedence, North and South, of those vacuous, sterile generalizations about "the Black Race" and "the White Race", which seem ultimate and definitive to shallow minds, yet take us nowhere and shed no light on a difficult national problem, yearly growing more exacting and involved.

From my intimacy with Doctor Washington, I know how close and sympathetic was my classmate's relation to that great leader throughout both their lives. When Roosevelt took the Presidency — and perhaps at that ill-fated dinner in the White House — he said to Doctor Washington: "Whatever I can do to help your people on their upward path, that I will do. Feel entirely free to consult me at any time." And they did confer together, I know. Once, as I sat at table with Doctor Washington in his pleasant home at Tuskegee, I remarked, "As I came down on the train from the North, I read a report of a speech of Roosevelt's at the Union League Club, in New York City. I wish I had brought along a copy of the paper. You would have been interested in his speech. He touched upon the 'Negro Prob-

lem', and, as it seemed to me, wisely, sympathetically."

Doctor Washington looked at me with a smile, then replied in his quiet way, "I went over that speech—the part touching the interests of my people—with the President in New York last week." Evidently Roosevelt had consulted "original sources" before putting forth his views.

This problem of the negro race in the United States was comparatively new to the busy occupant of the White House, but he had quickly reached the just and sympathetic position, and his action ever afterward was taken from this viewpoint.

The problems of "Labor and Capital", commonly and obscurely so called, were not new to him. He had faced them in the Assembly Hall at Albany and many times afterward. He was too keen a thinker to be satisfied with the old academic adage that "The interests of labor and capital were identical." They are not. They have the one end and aim in common which the employers and employed of a factory have, that they shall continue operating and making money. But they diverge at once when the question arises as to how the profits shall be distributed among shareholders, managers, running expenses, and hand workers. Labor and capital both desire profits in any given enterprise. But they differ and are ceaselessly con-

tending with each other as to the equitable division of these profits.

This rivalry is back of strikes and revisions and arbitration conferences. And for many years labor and capital, watching Roosevelt's rulings, could not satisfy themselves as to how his sympathies ran. In truth he allowed no sympathies and predilections to govern his decisions. He fought down the impulsive nature with which he was born, and he learned to maintain a wonderful impartiality in the face of insistent divergent appeals. The story is told of a labor leader who had been invited to dine at the White House. Seated at the table he remarked expansively, "I'm glad that the doors of the White House can swing open to a labor union man." Instantly Roosevelt made reply, "Yes, but they can swing open just as easily to the capitalist."

Thus he maintained his intellectual and moral poise. His one aim in all cases, was — putting it in trite, homely phrase — to do what was right. And his elemental sincerity and honesty puzzled the worldlings of the legislatures and the counting-houses for many years.

His official duties ranged from high to low and from great to small. One of the most serious questions which arose during his seven and a half years in the Presidency was that of the Pennsyl-



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ROOSEVELT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

vania coal strike. In a letter to Senator Lodge, after the strike had been settled, he wrote, "We are coming out of a situation as dangerous as any I ever dealt with."

I had the great pleasure of hearing him describe in detail this complicated experience, at one of our class dinners, only a few months after it happened. After the dinner was over, in place of the usual short speeches, Roosevelt was given the entire time and was asked to tell us whatever was on his mind and nearest the top in his memory, or what would be good for us to hear. So, after a few general remarks, he started upon the Pennsylvania coal strike. And his earnest, unreserved words made a deep impression upon us all.

First remarking that of course all that he said was to be regarded as confidential, he went rapidly through that eventful story, telling it with vivacity and even gaiety, his humorous vein coming to the surface again and again.

The miners struck, throughout all the anthracite tracts of the State, early in the spring of 1902. The usual strained relations between miners and owners or operators ensued. Little violence occurred while the warm weather lasted. But, as winter came on, alarm increased throughout the entire Atlantic seaboard. The need of coal was pressing, and still operators and miners would

make no concessions to each other. The Mayor of Boston, the Governor of New York, and other leaders wrote to Roosevelt, setting forth the disaster that impended, with this deadlock maintained in the great coal State.

Nothing in the Constitution provided for the duty of the President in such an emergency. But Roosevelt took the position that if the governor or the legislature of Pennsylvania appealed to him, he could send Federal troops into the State, to keep order. But no such request came, the deadlock did not loosen, and lawlessness and violence increased. A commission, a board of arbitration, seemed to be the only possible hope, and the President urged that. John Mitchell, labor leader, agreed to it, but stipulated that the President should name the members of that board,—a marked tribute to the high esteem in which Roosevelt was held by the miners.

The two points in my classmate's graphic narrative which most impressed me were his angry protest against the unyielding arrogance of the operators as negotiations for the conference went on, and his naïve joy at his discovery of the solution of the problem. The delegation from the owners, or operators, were insolent, no less, and offensive in their attitude to both labor leaders and the President. For a time no agreement was

reached. Several meetings were held, but no advance was made. At length, however, the operators, rejecting all suggestions from the miners, suggested that the President name a commission of five men. And they specified the qualifications of those men. They would listen to no suggestion of Roosevelt's that ex-President Grover Cleveland should serve on that commission. They demanded that the board should be made up of "One officer of the Engineer Corps of the Army or Navy, one man of experience in mining, one man of prominence in sociology, one Federal judge, and one mining engineer."

This was holding a very tight rein over the labor unions, who insisted that some distinctly "labor man" should be on that board. There the matter hung. For a short time only. Then, suddenly it dawned upon Roosevelt's mind that those obstinate operators were holding back from a mere word. He saw that they did not much mind whom he named provided only that the man was not technically a "labor man." I recall the characteristic smile on my classmate's face as he reached this point. "I suddenly discovered," said he, "that they would accept any man I might name if he could be squeezed in under one or another of the classes they had specified. Without further delay I named the man whom I had all along held in mind,

a first-class man, Mr. E. E. Clark. He was the 'Head of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.' But I called him 'an eminent sociologist' — a term which probably was quite new to him."

This was the beginning of the end of the portentous Anthracite Coal Strike in 1902. Adjustments were made and a disastrous coal famine was averted.

I am convinced that in the strenuous career of Roosevelt, as in that of Lincoln, his exceptional humor-sense was a great corrective and alleviation of disappointments and anxieties. I myself had listened to his witty setting forth of the details of the coal strike, so serious in their present reality, yet so amusing in their recalling. A letter to "Mr. Dooley" a few days after the strike's settlement exhibited the fully play of his humor. Friends have told me that when "Mr. Dooley" began to "write up" Roosevelt, the President was somewhat concerned about that witty journalistic pen. And he managed to get into close friendly touch with Mr. Dunne and afterward took chances as to what humorous thrusts might be made by him. In the letter to Mr. Dunne at this time, Roosevelt wrote, "I have not had the heart to write you until this coal strike was out of the way. Now I feel like throwing up my hands and going to the circus. Perhaps I'll try a turkey shoot or a bear hunt in-

stead. Nothing that you have ever written can surpass, in screaming comedy, the last few conferences of that Commission."

There is really a further chapter in that coal-strike drama, unwritten and merely potential. As I listened to Roosevelt, at that class reunion, noting his indomitable spirit, I asked myself what he would have done had his intercessory offices failed. I knew that he was not a man to sit idle, bound by the red tape of rule and precedent, if worst came to worst in disorderly, anarchic Pennsylvania. And he has told us what more he held in reserve; unknown to most of the parties and factions involved in the peaceful settlement of the strike by commission, Roosevelt had a secret understanding with Senator Quay, a leader in Pennsylvania affairs, and was prepared, if the need came, to send Federal troops under General Schofield, at a half hour's notice, declare martial law in the mining regions, and compel peace by force of arms.

The harmonious relations between Matthew Quay and Theodore Roosevelt, as intimated by this incident, were singular and surprising, yet real and revelatory. They were certainly very widely different types of men. Yet there was a strain of nobility common to them which helped to unite them. Roosevelt says in his Autobiography that soon after he became President, Senator Quay

called upon him, and with characteristic frankness said, "Most men who claim to be reformers are hypocrites. But I believe that you are sincere. And I will support you in your administration to the best of my ability." "This he did," Roosevelt adds. There was always a tacit respect and admiration between those two fighters. And one of my classmates has told me — a slight addition to what Roosevelt has modestly written in his Autobiography — that when Roosevelt went to call upon Quay, Quay then being near his end and having sent for Roosevelt, the veteran politician of Pennsylvania among other things said, "I have asked you to come and see me that I might again tell you, as I once before told you, how much I respect you."

Recalling this account of the coal strike as given us in detail by Roosevelt at our class dinner, I am reminded of other incidents of that dinner. I was standing near Roosevelt just before we sat down to dinner, and one of the members of our class came up to him and in a modest, hesitating way, asked, "Well, Roosevelt, what shall we call you now?" My eminent classmate, friendly and smiling, pretended not to understand the man's question, and replied, "Call me — why, what do you mean?" And the man explained. "Why — of course you are President of the United States now; and what

ought we to call you?" Roosevelt's reply was prompt and hearty: "Why, call me just what you always called me. If you used to call me 'President Roosevelt,' you can call me that now. But if you used to call me 'Roosevelt,' call me 'Roosevelt' now."

And I recall that as Roosevelt ended his long narration of official struggles and perplexities, that night at our class dinner, it suddenly occurred to him that we might feel that he had simply been unloading upon us a long, doleful tale of woe. And his face lighted up more than ever and he exclaimed joyously, "But I don't want you fellows to think I'm sick of my job. I'm not. I like it. Yes, and I think I'm equal to it."

That last sentence was a characteristic burst of confidence. He knew that he was indeed equal to it. And he said so, with the same boyish frankness with which he would have confessed failure, if failure it had been. He was quite unspoiled by his honors. To be sure, in any colloquy, at the White House or elsewhere, he was apt to take the lead. But why not? It belonged to him. Doctor Alexander Lambert, speaking to me on this point, said, "At dinner parties, at the White House or at Oyster Bay, he did most of the talking. But his guests expected him to do it. They went there to hear him, to get as much of him as they could.

And, apropos of his unspoiled nature, even after he had returned from his trip to Africa and had been feasted and fêted in all the European capitals, he remained the same impulsive, outspoken Roosevelt as of old." Doctor Lambert took him and a few friends, directly after Roosevelt's return, to a camp in Maine for a few days. And there Roosevelt bore his share of the usual camp duties, chatting and laughing through it all, and always solicitous for the comfort of the other members of the party.

Through the observation of his official routine work and his definite reforms, a deep, broad confidence in their President was growing up in the hearts of the people of the country. They were more and more confident of two of his qualities. First, that he desired supremely, in an old-fashioned, ingenuous way, to do what was right, and to do it because it was right. And second, not only the people of the United States, but the nations of the world saw that he kept his word, that he did what he said he would do. This conviction of his intensity and tenacity of purpose was what caused the German Ambassador Holl Leben to bestir himself, in 1902, when Venezuelan affairs were disturbing Great Britain and Germany and, incidentally, the United States and its Monroe Doctrine. Roosevelt told the German

ambassador that unless Germany consented to arbitrate regarding Venezuela, the American squadron, fifty vessels, then mobilized at Porto Rico under Admiral Dewey, would go to the Venezuelan coast and check German aggressions there. Holleben haggled over the matter. He thought that Roosevelt was merely bluffing. He did not know him. A week of idle talk ensued. Then Holleben called on the President upon an entirely different matter and did not mention Venezuela. Roosevelt reminded him of it and asked if he had taken any steps toward arbitration. Holleben replied that he had not. "Then," the President rejoined sharply, "I shall send Dewey and his ships a day sooner than I had planned."

That brought the elusive German official to his senses. For he knew that if Roosevelt said he would strike, he would certainly do so. And a message came from Germany within thirty-six hours, agreeing to the arbitration.

I myself saw, at close quarters, another illustration of the established reputation of President Roosevelt as a man of his word. I was at Tangier soon after the Perdicaris-Raisuli affair. Raisuli, a Moroccan bandit, abducted the American, Perdicaris, from Tangier, carried him back into the wild interior, and from there negotiated for an enormous ransom. The Moor had known

Perdicaris in a friendly way, and now gave him considerate treatment, but held him close and awaited a ransom. Negotiations began and continued. The government of picturesque, half-savage Tangier was shared among representatives of several European governments. They now made a show of threatening Raisuli, but he was unyielding. He held his valuable captive for several weeks.

Then the matter, the outrage, came to Roosevelt's attention. He promptly sent word to Tangier that if Mr. Perdicaris was not set free within forty-eight hours, an American warship would shell the town. That brought life into the somnolent negotiations. And, somehow, the "impossible" was accomplished. At once Raisuli was led speedily to surrender his captive friend, and Tangier breathed more freely. I met Mr. and Mrs. Perdicaris. And, further, I heard the comments of the people, Levantines, Moors, and others, in the market place. Said one, with staring eyes, "That Roosevelt *say* he do—and he *do*." Another exclaimed, "What President! What President! He always *do*—what he *talk*."

Gradually the world was learning that President Roosevelt really loved what was right and true and was earnestly trying to act in accord with his ideals. This elemental ethical fact American poli-

ticians were almost slower to learn than were the high officials of foreign lands. The usual hordes of office-seekers and place-hunters besieged the White House. Miss Ellen Hale, daughter of the late Edward Everett Hale, told me a tale which lays bare selfishness and the blighted hopes of certain of these gentry. Miss Hale, an artist, greatly desired to make a drawing of President Roosevelt. But he told her that he could not possibly spare time for the sittings. "Nevertheless," added he, "if you care to set up your easel in my office in the White House, and try to do your work while I am doing mine, I would be most willing to give you that privilege."

So Miss Hale set up her easel in one corner, and started upon her task. And this was the point of the story, as she told it to me. "Men came and went," she said. "I was free to listen or not. Often this situation came about. A man would come in and greet the President; then — 'I would be glad, Mr. President, if you could —' Here, perhaps, he discovered poor little me over in the corner, painting away for dear life. And his tone altered at once. In a lowered tone he went on, 'But this is a private matter, Mr. President. Quite confidential between us, I assure you.' And his distrustful glance was directed toward my corner. "Then, what fun it was — and the incident was

oft-repeated — to see Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar and mischievous smile, as he reassured the man, 'My dear Mr. Smith, you can go right ahead. You can say anything to me here which you could say anywhere.'

"Sometimes the uneasy man went on and stated his wishes. But often his face clouded and he strode out abruptly, and with manifest wrath."

When Roosevelt became Vice-president, Doctor John M. Schick, pastor of Grace Reformed Church, Washington, D. C., wrote him, inviting him to attend services in Grace Church. Roosevelt accepted the invitation, and, during his terms as Vice-president and President, while in Washington was very regularly in his place at the morning service. When he could not come, his rule was to send a note to Doctor Schick, expressing his regret.

Roosevelt invariably walked to and from church. Members of his family and White House visitors were often with him. He came into the sanctuary a minute before service began, with such promptness that it was a common saying in the neighborhood that people could set their watches by the minute of his entrance into the church.

In the early period of his attendance, he was once late, due to the incorrectness of the White House clock. He was much embarrassed, profuse

in his apologies to the church usher, and promised "it will never happen again." It never did.

He was a devout worshiper, participating in the service and most heartily in the singing. He was a keen listener and often took notes of things said and announced. Whenever there was a call to aid the poor, he responded next day with a generous check. He regularly participated in the quarterly celebration of the Holy Communion.

Doctor Schick was a straightforward, sterling character, and Roosevelt was very fond of him,—always met him and had time for him when he called, however pressing the duties of the presidential office. Roosevelt participated in a number of special services at Grace Church, and gave the congregation a fine portrait of himself, painted just before he became Vice-president.

As we look back now, over the completed life work of Theodore Roosevelt, our opinions might differ as to what was the greatest contribution of his career to the world. But he himself, looking backward from the year 1920, reviewing his own efforts and weighing his many reforms, fixed upon the Panama Canal as his most noteworthy achievement, and so stated in his *Autobiography*.

After his term of office at the White House was ended, I read in several newspapers, which had been extreme in their opposition to him, that "The

most important contribution he has made to the well-being of the country has been his raising the moral standards of the youth of the land." What he would have said on that point I do not know. Certainly he had thought of such a matter, though briefly, for he thought of most sides of most matters, and always with acumen. But more interesting to him, because more definite and more fought for, was the great waterway between the two Americas, vainly dreamed of for centuries and by him created.

My own interest in the Canal had been sketchy indeed, but real. In 1881 I met the then aged Count De Lesseps in Paris, and I looked at his huge frame and blond, benign countenance with memories in my mind of the Suez Canal which had brought him, its projector, deserved renown. At that very time he was planning to cut a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama. But the Suez Canal, with its level territory and sandy soil, was mere play compared with the projected cut across that almost impossible Central American isthmus.

So the millions of francs poured by France into the Isthmian scheme were swallowed up, the work slackened, difficulties overwhelmed, and the canal was pushed only a few miles on its way across the obdurate country. I was reminded of De Lesseps and his failure a few years later, when in Palestine.

As we sought to travel from Jaffa up to Jerusalem, we were shown into a train of tiny cars, driven by a dwarf-like locomotive, on a narrow-gauge track. And when I inquired about this singular train, I was told that it had been sent from the Panama Canal region. Several of these cars and engines seemed the sole remnants of that unhappy Gallic enterprise.

The Panama Canal project, as taken up by President Roosevelt and pushed to a successful end, dragged its serpentine length through several years of Roosevelt's administration and beyond it. Also we may say that it had roots, antecedents, a history running back, at least in fancy, to Balboa's day. Treaties and revolutions had succeeded one another, and if Roosevelt had not been the genius of energy that he was, treaties would still be pending in Washington and revolutions would still be existent and tyrannous in Colombia. There was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, and the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and the Hay-Herran Treaty and sundry other little tentative inquiries and understandings and questionings, stretching down over the decades like vines over a trellis. There was a steadily increasing conviction, evident among all the leading governments of the world, that some kind of canal could and should be constructed.

But there the matter hung, jealously watched by several interested nations.

Then Roosevelt, very soon after the untimely death of President McKinley, put into action ideas which had been germinating in his mind for several years past. In a characteristic address which he made in 1911, at the University of California, he gave a summary of his action, which was as clear and humorous as Lincoln's communications often were. He said:

"I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it. If I had followed traditional, conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified state paper of probably two hundred pages to Congress, and the debate would probably be going on now. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate. And while the debate goes on, the Canal goes on also."

That was Roosevelt's way. He preferred, always, to move in harmony with established laws and precedents. But when these merely impeded him, when they were even thrown across the path of his plans by his enemies, like logs across a railroad track, he simply removed them and went ahead. As we look back at the childish, refractory conduct of elementary Colombia and its feather-brained revolutionists, we can face the problem in its large world-outlines. The industrial, commercial world

needed a canal cut through the isthmus. And all plans were being juggled and the world's needs were being disregarded by the unscrupulous, half-civilized demagogues of that Central American country. It was, as happened before in Roosevelt's career, a Gordian knot. And he cut it. I believe that his action was entirely justifiable in the Court of Equity.

In his Autobiography he takes pains to say pleasant, approving things about certain superior social types and groups in Colombia; but in conversation, even in after-dinner speaking, he said — at least on one occasion — things which were not so complimentary. When I was at Trinidad, West Indies, in 1920, friends there told me about Roosevelt's brief visit to the island and about a formal dinner given him. In his address after the dinner, he spoke of local affairs and mentioned their neighbor, Colombia, saying casually that the Colombians were of light weight, scarcely capable of self-government. But the Colombian consul happened, alas, to be among the guests; and naturally he resented any such opinion. He even sent to Mr. Roosevelt a challenge to mortal combat. But the veteran of San Juan gave no attention to it and departed, as he had planned, on the early morning steamer.

Any one who knew Roosevelt's fine courtesy

knew that his words at that dinner were uttered without the slightest suspicion of the consul's being present. But the speech must have made many of the guests extremely uneasy.

So the work on the canal went forward steadily, although amid very grave obstacles in that mosquito-ridden, fever-smitten tropical region. The President always gave most hearty praise to the skill and patience of Colonel Goethals, the efficient engineer and director of the work. And when Congress insisted upon putting the direction of the work under a commission, Roosevelt, who felt that he ought to make some show of compliance with their stupid demand, appointed Colonel Goethals chairman of that body and gave him such full power that he remained practically the controlling spirit.

Thus through days of work, and controversy, and self-control, and high devotion, Roosevelt went forward across the lofty plateau of the Presidency. Puzzling thickets there were on that broad expanse, and many barriers and unexpected gullies. But joyously the untiring traveler went on his way, the wonder, the hope, the trust of the people. In the midst of the plateau, halfway across the broad plain, came the pause, the inn, the semblance of brief respite. Then forward, across the beckoning expanse, which men called his Second Term.

CHAPTER XIII

ELECTED PRESIDENT

Who is the Happy Warrior?

“ ’Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
. . . Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim.”

It may seem a self-contradictory question to ask — “Can anything be higher than the highest?” But, in Roosevelt’s case, at this point in his career, the question might be answered forcefully in the affirmative. “There can be a higher than the highest.” He had been President, to all intents and purposes, for more than three years. He had borne all the presidential responsibilities and exercised all the presidential prerogatives. But his position and power had come as an accident. None knew this better than himself.

His wise, firm administration through the three

years had added to his prestige. And now, as the presidential election of 1904 drew near, there was hardly a question in the mind of any intelligent citizen as to his continuance — now by election — in the presidential office. He himself was perfectly well aware that he had met the wishes of a very large majority of the voters of the country. Yet his experience had taught him, as experience had taught sadly many of us, that the people as a whole might desire a man for President and yet not get him, because that man was not acceptable to the party managers,—sometimes called “The Old Guard”, or again, “The Gang.”

Roosevelt said openly, frankly, with that ingenuous, childlike quality in him, that he “would be glad to be elected, really elected, this time, to the high presidential office, in his own right, because he had served his country well.” Indeed he had, and incidentally he had enjoyed the work immensely. Several times, in public as in private, he had declared — protecting his idealism with a plain garment of homespun humor — that he “liked his job.”

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown” did not apply to this man. His love of action was so great that the gratification of that love offset all accompanying cares and anxieties and pangs of failures. He felt the cares and disappointments

keenly, but his resilient nature threw them off: he reacted immediately against them, and with that reaction came instantly a state of joy. In fact, following this lead, I venture to repeat that he did not much enjoy — as do most normal persons — the theater, the lecture, the concert, the opera, and the picture gallery. The reason for it is this, as I interpret his nature. The pleasure from all these high arts is a pleasure that assumes passivity in the listener or observer. And Roosevelt got but little joy from passive mental states. Further, in the case of the theater, I think that its simulations, artistic though they might be, were distrusted by him. He was fiercely eager for what is genuine, without any pretence. And he could not, or would not, enough subordinate this craving for reality and sincerity to allow him to enjoy the simulations of the stage.

In the revealing Trevelyan letters, Roosevelt's unofficial personal life is laid before us with unreserve. It is the inner man, the reader, scholar, observer of life, that is shown us. And, in a letter written in Africa in 1909, he frees his mind about Carlyle in a way which greatly pleases me. Unreality, whether in a stage drama or on a page of history or biography, is equally abhorrent to him. He says, writing intimately, "The more I read Carlyle the more I feel contempt for his shrieking

deification of shams. I can't stand his hypocrisy, his everlasting praise of veracity joined with his mendacity in giving a false color to history and a false twist to ethics. With sanctimonious piety he condemns as wrong-doing in the French that which he imputes to Frederick the Great for righteousness. With Carlyle morality is used as a synonym for ruthless efficiency."

Directly following a full, long page of this kind of fierce indictment comes, like a commonplace cold compress on one's heated brow, the lines, "The porters are just bringing into camp the skin and tusks of a bull elephant which I killed, three days ago; and Kermit got another, yesterday. Between us, we have killed seventeen lions."

Two points about that letter. First, the rapidity with which very diverse moods followed one another in Roosevelt's mobile mind, and, second, it occurs to me that in denouncing Carlyle's insincerity he is condemning a man who almost worshiped the Roosevelt type of man. And I wonder what the Sage of Chelsea — to me largely a brilliant poseur — would have said and written about Theodore Roosevelt, a phenomenon of initiative, self-reliance, and power, had he lived after Roosevelt, instead of before him.

Roosevelt "liked his job." He was indeed, as Acting President, "The Happy Warrior." He

hoped to continue his battling for right and justice and progress through another four years. The lofty plateau of national official honors and duties already had been half-crossed by him and the remaining half now beckoned. It was "the call of the Presidency" to him, attractive and rich in promise of high, brave service.

For his reëlection — or, better, his real election — Roosevelt trusted to "the plain people." He had a graphic cartoon fastened on one of the walls of the White House during several months. It was the picture of a plain, bucolic, shrewd-looking individual seated, in shirt sleeves and stocking feet, before the fireplace, reading his daily newspaper. "That is the man," Roosevelt frequently explained, "who is my hope. If I can meet that old fellow's ideas of right and justice I shall be satisfied. For he is *The American People*."

Roosevelt, through skillful use of the newspaper reporters and by square dealing with them — at Washington as in New York — had got his real aims and purposes, uncorrupted, undistorted by the bosses of Labor and Capital, to the ear, eye, and will of "the plain people." There was his strength and his hope. He had distrust concerning Mark Hanna, who had been practically the "power behind the throne" throughout gentle, peace-loving McKinley's administration. And

Mark Hanna, sounding Roosevelt, sent him a significant telegram in 1903, in which he hinted at the advisability of Roosevelt's "keeping in" with him as the probable arbiter of the young candidate's future fate and fortune.

To this subtle communication Roosevelt replied scornfully, "I have had nothing to do with the state issue which you refer to, and I have asked no man for his vote." So he "played his hand alone", trusting to the intelligence and probity of the bucolic gentleman reading his newspaper by the open fire.

Roosevelt's straightforward letter at this time to a straightforward man, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, of France,—for I knew him, and he was that—sets this forth so simply and effectively that I quote a few passages of it.

"Of course I would like to be reëlected President. . . . so far as I can I shall give heed to considerations of political expediency; I would be unfit for the position or for any leadership if I did not do this. But when questions of deep principles arise, real expediency is to be found in unflinching adherence to those principles, no matter what the temporary effect. When matters of elementary justice arise there can be no compromise. Murder is murder and theft is theft, and there can be no halfway measures in dealing with criminality.

There are good men and bad men under all creeds, colors, and nationalities. If this world is to improve, it must be by the recognition that a man's heart and soul, his worth and action, determine his standing. . . . I would rather lose the Presidency than gain it by failing in any way to put a stop, so far as I am able, to lynching and brutality and wrong of all kinds."

He goes on, in this same letter, to speak of his pressing problems regarding Labor and Capital. But he puts the same ideas more simply in a letter to his old-time friend, Bill Sewall.

"I am a little melancholy because it is so hard to persuade different kinds of people to accept equal justice for all. I believe in rich people who act squarely and in labor unions which are managed with wisdom and justice. But when either employer or employee, capitalist or laboring man goes wrong, I have to cinch him. And that is all there is to it."

In truth he felt that with Capital on the one side and Labor on the other, both threatening him, he was as one between the upper and nether millstones. Yet any "melancholy" which he felt was but momentary and did not undermine his habitual confidence in right and the conscience and intelligence of the American people.

John Hay, in his diary, records an incident that

occurred at this time, which is sweet and distinctly revealing as to Roosevelt's real sincerity with himself. Hay happened to come upon him as he was reading Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem, "Days." And Roosevelt read aloud the last line, — "I, too late, under her solemn fillet saw the scorn." Said Hay, his close friend, "I fancy you do not know what that means?" And the President exclaimed quickly, "Oh, but I do. Perhaps the greatest men do not; but I, in my soul, know I am but the average man, and that only marvelous good fortune has brought me where I am."

To me a touching scene, that: a soul-searching, sincere confessional, as between two trusting friends. Theodore Roosevelt meant what he said. I have heard the same declaration from his ingenuous lips. Nevertheless, he was more, much more than an average man; he was a great man, and his very simplicity was one of the marks of his greatness.

The presidential election was held on November 8, 1904, and Roosevelt's overwhelming majority was about two millions and a half out of a total of thirteen and a half million votes cast. The people approved him and desired more of him.

The inauguration took place on March 4, 1905, and Washington was a brilliant and happy city on that day. The usual formalities were observed, and

SAGAMORE HILL.

July 22d 1910

Dear Elway,

What a mighty nice letter of yours - as usual! I was amused at - you won't make class dinner.

Good luck.

Always yours
Theodore Roosevelt

LETTER FROM ROOSEVELT TO THE AUTHOR.



in addition sundry exceptional details may be here mentioned. One is that on that eventful day Roosevelt wore the ring which had been given him by John Hay. It was a gold ring with a lock of Abraham Lincoln's hair in it. How much it meant to Roosevelt they alone can realize who realize how deeply he reverenced Lincoln.

In passing, I suggest that this ring is the one that put the tiny dents, many in number, into the surface of Roosevelt's desk at the White House. A friend assures me that he has seen them. They were caused by my classmate's vigorous and repeated manual emphasis of his mental moods and tenses, as he conferred with visitors.

A unique item on the program was that fifty cowboys, or Rough Riders, in full frontier regalia, with lassoes, and riding Indian ponies, formed a part of the procession. To add variety to the march they several times lassoed pedestrians who happened to stray too near their line.

A letter of Matthew Hale's, from which I take these bits of information, says that on the exciting morning of the inauguration, when the White House was under some pressure, "Mrs. Roosevelt alone seemed perfectly natural. First she did a little knitting in the library; then she poured some 'eye-drops' into Mrs. Cowles' eyes." The incident confirms my own admiring judgment about Mrs.

Roosevelt; and I recall a scrap from my school-book, "*Ex uno discere omnes.*"

In these post-bellum days we hear much parrot-talk about "Internationalism" uttered by men and women — phrase-fed people — who are satisfied with mere words. And they fail to see that "Nationalism" and "Internationalism" are ideals that are mutually interactive. Roosevelt was a "Nationalist", yet he was also "International" in his sympathies. And when he saw, at this period, 1904, two great nations, Russia and Japan, grappling each other, feeling murderously for each other's throats, and inevitably thereby disturbing the welfare of the world, he held one hand firm on the helm of the Ship of State, and he stretched out his other hand to render aid to his neighbor nations. We all remember that Russo-Japanese War. The Russian fleet stealing cautiously down through the North Sea and, misled by their inflamed nerves, firing upon the craft of innocent British fishermen on the Dogger Bank and sending them to the bottom. Then the great fleet, ill-fated from the first, made its apologies to Great Britain and passed on its half-hearted way across the seas until it crept up the Chinese coast and met its end at the hands of the Little Brown Men in Japanese waters.

But victory costs so much, often, that it seems no better than defeat. And the war was not over.

President Roosevelt looked on and saw the two antagonists, breathless and well-nigh exhausted, in their death grapple. They reminded him of what he had seen on the wilds of Dakota and Colorado, — two noble stags fighting furiously, with horns interlocked, and the strength of both at lowest ebb. And he stretched out a hand of help to those grappling nations. He put an end to the hopeless struggle. He who was markedly a lover of conflict, of battle — in a righteous cause — brought peace to those two combatants.

Viscount Kaneko told me much about it, one sunny day, as I sat with him in his charming home at Tokio. I had gone to him to confer upon a quite different matter, and our interview, somewhat formal, drew to an end. But, as I arose to go, I remarked, "I am glad to see that you have a picture of my college classmate Roosevelt on your wall." At once Kaneko — who was himself a "Harvard man" — became interested and asked, "Were you really in the famous class of '80?" Then as I replied that I was and that I was a devoted friend and admirer of my eminent classmate, his formality vanished, his immobile face softened into a smile, and he said, "Sit down, please. Let's talk about him. For I too am his friend and admirer." So our interview lengthened out into a half-hour and more. And he told me about Roosevelt's generous,

intelligent activity in bringing about the "Peace of Portsmouth."

He recalled his own agreeable though anxious visit to Oyster Bay and went considerably into details. "He has been stupidly considered a hasty man", commented Viscount Kaneko. "But such an estimate is not correct. He is brilliant and sometimes audacious, in his lighter moods; but, when any serious measure is before him, he ponders it, seeks to learn about all sides of it, listens open-mindedly to good counsel, and when he reaches his decision, he is always right. I can never forget how we talked and talked about our terrible war problem, there at his beautiful home by the sea."

Roosevelt held the situation in his hands because both of the contending and now exhausted nations trusted his intellectual and moral character. And the world knows now what a great work he did for Russia and Japan and the world, in helping to end that war. Baron Rosen, Russian representative at the Portsmouth Conference, has written, "Both our nations owed a debt of profound gratitude to President Roosevelt. . . . In the eyes of history his success in bringing about peace will be regarded as his crowning achievement."

Important it is to remember that great peace achievement of Roosevelt's, sane, practical, immediate, as we recall the abuse that has been heaped

upon him by "Professional Peace Reformers", whose aims were lofty indeed, but whose minds were muddy and whose observations and estimates of human nature were worthy of five-year-old children in the nursery.

As always, the ludicrous phases of his several peace interviews lightened the strain of his intense responsibility. Lawrence Abbott, in his vivid, delightful "Impressions", has recalled two of these humorous situations. Roosevelt had consulted the Japanese envoys and was assured that they were quite ready to accede to any reasonable terms. Then he went to the Russian envoys and asked if they would join in a conference if he could arrange with the Japanese to hold one. They replied readily that they would be glad to do so. "But," they added, "we fear that the Japanese representatives will not consent." Roosevelt told them that he would see what he could do. "And all the time," said Roosevelt to Lawrence Abbott, "I had the Japanese request in my pocket."

I must not bore my readers with too many references to the knot tied by Gordius, first King of Phrygia; but in my survey of my classmate's career I am reminded, again and again, that whereas the great Alexander cut only one "Gordian knot", our modern conqueror cut many, great and small. Roosevelt told friends that when he

had the envoys of Japan and Russia with him one day on board the presidential yacht, *Mayflower*, in Oyster Bay, luncheon was announced. Instantly Roosevelt bethought himself as to what delicate questions of precedence needed to be considered, as he invited his distinguished guests to the luncheon table. He had not the slightest idea as to the established code suitable for the occasion. So he promptly cut the petty Gordian knot. "Gentlemen," he said, "shall we now all go in to luncheon?" And all together they went in; there was no Alpha or Omega about it. "Doubtless they were all somewhat surprised," Roosevelt smilingly added, "but they probably put it down to my American inexperience in social matters."

And just here note the blending of two very diverse strains in Roosevelt's nature. In a certain sense — as in this situation — he thought of himself as merely a man among men, and the trifling problems of social precedence made him smile. But there was that other occasion, when Prince Henry of Prussia was a guest at the White House, and dull-witted, devoted Holleben suggested to Roosevelt that "Prince Henry, a Hohenzollern," should precede the President in going out to dinner. With what result? I would give much to have seen Theodore Roosevelt's tense countenance and to have heard his incisive tones, as he replied defini-

tively, "No person living precedes the President of the United States in the White House." I respond even now, in the writing, to the exalted, patriotic sentiment that was in my eminent classmate's heart as he uttered that proud finality.

The highly successful diplomatic work of Roosevelt in ending the Russo-Japanese War naturally drew upon him the plaudits of the civilized world. And this approving world-opinion was fittingly symbolized in the Nobel prize of a medal and forty thousand dollars in gold. The medal he of course could not "put from him." But with the money he did as did that ancient Hebrew warrior in Adullam's cave. David poured out the precious cup of water from Bethlehem's gate, as an offering to his God. He consecrated it; he dedicated it to the Highest. Similarly did Roosevelt. Practical idealist that he was, he could not use that money for his own purposes. He could not accept payment for doing what his righteous soul, throughout his life, pledged him to do,—the Right. So he "consecrated" that gold by making it a fund to be used in conference and arbitration between the two great warring classes,—Labor and Capital.

Roosevelt's close touch with newspaper men is illustrated by this letter sent me by Robert L. O'Brien, now editor of the *Boston Herald*:

"In 1906 I was correspondent of the *Boston*

Transcript at Washington, and I came into touch with President Roosevelt frequently. I was particularly impressed with his universality of information. Mr. J. K. Ohl, then correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution* and afterwards Managing Editor of the *New York Herald*, once said that he never dropped into President Roosevelt's office without finding him familiar to the minute with what the *Atlanta Constitution* was saying on all public questions.

"Nor was this experience unusual. Every newspaper man found that out. My first acquaintance with him came as a result of his sending for me because of something I had written in the *Transcript* with which he did not altogether agree. After that I visited him frequently. I noticed that there was no book or current writing in fiction, in biography, in history, in biology, in applied science of any form, with which he did not seem absolutely familiar, up to the minute.

"Mr. Bok, in his recent autobiography, has alluded to the relations that I had with President Roosevelt on his account. My recollection of the story is a little more detailed than Mr. Bok's. It came about when William Loeb, Secretary to the President, called me by telephone to say that Mr. Bok was there in the hope of inducing the President to run a regular department in the *Ladies'*

Home Journal. Mr. Loeb properly observed, 'Of course the President of the United States can't do that.' I agreed with him and said so. I told Mr. Bok what the White House had told me. This led to the slight modification of the plan by which I became introduced into it, and instead of Mr. Roosevelt's running the department himself, he talked with me, at regular periods, during the time he was being shaved, and I wrote out an interpretation, or elaboration, of his point of view, and it appeared, regularly, in Mr. Bok's magazine, in the department which I think he headed 'What the President Thinks.'

"We discussed all sorts of questions. I remember one on which President Roosevelt balked, and that was woman suffrage. He said that he had voted for woman suffrage in the New York legislature, and that he supposed he was a woman suffragist; had always so regarded himself, but that there were certain phases of feminine public activity which had considerably disquieted him, and that his interest in the anti-race suicide campaign had led him to place less emphasis upon the direct participation of women in politics than he had formerly done. At all events, he refused to give me information for an article on woman suffrage. It is fair to record that he afterwards publicly spoke with enthusiasm for the cause, and

the Progressive party, of which he was the great founder, made it a cornerstone.

"Mr. Roosevelt had a wonderful faculty of coming straight to the point. He would not let any one tell him a long story. He saw what his caller was driving at and jumped into the conversation with the conclusion, long before the narrator reached the point of expressing it. I noticed this mannerism many times. I will give an illustration.

"Somebody introduced a bill in Congress to consolidate the offices of Receiver and Registrar of certain land offices in the West. It is fair to Congress to say that it permits the introduction of such bills, but so far as I have observed, never passes them. But there was a man in Montana, of a polysyllabic Teutonic name, who held one of these offices, and, seeing the introduction of a bill for their consolidation, took fright lest he might lose his job. He accordingly got a neighbor, who was coming to Washington, to see the President, to argue against it. I imagine that the neighbor lay awake nights on the sleeping car, thinking of the arguments that he would present. I was present when he arrived, and the conversation took place. He got about as far in the story as to give the polysyllabic name of his friend, the registrar of the land office, and to state something of the fear under which he was laboring.

"Then Roosevelt cut the whole dialogue off with these words: 'You go back and tell him that if that is all he's got to worry about, to possess his soul in patience.' The two-hour address was at an end.

"In spite of his very friendly relations with the newspapermen and with the world as a whole, President Roosevelt was always thoroughly conscious of the dignity of the presidential office. I remember that at a Gridiron Club dinner, just after his election in 1904, somebody asked facetiously why the country had reëlected Mr. Roosevelt after having had one term of him; and the jocular reply given was the classic phrase,— taken, I think, from Disraeli in alluding to the man who had married again after an unfortunate early matrimonial experience,— 'Because they consulted hope, rather than experience.' Mr. Roosevelt told me the next day that that line should not have been said at a Gridiron Club dinner; that he thought that was going a little further than the fitness of the office and occasion justified. Of course he was right."

It is pleasant, in this chronicle of the salient events of my classmate's life, to put on record, at this point, a few reminders of the friendly relations which existed between him and Richard Olney. Both of these men were my friends. They were of rival political parties. And both of them

were cast in that gladiatorial mold which did not easily brook opposition. Both were ardent devotees of wholesome athletic sports. I myself have faced, on several occasions, Mr. Olney's minatory countenance across the tennis court.

Yet these men were essentially large men, and even though formally opponents at times, they maintained a mutual respect which was creditable to them, and now is pleasant to contemplate.

When Roosevelt was Commissioner of Police, in New York, he wrote Mr. Olney, congratulating him on his appointment as Secretary of State. And his letter closes with a line of characteristic buoyancy, "I suppose you still play tennis. I have been so busy here that I have not had time to play anything except Hades with the police." This last eschatological allusion does not imply any sudden leaning toward studies in divinity.

In 1901, when Roosevelt's accession to the presidential chair had come, Mr. Olney wrote with informality and warmth:

"My dear Roosevelt: I am writing you, not as you are, President, but as a friend, whom I value and in whose fortunes I am much interested. I congratulate you. . . . You come to the Presidency with health and strength which few can boast, with talents of a high order, disciplined and developed, and with a prestige and hold upon the

admiration and affection of the people at large, without regard to party lines, such as no other man in public life to-day enjoys. . . . That your aims are of the highest I need no assurance. The highest measure of success, therefore, should attend your efforts. And that the event may justify the fortunate beginnings is my cordial wish."

To this friendly letter Roosevelt replied, "I am tempted to say that no letter has pleased me more than yours. It gratified me exactly as President Cleveland's cordial greetings did. I thank you for it and I appreciate it. I need not tell you that I realize fully the burdens placed upon me. All that in me lies to do will be done. I want you to know that my purpose is entirely single. I want to make a good President, and follow those policies which shall be for the good of the whole people; all party considerations will be absolutely secondary."

Out of the many struggles and contests of President Roosevelt's vigorous four years in the White House the "Brownsville Affair" of 1906 draws my attention, not so much because of any vital importance attaching to it, but because I have been so long and so deeply interested in the "Negro Problem" of our country and have been intimate with the great leaders of that race. The bare facts are these. During the night of August 13, ten or twenty negro soldiers, regulars, of the 25th

U. S. Infantry, stationed near Brownsville, Texas, stole out from their barracks and terrorized the town, shooting into houses and shops, and killing at least one man and wounding several.

The affair was grossly a violation of military rules and civil law. The negro companies had been treated with much contempt and insult by many inhabitants of the town. But the outbreak was inexcusable, deplorable, and criminal. And the whole nation was roused to an excited interest in the bare little frontier town.

At once the officers of the garrison took up the matter and the War Department at Washington backed them zealously. Investigation began. Proof was conclusive that the "shooting up" had been done by regular soldiers with United States rifles. But not one of the culprits could be discovered or led to confess. The examination of a large number of suspects was most thorough, but vain. A prominent negro of the South, an educated and admirable man, afterward pointed out to me the futility of the methods used in that trial and examination. Said he, "Picture to yourself a negro soldier, summoned before a board of white officers, the chairman of that board being a Southern Major or Colonel, and picture the countenance of that terrified and perhaps guilty soldier, as he meets the stern questions shot at him like bullets."

I could easily picture what he suggested. For I knew well the stolid, impervious, self-protective stupidity with which the average negro in the South can mask his naturally mobile features under such conditions. The clam, with tightly closed lids, is vivacious and voluble in comparison with him. And that armor of stolidity worn by the Brownsville soldiers could not be broken through by the protracted attacks of the South-led military board. The examination proved futile.

I asked my negro friend—who was as regretful and angry at the lawless revolt as was I—what would have been the wiser course of investigation, and he replied with a smile, “An unknown negro detective, say from New York, thrown into that camp and mingling with the soldiers, would have had the secret out of them in twenty-four hours.”

So the investigation was blocked and it failed. But Theodore Roosevelt, immensely concerned always for obedience to rightful laws, civil or military, was not the man to confess defeat as the chagrined official board confessed defeat. Something must be done. And he did it. He imposed dishonorable discharges from the service upon nearly the whole three companies involved. Some individuals had committed the nefarious crime and all had connived at it and concealed it. So he im-

posed a "blanket" discharge on a large, inclusive group.

Vast excitement ensued. The matter was warmly discussed in Congress and throughout the entire country, among whites and blacks. All kinds of motives were discerned in the President's peremptory action by friends and foes, both of the President and of the negro race. I myself knew, within a month after the event, that negro soldiers were the guilty men. Yet the opposite opinion was held by both white and black men until more than a year afterward, so involved was the tangle and so complete was the conspiracy of silence among the men under suspicion.

It was not a colored problem, that Brownsville affair; it was a military problem of morale, and it was exceedingly perplexing. And only Roosevelt's instinctive, phenomenal self-reliance, courage — yes, and faith — carried him through it with success. Looking back through the misty past, I do not see, among our honored Chief Executives, any who would have "carried on" as did Roosevelt, until I reach back to our great Abraham Lincoln; and even he might not have solved so peculiar a problem so creditably.

Here is a delightful little incident, as reported by Joseph Bishop. "I was stationed in Washington at this time," he narrates, "and when talking

with the President one morning, I made reference to the Brownsville debate in the Senate. ‘Oh, that is merely the latest log going down the stream,’ was his amused comment. When, a little later, there appeared in the *Century Magazine*, an excellent article by Roosevelt on ‘The Ancient Irish Sagas’, I asked the President how he found time for such research as this article showed. His characteristic reply was, ‘I have always been interested in that subject. And when this Brownsville row started in the Senate, I knew it would be long and might be irritating to me if I followed it. So I shut myself up, paid no heed to the row, and wrote this article on the Sagas.’”

Such a sane, sensible thing for a man to do, that was. Peculiarly so for a man who knew his own natural excitability and impatience over slow, red-tape methods. Then, beyond that, Mr. Bishop’s incident reminds me of what that intimate member of the Roosevelt family, Doctor Lambert, said to me one day, in the New York Harvard Club. “Roosevelt was a tremendously and continuously active man. He was always doing some definite thing. Most men can lounge, at times, and pipe-dream, in a comfortable half-asleep way. But Roosevelt never had such moods, probably did not allow himself to have them. He was either fully

awake, at work or recreation, or he was fully asleep. No time was wasted by him."

And Arthur Woods has told me about a hurried visit which he made to the White House, when he was Police Commissioner of New York. Something in the restless metropolis needed a strong hand of control, and that hand was in the White House. Mr. Woods telegraphed ahead, made an appointment, and in due time took a seat in the waiting line before the President's closed door. Soon the President came to the door and beckoned to him. As he did this he was reading from some sheets of writing paper. "And," said Mr. Woods, "after hastily greeting me, he read busily all the way along the hall and to his desk, evidently completing his examination, as he seated himself." There was little time wasted by him, when at work or at play. But how he recuperated from this incessant expenditure of energy, — that is the mystery of his remarkable personality.

The sophisticated world does not much care to hear or read a man's estimate of his own record. Yet, in Roosevelt's case, such was his stern, equitable appraisal of himself, when in his calm moods, that we may really listen to him, as he reviews his achievements somewhat in his gradation of their value, in a letter of December, 1908, to a friend in London. In condensed form his résumé

reads thus: "During my term as President I have more than doubled the navy of the United States, and our battle-fleet is to-day doing what no other fleet of a similar size has ever done, — circumnavigating the globe." From my own experience as a traveler who has visited ports in nearly all the leading countries of the world, I see the wisdom of that enterprise. Roosevelt knew, as every traveler knows, that our standing as a nation, in the eyes of other nations, is largely determined by impressions caused by our naval equipment, as seen in foreign ports. That tour of the world by our fleet was good strategy, a kind of bloodless frontal attack, a peaceful preparedness, which I believe was extremely effective.

Next, Roosevelt named to his London friend, in that list of pleasant memories, the Panama Canal. Then the Peace Conference at Portsmouth, practically ending the Russian-Japanese War. Then the Pennsylvania coal strike. Next, he mentioned the Forest Reserves, saying simply, "I have doubled or quadrupled them, throughout the country." This was a policy which grew inevitably out of his love of the fields and woods and the beautiful wild creatures that found shelter there. After naming these, he touches briefly upon his irrigation of the vast arid tracts of the Far West, then mentions the pacifying of the Philippines, the Santo Do-

mingo Treaty, the Employers' Liability Law, and a score more. It is not only the long list of a man who was tireless in his endeavors to correct errors, crush evils, and make the country he loved a better place to dwell in, but it is an extremely varied list; the record of a far wider range of interests and activities than is shown by any previous occupant of the White House. Personally, I rate high one item not set down in my classmate's list—one to which I have previously referred — the moral quickening which he imparted to the young men of this country. By his words and deeds he made public, official service more respectable and desirable than it ever had been in our country's history. And that morale created by him is still with us.

These records are but the cold, bare framework of the nation's vast, throbbing body, vigorous during the years from 1901 to 1908. And behind them I seek the warm personality of the man. It was there, — that unique, tense, brilliant personality, that phenomenal character, with as many gleaming facets as a rose-diamond. Indeed, the explanation of the secret of his greatness lies in his many-sidedness coupled with tireless energy. He had the hundred eager hands of ancient Briareus with a heart of energy like a modern hundred-horse-power engine.

His official life is serious, stern, as preserved in

the official records. But his buoyant, lovable, unofficial life comes to us in the recitals and letters of his friends and fellow workers. It was an easy prognostication, as he and Mrs. Roosevelt entered the White House,—that they would transform it—gradually or abruptly—from the national hostelry, which it had too often resembled, into a habitation of refinement and a center of friendliness and sympathy, yet of cultivation and the highest American social standards. And it may be tersely and graphically added that during the Roosevelt régime the hospitality of the White House, while cordial, genuine, was not of the “shirt-sleeve” variety. Mistakes were frequently made by visitors to the Executive Mansion, similar to those frequently made by boisterous, rough-handed strangers as they met Roosevelt for the first time. They mistook social freedom for social anarchy. Roosevelt’s rule for his home was the same as for himself, outside it: “Keep in touch with all kinds of people, but maintain inner standards for yourself.”

All qualities and strains of men and women were received by the President and his charming, discerning wife. Senators and Congressmen, cattle-men and ex-policemen, college mates and prize fighters. On one occasion, two members of the “Class of ’80” dined at the White House for the

first time. And they were surprised and alarmed at the freedom of speech which their eminent classmate allowed himself. When a certain high official was mentioned, Roosevelt dismissed him with the abrupt declaration — and in no subdued voice, before the table attendants—“He’s a chronic liar. I never believe anything he says.” And of another diplomat he declared, “He’s no better than a darned skunk.” It was easy to understand what he said and meant at such times. And my two classmates were really alarmed; and they took solemn counsel together, as they left the house, as to how they could induce “Theodore” to put a bridle on his tongue.

Over against this little coterie of old-time friends, as guests, put some of his beloved Rough Riders. For all kinds were invited. What fun in him it was when he suggested solemnly, as he was inviting “Bill”, an ex-sheriff of a frontier county, “Perhaps you’d better not bring your gun to-night, Bill. The British Ambassador is going to be at the dinner, and it wouldn’t do for you to shoot around his feet to make him dance.” The story runs that “Bill” promised solemnly not to come “heeled”, and added that even if he had, he “would not have thought of doing such a thing.”

At about this time, the autumn of 1907, Roosevelt, always eager for life “in the open”,

made a hunting trip down into Mississippi. His friend, Doctor Alexander Lambert, was one of the party. During this trip Roosevelt wrote (and sketched) several of the charming letters to his children which have been put into the volume edited by Joseph B. Bishop. Doctor Lambert has given me this incident of the trip; and it shows how wide-open Theodore Roosevelt's eyes had now become, through experience in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" in the political world. Just as the party was starting from Washington, several reporters hurried into the train, stated that a report was circulating to the effect that Messrs. H—— and P—— of New York were combining on some important deal. They asked the President to talk about the possibilities and probabilities of such a merger. But all that Roosevelt would say was this, with a laugh, "Wait, now! Wait! I don't really know anything about the matter. But as soon as I get back, in a week or so, I will call together about fourteen men whom I have in mind, and will confer with them. They will probably try to deceive me; but out of all their talk I shall get at the truth, and I will call you together and tell you about it."

On the wall of the study or office or parlor of every member of the "Class of '80" hangs a copy of the excellent portrait of Roosevelt by the emi-

nent American artist, Joseph De Camp. This portrait was painted in the autumn of 1908, in the White House. The painting itself now hangs on the wall of the Harvard Union. Its story, as told me by De Camp, at least partly in the painter's own words, runs in this fashion.

"Two or three of Roosevelt's Harvard classmates came to me, in Boston, and told me that a group of them wished a portrait of their famous friend and wished me to do it. After some talk, I agreed. I went on to Washington to confer with the President. On my way I met a friend who warned me, after learning about my purpose, 'Stand right up to Roosevelt or he'll push you off the earth. If you do stand up to him, you'll like him.' So in I went. I kept the hour and minute appointed by Loeb, his secretary. And I had to wait one long hour, while I could hear him, Roosevelt, in the adjoining room, discussing saddles, bits, guns, clothing and all the equipment for his hunting trip into Africa, which was to come off a few months later. Presently Roosevelt walked in and we shook hands. I had never seen him before and had really never formed any positive opinions about him. When he began to ask questions about the sittings, I tried to answer clearly and definitely. But when he started in to make suggestions, I could not long stand it. And I said to

him, ‘Mr. President, if I’m going to paint this picture, I’ve got to do it in my way. It won’t be my first picture, either.’

“That stopped him short. He looked at me anew, for a moment, then put out his hand a second time, and said with his characteristic smile, ‘You seem to be the right sort of American; go ahead.’ From that moment he let me lead. So we went ahead. And all kinds of things happened. But let me summarize just here and say that I soon saw, from noting the people who came and went as I worked, that this man’s foundation aim was to help the under dog.

“I never saw a man’s exit expedited so skillfully as was that of a French official who came in, fully uniformed and decorated, to bring a huge volume containing the Personnel of the French Navy, for use by an ally, the United States. I saw the French officer, a Captain or something high, standing near the door, his lips moving, and evidently rehearsing the speech in English which he had prepared. When the right moment came, Roosevelt, who knew the man’s errand and did not intend to waste time, went quickly over to him, seized him by the hand, shook it, accepted the big book, asked one or two questions, did not wait for replies, and, all the time, with a smile, yet with a hand on the official’s gold-laced arm, was gently

but firmly pushing him towards, and then finally through, the door. It was a good piece of work. And I think that the anxious French officer was quite as glad to have the interview thus ended as was the President.

"Roosevelt was a great man," continued De Camp, "with that simplicity of address which so often is seen in really great men. And he did hate servility and enjoy a man or woman who stood up to him. To illustrate: He had agreed to give me an hour's sitting, each time. This he did, faithfully though impatiently, several times. Then he got into the way of cutting the sitting a bit short by saying, in his most winning manner, 'Now, De Camp, let's go out and take a little walk in the garden.' And out I went with him, two or three times. But one day I held him up. I said, without shading it, 'Mr. President, you talk about a square deal, but you're not giving me that.' 'What do you mean?' he demanded sharply, but not angrily. 'This. You agreed to sit for an hour, each time, and you're cutting me out of it.' He took it as I thought he would. He looked repentant and replied, 'Well, I'll do better, after this. I see your side of it.'

"At another time," continued the artist, "I was one of a dinner party at the White House. One of the guests, Mr. N——, a Yankeeified individual

with a shrill voice, asked me how the President was doing, as a model, as a sitter. And I replied, 'He's a rotten sitter. That's the whole of it.' What was my alarm, a few minutes later, to hear this fellow's shrill voice retailing my conversation to the President himself. Later Roosevelt made his way to me and remarked, 'What's this I hear? Mr. N—— tells me that you said I was a rotten model.' Of course I was a bit uneasy, but I knew my man and I put the thing through. I responded, 'Yes, I did say that. And I would have put it even stronger if I had known how. You're on the jump, every minute you are posing.' He was positively delighted. He smiled, then his face grew thoughtful and determined, and he said, 'Wait until to-morrow's sitting! I'll fool you.' And he did, to a certain extent only, however, for I knew what was coming — he stood like a carved statue. He was putting his will into it."

One of my friends, who several times was a guest at the White House, has tried to make me believe that Roosevelt did not mind in the least the ridicule and abuse and falsifying of the newspapers, and that he often read aloud, with laughter, malicious attacks made upon him in their columns. This statement may hold true about my classmate when he was in the bosom of his family. But it does not harmonize wholly with what De Camp narrated.

"One day," said the painter, "as he was standing in position, his Secretary came in and put some press clippings into his hands. He read them, as he always read, with lightning rapidity. Suddenly and angrily he stopped, crushing the slips in his hand, and poured out a stream of the strongest language that I ever heard. He went on for a few seconds thus, consigning a certain New York journal to various Dantean regions. Then his wonderful sense of humor came to the surface. He smiled, and said to me, 'De Camp, if you know any stronger language than I've used, will you please take up the subject where I left off?' I replied, in spirit as in letter, and rolled out some phrases in German, in French and in Italian. He said, 'Thanks! I feel relieved. I wish I could use those myself.' "

Mr. De Camp continued, "With all its cares and struggles, Roosevelt would have been glad to continue his term in the White House. I said to him one day, 'You have done many things, Mr. President. Among others you have got the heads of the common people above water. They realize, as never before, their power and their responsibilities.' This I said as I worked, and he broke out in rejoinder, eagerly, almost fiercely, with all his spirit and passion, 'I'd like to stay at this post another four years, and I'd have them out, not only

their heads, but up to their waists.' Such a doer of deeds he was. One day he said to me, 'I hate a man who never does anything. Why, I'd rather do something and get it wrong, and then apologize, than to do nothing.'"

One day, as the sitting was on, a stenographer came in, and Roosevelt began to dictate to her. He grew very absorbed in this, and the sitting was becoming a failure. "Presently," Mr. De Camp told me, "I stopped work and waited and looked significantly at my model. With a laugh he ceased, waved the stenographer away, and explained, 'That is an address which I have promised to give at the Sorbonne, in Paris, when I return from my trip to Africa.'" So much for Roosevelt's forehandedness or "preparedness" or thoroughness, whichever word you prefer. *Verbum sat.*

Vigorous, strenuous as was President Roosevelt's official public life, his private family life was almost on a par with it. He spoke from his heart when he wrote, "I have had the happiest home life of any man I have ever known." And this was not alone because of his loving, sympathetic heart, but as much because of his intelligent observance of the psychological laws that govern all human groups, even families.

He shared so many emotions and experiences with the family. He took a deep interest in all the

pets of all the children,—and no family ever gathered in more pets than the Roosevelt family. Doctor Iglehart writes:

“I saw the President come down the main stairway, at the White House, to greet a distinguished guest, an Archbishop. A pet dog had just been brought from Oyster Bay and had not yet seen Roosevelt. At that moment they met. And the joy of the little pet was overwhelming. And Mr. Roosevelt went right down on the floor to greet him, while the stately Archbishop stood silently looking on, ten feet away. In ten seconds Mr. Roosevelt was on his feet again, serious, dignified, ready to talk with the Archbishop, who, being a real man of heart, was immensely pleased with the incident.”

A portion of a letter from Doctor David Starr Jordan I give here; for it reveals the wide range of Roosevelt’s interests, even amid his crowded presidential days.

“Roosevelt entered Harvard College hoping to become a naturalist, having already made a considerable collection of birds, besides many observations as to their habits. His eyesight being defective, however, and not connecting well with magnifying glasses, his early ambition was discouraged by his teachers, to whom the chief range of study lay within the field of the microscope. They over-

looked the fact that besides primordial slime and determinant chromosomes, there were also in the world grizzly bears, tigers, elephants, and trout, as well as song-birds and rattlesnakes—all of which yield profound interest and are alike worthy of study.

"So, being discouraged as to work along his chosen line, and in his love of outdoor science, the young naturalist turned to political philosophy, his secondary interests lying in history and politics. He then closed up his private cabinet, giving his stuffed bird-skins (through Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian) to me. These I transferred to the University of Indiana, where they are now in a befitting glass case in Owen Hall, each skin nicely prepared and correctly labelled in the crude boyish handwriting which the distinguished collector never outgrew.

"In the various natural history explorations undertaken by me—and by others during Mr. Roosevelt's administration—we could always count on intelligent and effective sympathy. In so far as scientific appointments rested with him, he gave them careful and conscientious consideration. Indeed, during his administration, governmental science reached its high-water mark."

All kinds of pets the nature-loving Roosevelts had. In the Autobiography may be read this rather

novel incident. "I was talking, one day, with a Senator, about the Railroad Rate Bill. My youngest boy had just been loaned a beautiful king-snake, by the admired proprietor of an animal shop, not far from us. The boy came rushing in, to exhibit his treasure, which he had placed inside his coat. As he struggled, eagerly, to get off his coat, the Senator started to help him, but sprang back in alarm as the boy and the snake popped out together, from the garment."

Well he knew how keenly the normal child loves animals. And when he writes home, his tactful sympathetic pen throws this off. "Dear Quenty-Quee,—The other day, when out riding, what should I see, in the road, but a real B'rer Terrapin and B'rer Rabbit. They were sitting solemnly beside each other, and looked as if they had come out of a book. But as I rode nearer, B'rer Rabbit went lippity lippity off into the bushes, and B'rer Terrapin drew in his head and legs, till I passed."

To one of the older boys he writes, and again from the White House: "I am glad I have tried this Japanese wrestling, but I am really too busy to keep on with it. After I have been grappling with Senators and Congressmen all day, by five o'clock I feel like a stewed owl. Then the wrestling seems a bit too strenuous. My right ankle and my left

wrist, and one thumb and both great toes are swollen and I carry several bruises. Still, I have made good progress; and, since you left, they have taught me three new throws that are perfect corkers."

If the "Man from Mars" had picked up that letter, he would not have surmised that it came from the President of the United States. His lifelong interest in "the manly art" gave especial point to an incident which occurred after he had returned to private life. He and Mrs. Roosevelt were in a railway station, and Mrs. Roosevelt was having some difficulty about her ticket. At that moment a fine-looking man came up and asked if he could help. He said further that he had been one of the crew of the presidential yacht, the *Mayflower*. In reply to Roosevelt's friendly inquiry, he stated that he had left the navy in order to study dentistry; and "in order to earn money for his tuition in his studies, he was practising his real profession as a prize-fighter." That amused Roosevelt vastly.

Roosevelt's athletic exercises — kept up, in large measure, to give physical support to his strenuous mental life — were of the most vigorous sort. Boxing, wrestling, riding, long cross-country "hikes", — these he kept up, with that steadfastness characteristic of him, until late in his life. He was never

— as he often said frankly — a first-rate horseman, but he was no neophyte. A story told by George von L. Meyer, then Postmaster General, and given by De Wolfe Howe, in his excellent biography of Meyer, runs thus:

"May 11, 1907, I rode with the President, Root, and Lodge. The President put his horse over a three-foot stone wall and a four-foot hurdle. My horse was in good form, and was carrying thirty pounds less than the President's. I, unthinkingly, put my horse over the five-foot jump; and at once the President put his horse at it. The horse refused, but his rider set his teeth and put him at it again. He cleared it, but barely. Lodge was amazed that the President, with his weight and mount, had taken such a risk, and I was sorry that I had set the example. The President remarked, 'I could not let one of my Cabinet give me a lead and not follow.'"

In Rear Admiral Fiske's Autobiography, "From Midshipman to Rear Admiral", I find this unsought testimonial to the serious, painstaking, open-minded man in the White House in 1907:

"Roosevelt, when President, aided me greatly in bringing my marine projects and inventions into use, when other officials at Washington were narrow-minded and gave me no assistance. President Roosevelt took his duties as Commander-in-Chief

of the Army and Navy more seriously than any other President except George Washington."

It is pleasant to read this earnest, disinterested testimony to Roosevelt's official devotion to his work as, for instance, in contrast we get this light bit of repartee. Carl Akeley told one day about seeing sixteen lions filing slowly out of one cave. The President's eye twinkled. "By George," he exclaimed, "I wish I could turn those lions loose in Congress." A Congressman present interposed, "But, Mr. President, aren't you afraid they might make a mistake?"

Roosevelt snapped his teeth together, and his smile widened. "Not if they stayed long enough," he rejoined.

It was in the full tide of his crowded, active "elected" term, in 1905, that he joined his college classmates in Cambridge for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the Class of '80. As all graduates of Harvard know, the twenty-fifth anniversary is the bright particular milestone along the post-graduate highway which is held in highest favor. On that anniversary a class is given especial honor; and all its members, wherever they may be scattered over the face of the earth, seek to return to Cambridge and clasp hands and compare notes *de voyage*, and persuade themselves that they are still young men.

The celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary began with a reunion and registration at the Parker House, Boston, on Monday, June 26. In the evening came the "Pop" concert in Symphony Hall, with decorations, cheers for '80, and songs of the olden time and the new. At noon, members of the class gathered at the Oakley Clubhouse, Watertown, where Roosevelt came in due time, between showers, for it was a day of broken weather. We found him the same vigorous, sympathetic friend he had always been. He was really glad to have the members of his college class around him.

Presently the inevitable group picture was taken. A copy of it hangs on the wall in front of my desk as I write. Roosevelt, of course, is in the center, his stern, determined countenance seeming like the fixed iron core of a wheel about which the fellow members of his class might circle. At his right sits — as I look at the picture — Robert Bacon, with figure and face noble and beautiful to look upon, and with an indwelling spirit of equal nobility and beauty. On Roosevelt's left sits our Class Secretary, John Woodbury, faithful, untiring, loyal to his classmates and beloved of them all.

As I look at this group of men — my friends, with whom I share tender memories of an olden time — I think them worthy representatives of

“Old Harvard” and a fitting guard of honor ‘for the man who sits at their center.

It is only a shred of a sentiment but, as I look at the picture, I note that in the foreground, a few feet in front of our first line, stands a sundial. Symbol and reminder of the passing of the days, the flight of the fugitive years.

One of my classmates, Louis Greeley, writes me, recalling our gathering at the Oakley Club. “That evening I heard the newsboys in Boston crying, ‘Evening papers, picture of the Class of ‘80.’ I bought a copy and found only a picture of Roosevelt. I expostulated with the enterprising newsboy, and he replied, ‘Roosevelt *is* the class of ‘80.’ And I did not seriously object.”

The one other meeting which brought us, as a class, distinctly together, during that Commencement Week, was the dinner—strictly a Class dinner—at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, in the evening of Tuesday, June 27. It was an enthusiastic meeting. I have referred to it in earlier pages of this volume. Among the “events” on the program was the presentation of three silver tankards, by William Hooper, in behalf of the class, to President Roosevelt, “Bob” Bacon, and John Woodbury.

The high light of the evening was furnished by our eminent classmate, who talked for nearly an

hour, in his fervid, fearless way, about affairs of the nation and his attempts to set things right. There were members present who were newspaper men, and some of them took notes; but the talk was confidential and was not put into the papers in any detail. One of my classmates was L. E. Opdyke, and he, with a memory perhaps sharpened by his good work in the Greek Play at Cambridge, recalled and wrote to our class secretary, on February 8, 1906, six months afterward, the exact words with which Roosevelt began his fascinating address. It runs thus:

"Now see here, fellows, I want you all to understand, in the first place, that I haven't the least idea that I'm a great man. It is true that I have had exceptional success; but then I've had exceptional opportunities. The only credit that I can claim is for having been there, every time, to take advantage of those opportunities."

Of course Roosevelt could not "feel great." He simply expressed himself, put forth his powers, did his work, and his fellows, looking on, have made the decision as to his greatness.

With one passage from Roosevelt's address, made in Memorial Hall on Wednesday, June 29, I close this chapter. It is both characteristic and prophetic.

"Our presiding officer, Bishop Lawrence, has

spoken of my efforts for peace. Of course I am for peace. Every President who is fit to be President is for peace. But I am for one thing before peace. I am for righteousness first, and then peace. When, in '61, certain of you won peace by the sword, you made us forever your debtors; because, when the choice was between what was peaceful and what was right, you chose the right."

This was his honest, lofty idealism. And he held to it by word and deed, with heroic consistency, through all his length of days.

CHAPTER XIV

HIS GREATEST VICTORY

One of the solemn, though somewhat vague vows assumed by neophytes in sundry religious orders is the vow to "renounce the devil and all his works." This pledge would be easier of fulfillment if the diabolic presencee and efforts were always easily distinguishable. Cloven hooves and forked tail and sulphurous fumes do not much attract us; but when money or a palaece or a throne — or the United States Presidency — beckons alluringly then the renunciation becomes difficult.

But this renunciation is what Theodore Roosevelt achieved. He renounced a reëlection to an office and an opportunity which he desired intensely; he did this because he believed that it was right for him to do it. The Republican Party leaders, left to their own wishes, were not only ready to place William Howard Taft in the White House, but they would have been glad to place anybody there rather than Roosevelt.

This was fully understood by Roosevelt, Taft, and the party leaders. And the Convention was

held and Taft was nominated. Under these conditions, his nomination was equivalent to an election. But I wish to make clear what has been allowed to rest obscured or neglected, that Theodore Roosevelt's renunciation of a second "elected" term marked the highest moral and spiritual level that he attained, lofty as his life was throughout.

There are several letters given in Mr. Bishop's collection which make the situation perfectly clear. One to Doctor Lyman Abbott, on May 29, 1908; one to Judge Dayton, on May 28, 1908; one to Frank H. Hitchcock, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, on June 1, 1908. These and other published letters make clear the fact that Roosevelt not only could have had the nomination, election, and Presidency without more effort than signifying a "Yes", but that he made every possible effort to prevent the convention from forcing it upon him as the Vice-presidency had been forced upon him.

This splendid renunciation of a scepter of power which fairly leaned toward his now trained hand,—this I conceive to mark the highest point morally, spiritually, of my beloved classmate's greatness. A negation has not the prestige of an affirmation in the popular mind; but this in form only; in practice it often rises into sublime preëminence. What would Julius Cæsar, or Bonaparte, or Frederick

the Great have done, if in Roosevelt's place, at the end of one glorious term and with another term offering itself? No answer need be given. And I wonder the more at Roosevelt's decision when I reflect that he, of all men, was a man of deeds; and for him to deny himself the dazzling privilege of a continuance of his patriotic public service,—that self-control, that self-denial was a refutation of all those charges of insatiate ambition ever launched against him by his envious, baffled, unscrupulous enemies.

History and biography furnish no situation equal in solemn significance to Roosevelt's stand, as he renounced that third term. If ambition is the last lingering "infirmity of noble minds", then he had indeed purged himself of all human infirmities. He had thoroughly weighed the merits of the case. His extremely frank letters to Trevelyan show this. But his deeds tallied with his words; his will and conscience backed his idealistic perceptions; and he compelled the wish and will of a grateful, admiring nation to turn toward William Howard Taft, believing this course to be best for the country.

That was his great renunciation, unparalleled in all the past. And with it was involved a smaller renunciation, far less important, yet a real self-denial and a wise self-restraint. Denying himself

the pleasure of all oversight of the new incoming régime, he planned and carried out his trip into Africa. Outwardly this trip was only one of his many adventurous excursions into the wild regions of the globe. But inwardly there was in his large, generous nature the wish to give his friend and successor, Mr. Taft, full and unconstrained sweep for the exercise of his new executive powers. That was always Theodore Roosevelt's way from childhood, through college, throughout his life,—always the large, generous way.

Roosevelt's departure from American shores brought relief to several groups of American citizens. Among them were the "Interests", so called, that is the powerful "team-players" of high finance. The *mot* went the rounds of the press at this time that "Wall Street expected every lion in Africa to do his duty."

On March 23, 1909, Roosevelt set sail from New York with several companions, naturalists and others, and a complete equipment for the work before him. The work was, summarized, the procuring of mammals, birds, plants for the National Museum at Washington. As he afterward wrote, "Every animal I have shot, except six or eight for food, has been carefully prepared for the National Museum."

In a reception speech made in Cambridge,

England, on Roosevelt's return from Africa, eleven months later, Doctor Henry Goudy put his own humorous interpretation on the ex-President's African trip, thus: "He is a statesman, a noted sportsman, and a naturalist. His onslaughts upon the wild beasts of the desert have been not less fierce, nor less successful, than his warfare on the hydra-headed corruption in his own land."

And Lord Curzon addressed Roosevelt, soon after, in a more rhetorical but equally eulogistic way: "Peer of the most august kings, queller of wars, destroyer of monsters wherever found, yet the most human of mankind, deeming nothing uninteresting to you, not even the blackest of the black."

On the whole, that was what Roosevelt stood for in the eyes of all European nations,—a vigorous successful reformer, a practical idealist, impelled by a burning passion to make his native land, and indirectly the whole world, more habitable, more civilized, because more just, righteous, and humane.

The Roosevelt party followed the shortest route possible: across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean and Suez Canal and Red Sea, then down the coast of British East Africa and landed at Mombasa. Thence by rail through a game country where wild animals were so abundant that had it not been for the danger involved in getting the

more savage kinds, the shooting would have been as mock-heroic as that of Kaiser Wilhelm, with his high platform and the helpless beasts driven by as to an abattoir.

The actual shooting, by Roosevelt and his son Kermit, does not so much interest me. Suffice it to say that both of them took their full part in the duties, joys, hardships and veritable dangers of each day.

Reading a little between the lines of the reports of the several members of that expedition, I gather — what I knew before — that my classmate had so far overcome that natural timidity against which he had set himself in earlier years that he had quite forgotten the emotion; and only the unceasing attention of Messrs. Selous, Cunningham, Tarlton, and others kept him from the sharp fangs of the lion and the devastating sweep of the elephant's trunk.

Extremely interesting are the bits of information, the revealing incidents, which come to us through Roosevelt's own vivid volume, "African Game Trails." His love of the beautiful was not very marked, as the beautiful is set forth by a painter's brush. But Great Nature Herself, with her diapason tones, spoke directly to his soul. "There are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness," he declares, "that can reveal

its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. Over and beyond the thrill of the fight with dangerous animals, there is the fascination of the silent places, the large tropic moons, the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset, in the wide waste-spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages, through time everlasting."

Another point of interest which the book-lover naturally feels for this book-lover hunter is the "pigskin library" which he carried with him, and in which he buried himself so speedily, when on the march or by the campfire, and even instantly after bringing down some monster elephant or rhinoceros. It was a "working library", that one of the pigskin bindings. Worn, soiled, the volumes in turn were stuffed into saddle pocket or cartridge bag. And I venture the suggestion that those books increased the perils of their versatile owner — though not to a fatal ending — as did Shelley's books, as he sailed in a small boat along the Italian coast, one hand holding the tiller, the other a book. The poet wrote in his last letter, to a friend, that it was a mistake to say, as many had said, that a man, while sailing a boat, could do nothing else; for he had demonstrated that a man could read and sail a boat at the same time. That was poor, unpractical Shelley's own obituary.

The weeks and months glided quickly away as Roosevelt explored and hunted and gathered flora and fauna in Africa. Then came the return by way of Khartoum. His "Safari" reached that edge of civilization on March 14, 1910. Thence directly down the river to Cairo. At this point something happened which makes us feel that we have again the real Roosevelt, not the khaki-clad hunter of big game, but the fearless statesman who dared face hostile audiences and attacked tyranny and fraud wherever entrenched. He had agreed to give an address to a body of Egyptian students. They comprised the body of the so-called "Nationalist Party"; they were the "Young Egypt", in protest against British control; and only a month before they had assassinated the Prime Minister, Boutros Pasha. Warning came to the American ex-President that if he dared refer to this "removal" of the Prime Minister, his own life would be in danger.

Their utter ignorance of Roosevelt's character, their stupid threat, hinted at their own incompetence for self-government. Their threat only sharpened Roosevelt's interest in Egyptian insurrectionary affairs. And in his speech he dealt directly and vigorously with their lawless, violent conduct, which unfitted them, he pointed out, for

that self-governing, under law and order, which they demanded.

From Cairo to Italy and up through the several European nations which he visited on this return to the United States, his journey was like the "triumph" of a victorious Roman general of the ancient times. It far surpassed, in the enthusiasm aroused, the "Grand Tour" of ex-President Grant. He did not need disillusioning, as he met kings and potentates; he was too much a man of the world for that. He met them with as fine a courtesy as their own; he recognized the worth in them when it was there; and hollowness and pretence gave him frequent occasions for mirth.

Almost at the threshold of this triumphal progress, a situation developed, a problem confronted him, which would have brought many a statesman to confusion. I refer to what is called "The Vatican Incident." Briefly, it was this. While still on African soil, he had replied to an inquiry made by Mr. Leishman, our United States ambassador at Rome, that he would be glad to meet both the Pope and the King. When he arrived in Rome, a message from the Rector of the American Catholic College, Monsignor Kennedy, was awaiting him.

"The Holy Father will be delighted to grant audience to Mr. Roosevelt, and hopes that nothing

will arise — like the Fairbanks incident — to prevent it."

The "Fairbanks incident" was the visiting, by ex-Vice-president Fairbanks, of a certain Methodist mission in Rome. Having done this, the Vatican was closed to him.

In reply to the warning note, with its reference to Fairbanks, Roosevelt sent this letter to the Pope, through our ambassador.

"It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father. . . . I recognize his full right to receive or not to receive whomsoever he chooses. . . . On the other hand, I have the right to decline to make any stipulations which might limit my freedom of conduct. I trust that he will find it convenient to receive me."

Roosevelt thus went to the full limit of concession and courtesy. But a reply came the next day:

"In view of the circumstances, for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur, except on the understanding expressed in the former message."

Thus the visit to the Vatican was not made. Anybody who knew the personal equation of Theodore Roosevelt could have forecast this result, so far as he was concerned. For the Roman Pontiff Roosevelt had very kindly feelings, as he had also for many of his adherents. Probably that

kindly old prelate had very little to do with the specious scheme. Merry del Val, his secretary, was doubtless the moving spirit in the matter. Of him Roosevelt said, "He is a polished man, of much ability in a narrow line, but a furiously bigoted reactionary; in fact, a good representative of a sixteenth-century Spanish ecclesiastic."

This "Vatican incident" gave rise to large headlines in the newspaper world, for a short time, but all intelligent persons, Protestant or Roman Catholic, read between the lines and deplored the super-subtlety of the Pope's secretary. The world over, men knew Roosevelt so well that they were sure his action meant simply that he would not be bound by any religious body in his freedom toward any other religious body. And the confidence of the Roman Catholics of the United States toward Roosevelt remained undisturbed. I myself recall one afternoon at Oyster Bay, when, as I was taking my departure after an hour or two of conversation, I met at the front door two Roman Catholic clergymen, coming with smiling confidence to call upon Mr. Roosevelt. As I exchanged a greeting with them, after I had left my host, one of them pointed toward the study where my classmate was waiting and whispered, in a warm, unconstrained way, "A real man, in there!"

Roosevelt established free, friendly relations

with the Quirinal, seat of the Italian Government, without difficulty. He met and liked Victor Emmanuel, and this feeling was reciprocated. Speaking of the King, afterward, Roosevelt enjoyed throwing his friendly approval — as often he did — into a characteristic humorous Americanism. "I like him," he declared. "He is a genuine kind of man. He could carry his own ward in an election."

So far as the masses of the people throughout Italy were concerned their attitude was one of enthusiasm. So many of their relatives and friends had visited and lived in the United States that they were in close touch with our national affairs and Roosevelt's boundless popularity. A friend of mine writes me that she saw Roosevelt waiting at a railway station in Italy, and she saw several people kneel to him and try to kiss his hand. So much for Italian fervor and free expression.

Busy and somewhat bored weeks passed in this touring of hospitable, enthusiastic Europe. The various populations knew the great champion of Democracy, and the crowned heads nodded to him with an unconventional friendliness. Like Benjamin Franklin at Paris a century or more before, Roosevelt, loving realities and respecting himself and his native land, met all nobles and dignitaries on a man-to-man basis. In fact, his new royal friends enjoyed the free, frank atmosphere which

this well-bred American carried with him. For his part he wearied a little of it at times. One day, while he was busy, a card was sent up to him,— a card with a crest and other insignia. “Confound it!” he exclaimed, as he went to meet his visitor. “These kings bore me to death.”

Yet certain sensational American journals, famished for news, maintained that he conceded too much to the effete royalties of Europe, and that he regretted that our American system of government had no place for himself as monarch. He heard of this on his return, and exclaimed to W. R. Thayer, “Think of it! Some of those papers said I wanted to be a prince. Do you know what a prince is? He’s a cross between Ward McAllister and Vice-president Fairbanks. How could anybody suppose that I would wish to be that!”

Lawrence Abbott, of the *Outlook*, had joined Roosevelt at Khartoum, and traveling thenceforth with him, rendered him tactful, effective aid throughout his visits in European capitals. The volume of letters, appeals of all sorts, which poured in upon Roosevelt during the European tour, almost passes belief. Requests for money, invitations to lecture after he had reached home, advice sought on all possible questions, private and public. One morning’s mail contained these items: “Applications for autographs, stamps, post cards;

then inquiries about his views on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; his opinion on the referendum in city affairs; description asked regarding a special kind of African antelope; an article desired for an American college paper; a request for an article on Hungarian emigration to the United States; review desired of a book of poems, sent by the author; a brief article for a Young Men's Lyceum; on International Peace."

Thus the requests poured in, and skillful, tactful Lawrence Abbott spared his chief all he could and met the naïve requests with courtesy and efficiency.

I can the better appreciate this volume of correspondence flowing in upon Roosevelt because, a few years later, I sat with him for an hour one day at his desk in the Metropolitan office, New York. He read aloud about thirty letters which had come in by the morning's mail, commented on them, and passed them over to his very competent secretary, Miss Josephine Stricker, who was to send full replies which he had briefly sketched. In this situation, as in so many, his sense of humor oiled the wheels of his routine work. The letters were as varied and impossible as can be imagined. One letter I recall, over which we three laughed aloud. It was from a man in Vermont. "I am thinking of buying a horse", it began. "And I write to you, Colonel, because you must have learned

a good deal from your dealing with horses on your ranch. Now, the horse I have had offered me is . . ." and so on. Roosevelt sped through the badly written lines, really amused, I think, and passed it over to his secretary. From her the man in Vermont probably got a pleasant letter, which was not likely to do him any harm, at least.

Among the monarchs of the earth with whom Roosevelt consorted was King Haakon of Norway. They dined and walked and talked together with much mutual satisfaction. Lawrence Abbott, who saw all, tells so good a story of our great Republican, as he charmed away the medieval prejudices of Norwegian royalty, that I give it in detail:

"Mr. Roosevelt was narrating his experience as a deputy sheriff in the ranching days. He was in pursuit of a red-handed border ruffian, and his friend, Sheriff Seth Bullock, was after the same criminal. Their official lines converged and finally met at a point where the pursued criminal lay dead on the ground. Then Roosevelt said, 'Your Majesty, you have been much in England and are familiar with grouse-shooting. So that I may tell you that Sheriff Bullock and I met, over that dead body, in the attitude of 'My bird, I believe?'"

In Mr. Roosevelt's itinerary of triumphal progress, Germany was included. The Kaiser was of course one of the most important personages on

his "visiting list", for several reasons. And his relations with that individual had been somewhat involved. In the Venezuela affair, Roosevelt must have seriously jarred the arrogant poseur of Berlin. But Roosevelt had followed an intelligent and sustained policy toward him. This he divulges in a letter to Henry White, Ambassador to Rome, in August, 1906.

"My course toward the Kaiser, during the last five years, has been uniform. I admire him, respect him, and like him. But he has intense egotism. I have tried to show him that I am friendly to him and to Germany. When I have forced him to give way I have tried to build a bridge of gold for him, thus helping him to preserve his dignity and reputation. In other words, when I have had to take a part of the kernel from him, I have been anxious that he should have all the shell possible, and have that shell painted in any way he wished."

I give Roosevelt's estimate of the German Emperor for what it is worth. It was formulated in 1906. In 1916 and 1918 that opinion may have altered. Letters had been exchanged between the two world-leaders; now they met and said pleasant words to each other; but under all that intercourse, especially as read in these post-bellum days, there seems always present a guardedness, a watchfulness, which betrayed a veiled mutual distrust.

The Emperor showed his visitor every courtesy and tried in several ways to impress upon this powerful citizen of the American Republic the resources and the potentialities of his empire. As a feature of his hospitality, the Emperor invited Roosevelt to witness some maneuvers of his army. This reviewing lasted several hours; and Roosevelt, in speaking of it afterward, declared that Wilhelm "talked steadily." That may be. But I suspect that our fertile, fluent American did a larger part of the talking than he realized. While they were riding about together, the court photographer took a series of pictures of the two eminent men. And the Emperor later sent copies of these to Roosevelt, at Oyster Bay. On the backs of the photographs the Kaiser wrote humorous explanations. On one of them — a picture of the two on horses, with Roosevelt talking vigorously and the Emperor listening — is inscribed, with excellent humor: "The Colonel of the Rough Riders lecturing the chief of the German Army."

A later incident is pertinent here, which is told about the visit of a prominent German-American (so called) to Oyster Bay, after Germany had invaded helpless, betrayed Belgium. The visitor reminded Roosevelt that the Emperor had shown Roosevelt greater honors at Berlin than he had ever before shown to any private individual. The



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ROOSEVELT TALKS WITH KAISER WILHELM.

drift of the man's artful words was apparent. Roosevelt sensed it; and his reply came promptly and sharply, "My relations with the Kaiser have been exactly the same as with the King of Belgium."

England came last on Roosevelt's list, and his reception there was sympathetic and enthusiastic. He had given his Sorbonne lecture in Paris; and in London he gave his now famous "Guildhall Address." It created great confusion for a time—mainly protest and disapproval—but all that turmoil settled down soon into a reasonable acceptance of the courageous American's reasonable words. He had simply told them that they should hold a tighter rein over their dependency, Egypt. As a discerning Englishman put it, he said, "Govern or go." The recent assassination of Boutros Pasha gave point to his advice. John Bull frowned and blustered a little, annoyed that anybody should advise him about anything; but his good sense prevailed, and very soon he set on foot in Egypt wise, stern measures which probably grew out of Roosevelt's plain words. To illustrate the fitfulness of popular favor and disfavor, I recall the well-known fact that this Guildhall address, which English newspapers made so much fuss about, was not a hasty composition, as some hasty critics hastily declared, but was prepared with great deliberation;

and its main points were laid before Earl Grey and others before it was delivered.

An unexpected and mournful episode in Roosevelt's tour was his attendance of the obsequies of King Edward. The King had died on May 6, and President Taft had directed Roosevelt to act as a representative of the United States at the formal exercises. Much pomp and circumstance characterized the obsequies. Roosevelt and King Edward had been friends, and the death and loss came to our ex-President in a personal way. He bore his part in the sad duties. All the sovereigns of Europe assembled in London to do honor to the illustrious dead. Incidentally, they made calls upon Roosevelt, who was staying at Dorchester House with Ambassador Whitelaw Reid. And he was bored insufferably by much of their privileged and titled dullness.

One of my classmates tells me that long after Roosevelt's return to our shores, the two men were recalling some of the incidents abroad. Said my friend, "There must have been vast crowds in the London streets, when the royal funeral cortège passed, and they were looking for the last time upon their king." "No," replied Roosevelt, with eyes twinkling, "they were engaged, principally, in looking at *me*." The hasty, aerid reader, whose eye falls upon that last sentence, scoffs at its

egotism. But the keener reader smiles, with Roosevelt and my other classmate, and knows that it was absolutely true and is struck by the somewhat mournful humor of it. Roosevelt was so truthful that he dared say even that. He was not spoiled by his unparalleled popularity, but he was not unaware of it. England had pretty well got his measure, if we may cite Rudyard Kipling's words as symptomatic of the national estimate of Theodore Roosevelt.

In a letter which Kipling wrote to Brander Matthews in 1910, he said, "Roosevelt has come and gone and done our state great service. Here you have one single-minded person saying and doing, quite casually, things which ought to set the world planning; instead of which the world says 'Thank you, please do it again.' Take care of him. He is scarce and valuable."

My classmate, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, has told me about a statement of Roosevelt's which serves to bring out one of the rare sides of his many-sided nature. The two friends were talking together one day, and Professor Hart remarked, "You have the reputation, Roosevelt, of being a very astute politician."

This led Roosevelt to say these things. "I don't know or care what they mean by my being 'astute.' The whole thing is simply that I try to find out, at

every step, what is the right thing to do, and then I do it. The difficulty is not *in the doing*, but *in the finding what the right course is.*"

That is not the difficulty with most people. Their difficulty lies in willing and doing the right, after they are reasonably clear as to what it is. But Roosevelt's nature was so tremendously moral, his reaction toward the right, when discerned, was so automatic, that his only difficulty lay in his discernment of the right. And in many of his measures and "policies" — the Panama Canal and the Coal Strike, for examples — this was what gave him power. Once having seen his course clearly, according to his best insight and judgment, he moved toward it promptly and irresistibly.

It was this simple, elemental, moral quality in Roosevelt that deceived — or, rather eluded — his rivals and enemies, through the greater portion of his career. When he said a thing he meant it. But they, by nature or training devotees of indirection, instantly began to cast about for his meaning, and, behold, it was laid there at their very door. "And they call that 'astuteness,'" exclaimed my classmate, with a smile of vast delight.

I am reminded here, as I think of the high honors bestowed on Roosevelt at this period of his life, of the charges of mendacity which were hurled at him by his enemies, at several epochs. This charge

of mendacity interests me, as an analyst of Roosevelt's character. It was a superficial, unscientific estimate, and was usually an outcome of hatred rather than of calm observation. Roosevelt was essentially sincere. His instinct for the truth was like that of the compass needle for the Pole. Yet no normal man of average intelligence but has told lies, great or small, many or few; yet there is rarely any doubt of the standing of a man in his friends' and neighbors' estimation. A man is known as habitually truthful or mendacious, irrespective of any one fact in his record. And Theodore Roosevelt was almost fanatically a truth-lover, in himself, in other people, in words and in deeds. But his personality, his psychology, shows in this,—that he lived intensely in each day or hour, rarely recalling the dead past, and far more concerned with observing and estimating accurately to-day than with recalling his observations and estimates of yesterday. This habit of his played havoc with those tinsel consistencies which so torment your professional politician,—that creature who never puts himself on record if he can avoid it, and often finds it convenient to be absent when a measure is put to vote.

I daringly said something of this sort to my classmate, one afternoon at Oyster Bay; and he took it equably, facetiously, yet approvingly.

"This is what I say to people," I remarked, "who sneer at your Ananias Club and suggest that you make yourself president of it." He laughed. He knew well my absolute, lifelong devotion to him. And he replied, with a hearty laugh, "You specialized in Psychology under William James, in college, I believe."

With the utmost good nature, he spoke; and I answered, "Yes, and I am forever pursuing a post-graduate course in it."

I forgot the exact year of that visit and that bold scalpel-thrust of mine; but I do recall that he was friendly and fascinating. As I was leaving him he asked, in an instinctively lower tone — which I laughed at openly — "Is there anything I can do for you, Gilman?" And my reply was, with a warm grasp of his hand, "Not one thing; nothing, absolutely — except to allow me the continued joy of working to put you in positions of power, where you may go on fighting the good fight for righteousness and truth."

Then it was a bright smile from him and a "Good-by! I've been delighted to have this talk with you."

Still holding that "Ananias Club" theme in mind, I append those eloquent words of Joseph Choate, in his address at the dedication of the

Harvard memorial window in St. Saviour Church (Southwark, London), in May, 1905:

"So considerable have been the contributions of Harvard's sons to the social and intellectual life of our nation that, if all other books and papers were destroyed, our country's history could be fairly reproduced from the Harvard University Catalogue, and from what is known of the lives of the alumni there registered. And if you ask me if she is still true to her ancient watchwords, *Veritas* and *Christo et Ecclesiae*, I can answer that in our own time, in a single quarter of a century, she has sent forth Phillips Brooks to be a pillar of Christ and the Church, and Theodore Roosevelt to be a champion of the Truth."

CHAPTER XV

LAUREL AND CYPRESS

The triumphal tour of the Roosevelt party through Europe drew to an end. And, from what my active, eager classmate wrote and said, it is evident that he had become bored with it before the end. He had enjoyed the novel experience of dwelling in marble halls and talking with titled persons. And he had found that they varied in character and intelligence precisely as did the people whom he had known in his native land,—fellow statesmen or neighbors at Oyster Bay.

The qualities in him which had most appealed to his friends in the several European peerages were his newness and his apparent frankness; previously they had flocked to William Cody, “Buffalo Bill”, admirable type of the American border-scout and manager of the bewildering “Wild West Show.” Roosevelt was simply a later curio to them. But the astute ex-President was by no means as naïve in his frank expressions of opinion as he seemed. Always, behind his daring and flattering frankness, there sat an intelligent estimate of how much direct

statement they could bear. And behind his picturesque speech and frontier stories lay a background of reserve and standards of cultivation quite equal to their own.

So Roosevelt enjoyed it all, with that capacity for enjoyment so marked in him. And then he tired of it; he had sounded the good minds which he had met and had been amused at the foibles of the feebler folk; and now he longed for home and the environment which was native and dear to him.

I know of nothing more like his own impulsive self than his sending from London for Sheriff Seth Bullock. He explained thus, "By this time I felt that I just had to meet my own people, who spoke my neighborhood dialect." That "neighborhood dialect" was stretching it a little. The simple fact was that Roosevelt loved and trusted that fearless, outspoken Black Hills sheriff and always had done so, since the two first met in the Far West, and Seth confessed presently, "Yer see, by yer looks I thought yer wuz some sort of a tin-horn gamblin' outfit, an' I might have ter keep my eye on yer."

Sheriff Bullock and his wife went over, as Roosevelt desired; and the presence of this exponent of the elemental human virtues rested Roosevelt, I think, and made the desired offset to the attentions of dukes and duchesses.

Roosevelt's relations with persons of more rudimentary social training than himself, whether in North Dakota or at Oyster Bay, or during a walk through Rock Creek at Washington, were always interesting to the analytic eye. Charles Washburn recalls a visit which he made to Sagamore Hill after Roosevelt's duties as President had terminated. And Roosevelt remarked, "I am a Democrat and a radical. I like to go to the Lodge (Masonic, not Cabot!) and sit on those hard benches while my cousin's gardener presides."

An exquisite shading of this "democratic" quality in Roosevelt comes out in a story told by Albert Loren Cheney. "At one of Mr. Roosevelt's receptions at Oyster Bay, two members of a reception committee held rather old-fashioned ideas as to conventional dress; and they appeared in plain business suits, while the other members of the committee wore Prince Albert coats and silk hats. The constraint was somewhat noticeable. And when the two men in business suits approached the President, his eyes twinkled, he raised his hands, and exclaimed, 'Here come the aristocrats.' "

On Roosevelt's return to the United States, the popular enthusiasm was boundless. Probably never in the history of our country, during a peaceful period, was so much admiration lavished on a plain citizen. In fact it became hysterical, no less.

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AT THE POLLING-PLACE IN OYSTER BAY.



Crowds thronged about him wherever he went, and evinced their enthusiasm in volleys of cheers. Joseph H. Choate, in a New York letter of June 22, 1910, to his wife, says:

"I was down town, all the afternoon, and, on my way up, I saw a tremendous crowd at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, filling the entire street. As it proved, they were simply waiting for Roosevelt to come out of Scribner's, and when he came out there was a rush and a crush, and a hurrahing as if King George V were coming, so that only with difficulty could he get into his auto; and then it took two blocks before two mounted policemen could get him free of the crowd. All the same, he enjoyed it immensely."

Of course he enjoyed it; but nobody saw better than he the fickleness of extreme popular favor like that. On several occasions, public and private, he spoke of it; he said, "It is hysterical; and when the popularity of a man has reached that stage, it can turn, in an instant, to opposition, antagonism, hate." At a cordial testimonial dinner given him at Sherry's, he said in substance, "On the ocean there are crests of waves, and hollows or troughs between waves. I have reached the crest, and I have enjoyed all. When the hollow comes, I will try to meet it as best I can." He was interrupted

at this point by protests and cheers. But he smiled, shook his head, and repeated his words.

Man of action, of adventure that he was, he was also a scholar. And he knew his history and biography too well to be deluded by the plaudits of the crowd. Doubtless he was familiar with Robert Browning's "Patriot", — "Thus I entered Brescia and thus I go." But this keen analysis of his environment, this relentless facing of facts, did not prevent him from enjoying the sunshine while he had it. And when the shadows came, and the sky darkened, and the faces of men — both chronic foes and apprehensive friends — frowned upon him he still kept his poise, wonderful man that he was; he was dauntless amid the wreckage of his hopes; and nobly, "without capitulation", as Stevenson says, he moved forward over his *Via Dolorosa*.

One of my classmates, a sturdy character, the repository of great wealth and important public duties, said to me excitedly, at our twenty-fifth anniversary, "There is nothing left for us. Life offers nothing to look forward to." "What do you mean, H——?" I asked. And he replied, "Why, this: We, as a class, as a group, by the supreme eminence of our great classmate, have reached the highest point possible in prestige and fame. Any further move must be downward."

His feeling was right, but he was overwrought.

Roosevelt had a similar feeling when he returned from across the sea, with the applause of Europe in his ears, — yet that applause was drowned by the vociferous adulation of his waiting fellow countrymen. But, as so often before, his humor-sense relieved the tension. He said playfully to a friend one day at about this time, "I am like Peary at the North Pole; there is no way for me to travel except south."

In one sense he was correct. From the outer, worldly viewpoint, Roosevelt's course after his return to the United States was downward, "toward the south." But, inwardly, subjectively, judged by those standards by which impartial History measures men, his course was ever upward until the end. And this book, from now on, even more than in previous pages, will aim at naming and translating the high heroic steps of his career.

Mention must be made first of the outward events, the political conditions in which he played his part. But only in a condensed way will they be treated. The supreme question for the analyst of Theodore Roosevelt's complex and phenomenal character is this, — how did he meet those stern events and harsh conditions? What effect did they have upon him? What reactions did he show, as he moved along this dark, rocky defile of ad-

versity, in comparison with his former reactions, when illumined by prosperity and success?

The answer is that through all his later disappointments he abated not one atom of his high idealism and pure, heroic purpose. There are football players upon every college team who play a good game so long as their side is winning. But when the game is going against them, they slacken, they weaken, and sometimes, in desperation, they resort to methods which they would have scorned when they were winning. Roosevelt was not of that base sort. He played as nobly, dauntlessly, heroically in his losing days as ever in the winning days. He remained the same individual, an American citizen of sublime intent, in the Progressive campaign and during his enforced absence from the European battle line, as when he held office at Albany, and in Mulberry Street, and in the White House.

The events and conditions which followed his return from Europe, briefly outlined, are these. He had made Mr. Taft, his friend, President. Not Taft only, but any man of a half dozen that could be named would have been put into the White House had he so directed. Such was his potent popularity among the people; although the Republican bosses made wry faces in their councils as they conceded this fact.

But Roosevelt had misjudged Taft, as often he misjudged men, under the bias of his tumultuous, emotional nature. In cool blood he read men's minds and hearts with piercing accuracy. But when his blood became heated — and it boiled at a low temperature; yet be it added that it cooled with remarkable speed — when heated and excited, his power of sound judgment, as in most men, became inhibited; and he erred. He erred with regard to Taft. He thought that Taft was in entire accord with him, and, sharing his views, would continue his policies. But he was mistaken. And Taft, when left to himself, and especially when left to the influences of his friends, deviated from the Rooseveltian policies and—so Roosevelt believed, on his return from Africa — was working harm to the Republican Party and to the nation.

There is no need of my going into the details of Taft's measures and policies. At the best they are now but dry bones of the dead past. The interesting thing is Roosevelt's character and conduct through this period. Because his leadership of the Progressive Party, and especially his antagonism toward his former friend, are acts which have been hardest for the American people to understand.

Let it be said here that there was no personal strain between Roosevelt and Taft. A report has

gone forth that when Roosevelt set sail from New York, he sent a friendly farewell telegram to Taft, but was grieved or annoyed that Taft did not acknowledge this message for nearly fifteen months. That report is quite unfounded in fact. From personal letters read by me, I know that Taft sent a most friendly letter to Roosevelt just before he sailed. And Roosevelt's telegram to Taft, sent from the steamer, expected no reply and was itself a reply to the friendly Taft letter which I have mentioned. Taft did not write to Roosevelt during the African trip because he did not wish to disturb him in the enjoyment of his well-earned holiday. As he wrote Roosevelt on May 26, 1910, "I did not wish to invite your comment or judgment on matters at long range, or to commit you in respect to issues which you ought perhaps only to reach a decision upon after your return to the United States."

This was all fair and friendly on Taft's part. And Roosevelt, as he came back into American life, had no personal animus toward his successor. Simply, as weeks passed and as he studied existing national and political conditions, and as he read the complaining letters which poured in upon him, he became estranged from at least the policies if not at first the person of the President. Then came the singular, unprecedented message and sum-

mons to him from the "Seven Governors." They urged him, they laid upon him the solemn duty that he oppose Taft's renomination.

Not at once, but after long, careful inquiry and reflection, he heeded this unparalleled summons. His own strengthening conviction was that his duty to the Republican Party and to the country necessitated such a step.

At this point I present portions of an extremely interesting letter written at this time by Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, to a friend. It narrates incidents of a visit made to Judge Grant by Roosevelt, and is written in a personal, confidential manner.

"T. R.'s visit to me was arranged January 23rd (1912), when he wrote asking if it would be convenient for me to put him up, for the night of February 25th (Sunday), as he was coming on to a Harvard Overseers' meeting. He had a standing invitation to stay with me whenever he came to the Overseers' meetings.

"You have already heard of the letter from the seven Governors and of his Columbus speech. . . . Of course that speech had set the country into convulsions, and every one was on tiptoe to know what his answer was to be, though it was generally assumed that 'Barkis was willing.' My house had suddenly become a storm center, not altogether to

my relish, fond as I am of Theodore. All Sunday morning the telephone was kept very busy by newspapers and people who wished to communicate with him, and a small army of reporters had established itself near my house.

"When T. R. arrived, at 3:30, he said he would not see any one until 5:30, and that he wished to tell my wife and me 'all about it.' So he sat down in our library and talked over two hours. At six o'clock he had a short interview with the reporters, downstairs, but gave them no inkling of what his response to the Progressive invitation would be. He told them that his decision would be announced from New York.

"Three friends — invited at his request — came to dinner that evening, and sat with us until half-past eleven, the conversation — an absorbing monologue punctuated by questions — running mainly on the burning topic [the proposed Progressive Party]. Theodore seemed in perfect health. As he was starting upstairs for the night he stretched out his arms and exclaimed, 'I feel fine as silk.' It was just midnight; and with the strenuousity of the day I myself was feeling a trifle jaded.

"Next morning the news was in the newspapers; and our house became — until four o'clock — a political headquarters. I fled to my court duties at nine, but my wife stood by the Penates. The

Colonel had possession of the rooms, downstairs, and visitors were numerous, coming singly and in delegations — some from other states.

"Some of the points which were brought out by our conversation, the evening before, were these. I asked, 'Has not every one of your friends advised you against this step?' He replied that every one had; but that he had deliberated long upon the matter and could not disregard the call made upon him by the seven Governors,—to do so would be cowardice. 'But you will agree that Taft has made a good President, this last year?' I suggested. He acquiesced, without enthusiasm, and added that Taft had left the Republican party in a condition of respectable inactivity. When I suggested that the public would say that he was disloyal to the President, it was evident that this did not disturb him.

"Further, he said that he realized that the probabilities were all against his nomination; that a President in office has all the machinery on his side; but that, of course, it would not do to admit, outside, that he expected to lose. . . . Unquestionably he believes that we are on the brink of a great economic revolution, and that it is better that the Republican party should point the way than that the Socialists should lead. It was manifest that he believed that it was indispensable for the future

good of the Republican party that he should make the breach. When he said as much, I asked: ‘But the situation is complex, I suppose? You would like to be President.’ ‘You are right,’ he replied, ‘it is complex. I like power; but I care nothing to be President as President. I am interested in these ideas of mine and I want to carry them through, and feel that I am the one to carry them through.’ He said that he believed the most important questions to-day were the humanitarian and economic problems, and that reforms were urgent.

“Much as I admire him, I feel as if he has made an unnecessary mistake which threatens to be his Waterloo. And yet at the same time, I am so in sympathy with his desire for social justice that I am likely to be classed as one of his supporters. But I feel a little as if a Baby had been left on my doorsteps.”

Here I take up that most nearly insoluble problem in Roosevelt’s career,—his break with Taft. It is not really insoluble, not actually incomprehensible, but complicated and intelligible only as one grasps the “springs of action” in Roosevelt’s nature. Often I have heard people say, “I admire Roosevelt in all particulars except one. I cannot understand — or forgive — his going back on Taft, his friend.”

That statement argues well for the sound, wholesome heart of the speaker, but reveals that speaker's misapprehension of Roosevelt's mental and moral make-up. His affections were strong but his moral sense was even stronger. He felt deeply the call of friendship, but his devotion to duty, to right and truth as he understood them, was phenomenal, even fanatical. And the change of attitude which he underwent toward Taft he would have undergone toward his closest of kin, even toward a member of his own beloved family, under similar conditions.

That stand, taken by Roosevelt against Taft, was either fanaticism or it was exalted patriotism. Call it, then, which you will. But I have stated the psychology, the ethics of it, as it appears to me.

One of Roosevelt's striking acts at this period, while his possibilities as the Republican candidate were pending, was his Columbus, Ohio, speech, on February 21, 1912. In that speech he set forth his now well-known measure, the "Recall of Judicial Decisions." Reports of this measure — in a distorted, incorrect form, the "Recall of Judges" — spread quickly over the whole country; and it aroused much sharp opposition; it was held to be revolutionary and anarchic. As a "Recall of Judges" it would indeed have been very radical; but it was only a recall of *their decisions*. And

such a recall — as Roosevelt wrote me personally — should come only after giving the people several months in which to reach a cool, calm opinion.

Taking this Columbus speech in this, its real and moderate form, it interests me in two ways. First, it was an astonishing act of courage or defiance; Roosevelt must have known that it would arouse the entire legal profession and thousands of other persons against him. Second, I see in this “Recall of Judicial Decisions”, this check and correction laid upon the courts, a consistent expression of Roosevelt’s life-long distrust of legal prestige and power. All through his life — at least after his brief study of law in his uncle’s office — he distrusted the absolute authoritative integrity of the legal profession. He numbered many trained attorneys among his friends, but his distrust lay rooted under all, nourished by his experiences with New York courts. Further, his plea for the “Recall” expressed his profound democratic belief in the authority of the body of the people over against any class or privilege. He was the most consistent, democratic Republican that this country ever produced.

So he made his daring, consistent, conscientious “suicidal” speech, which further included the radical but less inflammatory suggestions of the Initiative and the Referendum, and took what came of it.

What came of it was the renomination of William Howard Taft by the bosses, sometimes called the "Old Guard", of the Republican Party.

The "Old Guard", posing as the Republican Party, ruled out unmanageable Theodore Roosevelt, who could have swept the country as the Republican nominee; but it failed to elect its candidate; and it threw the election to the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson. Thus the bosses of the Republican Party split that party through their own jealousy and greed of power, when they might have steered it to victory. The final vote proved this. The election of November 5, 1912, gave the result: about fifteen million votes were cast; Wilson received about six million; Roosevelt about four million, and Taft about three million. If the total votes for Roosevelt and Taft had been thrown as one vote for Roosevelt as a Republican candidate, he would have been elected by over a million votes; but the Republican bosses would then have lost their control, even as they actually lost it by the election of Wilson.

As soon as it became clear that Roosevelt had been shut out of the Republican nomination, which the party as a whole desired for him — shut out of it by meticulous and even perverted applications of legal technicalities and precedents, in the Convention — then the Progressive Party began to

take fuller form. And it held its convention at Chicago on August 5.

Two impressions I give, concerning that remarkable assembly, out of the many equally vivid ones which press for utterance. First, I recall the marked moral and even religious character of that Convention, contrasting strongly with the adroit manipulation and smooth, steam-roller action which had prevailed at the Republican convention. Those Progressive delegates may or may not have been in error, but at least that convention never was surpassed, in its high idealistic quality, by any political gathering in history, ancient or modern.

And there, among those highly wrought individualists, the delegates — where the "lunatic fringe" was often plainly in view as they conferred and debated over that bone of contention, the platform of the new party — among them moved Roosevelt, calmest and steadiest of them all, a miracle of self-possession, with the fires of his heart banked into submission, leading his almost frenzied followers to a goal of agreement and a harmony of purpose. As one of the California Progressives said, "Only the courage, tact, and steadiness of Colonel Roosevelt prevented a smash-up. There was almost hysteria in the ranks, due to overwork and insomnia. But Roosevelt, who

had worked harder and slept less than any of them, kept also the coolest head."

That testimony is significant as bearing upon the question of the mental health, the sanity, of our great leader. For the charge of mental derangement was one of the several shallow, ridiculous charges brought against him by superficial critics and desperate enemies. An alienist of good repute in New England published at this period an article which, without using Roosevelt's name openly, was an evident and savage attack upon him, and set forth proofs of his mental unsoundness at great length. One of the leading newspapers in Boston declined to print the fallacious article, but another accepted it. This unjust attack was only one of numerous onslaughts made on Roosevelt's condition and capacity. But, through them all, as through a shower of missiles, that brave man strode on, with a soundness and steadfastness which was not like that of a broad-based, commonplace earthen jar, but like the elasticity and vitality of a wind-scorched, pliant sapling, bending and often seeming to yield, but ever regaining its vertical poise, the poise of health and strength.

Apropos of the methods used in the Republican Convention of 1912 at Chicago, I will quote my classmate, Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of

Government at Harvard University. He was a delegate-at-large to the Convention.

"In the Chicago Convention, all the evidence obtainable showed that a majority of the Republican voters, the country over, preferred Roosevelt; while the majority of the delegates elected preferred Taft. Had Roosevelt started in a month earlier, he would have secured about twenty more delegates; and, in the judgment of many people on the ground, that addition of twenty on one side and their subtraction from the other side would have turned the scale. The decision was really made by the southern delegates, who personally inclined to Roosevelt, but were chosen by methods which put them into the hands of the other side.

"By a close vote, the Taft forces got control of the machinery of the Convention. The Roosevelt men made it their business to show that there was a strong body of Roosevelt supporters who would vote for him to the last. Hence the unceasing volume of cheers and demonstrations. The management was so exasperated that Chairman Root, by a ruling absolutely contrary to all the precedents of the Republican Convention, held that no member could be present and decline to vote; and thereby subtracted two votes from the Massachusetts delegation, which was tied. The Roosevelt delegates felt that the will of the party had been

scandalously disregarded and most of them welcomed the ‘Bolt’ as the only means of protecting popular government.”

After the Progressive nomination was given Roosevelt, amid an enthusiasm never transcended in history, came the campaign for the November election. In that campaign I bore my humble part. It is difficult, in these discreet and cautious days, to find men who were Progressives in those glorious days of 1912. There is a singular ignorance of it, often in quarters where it was supposed to have taken deep root and flourished. All men to-day who lay claim to at least average intelligence, affirm the greatness of the leader of that splendid protest against machine rule. But not all of whom I would have expected it are ready to avow their old-time sharing in that reform movement. Therefore let me here make it clear that I was a Progressive, and by pen and tongue and purse gave all the aid I could to put our “Greatest American citizen” into our “greatest seat of power”, — the White House. Bearing in mind Mr. Dooley’s piquant sketch entitled, “Alone in Cubia”, I emulate him in his charming disregard of arithmetical accuracy, and I declare, with a smile, that at least one other hat — mine — was “in the ring” with Roosevelt’s.

Seriously, recalling the events of 1912, I do not find that

“The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.”

On the contrary, I look back upon that thrilling period as through a rainbow arch of beauty. The old days of romance and sentiment, the days of crusades and holy quests, seemed to have come again. This old brown earth, though old, was not sterile, and had produced in our time one who rivaled King Arthur and Richard the Lion-hearted. We sought to tear Wrong from the throne and Truth from the scaffold, but in vain, at least largely in vain. The will of the people, a people who believed itself self-governed, was thwarted; and the will of a half-dozen political bosses, misarrying, set a man in the White House, who — to use my illustrious classmate's own words — was “not an idealist, but a selfish, dishonest politician.”

One of the “high lights” of that glorious Progressive campaign was the startling yet heartening episode of the attack on Roosevelt, at Milwaukee, by an insane man, Sehrank. At once the broad, deep sympathy of a whole nation went out nobly toward the victim of the bullet. Then our Progressive hearts throbbed proudly as we read how

splendidly our leader had met that dreadful experience. Dauntless he was, in deed as in word; no stage hero he; no sonorous orator he, like Cicero, whose recreant legs bore him safely away from the tumults which his golden voice had raised; but an earnest man with a message to his nation and ready to die in the endeavor to deliver that message. We devotees could not love him more, but we hoped that the incident would reveal his noble quality more fully to the nation at large.

About a year after this shooting outrage, I was visiting my classmate at Oyster Bay. As we sat in return, took my key at once — as he so easily did, on your mantel, thinking I might see Schrank's flattened bullet there, in a vial." My host smiled in return, took my key at once—as he so easily did, with people he trusted — and replied, "I haven't put that missile up on exhibition yet. I may sometime. But now I've got it safe here —" smiting his big, full chest a mighty blow — "It's safe enough, anyway. And it's mine, all mine, too."

Little wonder it was that the popular mind was much confused and misled, in those heated campaign days, about the Progressive candidate. Ninety-eight per cent. of the newspapers of the country were against him. Many editorial writers believed what they wrote, but many did not. I knew one who wrote against him for months, but

on the wall of that man's bedroom hung a photograph of Theodore Roosevelt; and one of his newspaper companions declared that he said his prayers to it. Such was the power of the counting-room and such was the insistence of household needs.

Among the wild, absurd, impossible canards that flew about in those exciting days, I know of nothing more ludicrously extreme than this. I was called to my telephone one evening, and a friend, a fellow Progressive, spoke to me. Said he, "A business man of my acquaintance, from Georgia, is here in Boston. He tells me that in his city this story is generally believed; namely, that at a banquet there recently, Roosevelt was a guest, that he drank to excess, and that after all guests had left the dining hall, Roosevelt slipped back into it and drained the dregs of several wine glasses."

My friend, over the telephone, began to follow up this grotesque and ghastly lie with apologies for taking my time with it. But I broke in with a half-hearted laugh, which he gladly echoed. "Of course it's a lie," I said. And he responded, "There couldn't be a bigger one."

So extreme was the antagonism toward Roosevelt at that period, so completely did it inhibit sound judgment and common sense.

At several meetings of Progressive leaders, the

untrue, libelous attacks by newspapers were discussed and lawsuits were suggested but were not brought. Roosevelt himself was fully aware of all these scurrilous attacks, and they irritated him appreciably. But he did nothing about them — except to give the lie to the more nearly respectable of them — and then, after the contest was over, and the country, with that remarkable equilibrium which characterizes it, settled quickly into place and peace, then Roosevelt, having fought the lions and nobler beasts of the campaign, turned his attention to the hyenas and jackals who had hung on the trail of the nobler animals. He picked out a typical case of libel; an editor of a newspaper in Michigan had declared in print that Roosevelt got drunk frequently. Roosevelt brought a suit against the wretched man, trial by jury came on, lasted one week, and a verdict was returned, in Roosevelt's favor, for the nominal sum of six cents. This was the result which he had desired, complete vindication without doing too much harm to the loose-tongued, contemptible culprit.

In trying to explain to myself the scandalous rumors about drunkenness which Roosevelt's enemies — and even shallow friends — encouraged, especially during the heated Progressive campaign, I have recalled my classmate's excited manner in conversation and at dinner parties; and I have

seen that a casual observer, noting his eager, animated speech and gestures, and noting, for instance, wine glasses in general use, might easily have been led to associate the two facts and to say that in Roosevelt the wine caused the animation. But such a judgment as that would have been foundationless. It was his own eager spirit that gave animation to his words and actions. A classmate said this to me recently, "Theodore was the most abstemious of men. He didn't know the difference between whisky and gin. I have sat at public and private dinners with him often. He didn't care what he ate or drank. His great interest was intellectual, moral, and humane questions. If I had invited him and a half-dozen other friends to dine, and my cook had failed me, I would have worried less about Theodore than about any of the other guests."

There is another enlightening explanation of the wicked, absurd rumors about intoxication which John Leary gives. "I was with Roosevelt and other friends at Oyster Bay, just after the trial of the Michigan editor. Our host passed around the cigars, remarking that he could not vouch for them because he did not smoke, but that Leonard Wood gave them to him and Wood knew. Somebody then asked Roosevelt if he ever smoked. And his reply touched the drinking scandal. 'Often,

when I have declined a cigar, my friend has asked lightly, "And what are your bad habits?" and I have replied, in a similar mood, Prize fighting and strong drink. Now it happens', continued Roosevelt, 'that the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, elected to create some persons with whom it is never safe to joke — solemn asses who lack a sense of humor. One of those persons to whom I made that jocular remark said to somebody else, "Roosevelt I have heard drinks hard." And that other fool confirmed it: "Yes, I know he does; he told me so himself." And so the story went on its travels.'"

I fear that we Progressives were more or less made up like that groping company in Adullam's cave. So kind, sad friends told us often. But not wholly; probably only the "fringe" was "lunatic." Not all the members of that gallant company could be described as "in distress or in debt or discontented." The "Mighty Three" must not be forgotten, they of the dauntless, deathless loyalty. Many there were among us of that strain. And they fought and hoped — yes, and prayed — for they knew that their cause was just. But "The children of darkness are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." And victory was denied those devoted crusaders, while Truth crept sorrowfully back upon his scaffold and Wrong vaulted gayly to his unmerited throne.

The defeat at the polls was hard for most of us to accept, especially as we were convinced that the people as a whole had desired Theodore Roosevelt to be their President. As for Roosevelt himself, if he was borne down by the defeat, even temporarily, few saw evidence of it. Perhaps we loyal followers overestimated the burden of his disappointment. But he had been, through the eager, anxious months, our mighty Atlas, bearing up our world, and we felt deep gratitude and longed to spare him all we could.

When one takes into the account Roosevelt's wonderful dynamic equation, his combative personality, his always joyous championship of justice and truth, irrespective of results, the conclusion is naturally reached that he by no means regretted his attempt at reform of party weakness and boss tyranny, and he might easily have paraphrased and cheerfully repeated the trite old lines, "'Tis better to have fought and lost, than never to have fought at all."

In a recent conversation with James Ford Rhodes, he spoke thus of Theodore Roosevelt. "I knew him through many years, and always I recognized him as a great man. He was our greatest President since Lincoln. And he was the most bookish man we ever had in the White House, despite all the emphasis he put on sports and out-

door life. He had rare powers of insight; and he could almost foresee coming events. A consistent man he seemed to me, too, despite the changes in his views which have sometimes misled people's judgments of him. He grew steadily, all through his career; that growth explained his changes in opinion. His transparent honesty and sincerity was a winning quality. To this quality — and a physical and moral courage which could never be questioned — he added a large intelligence and a rare power of combining ideas into cohesive thought. Lincoln and Washington were his ideals."

When I mentioned the Progressive Party, with Roosevelt as its leader, Mr. Rhodes shook his head. "I doubt if Roosevelt acted wisely in that," said he.

I responded cheerfully that I believed that he had done exactly the brave though partly unsuccessful thing which needed to be done.

CHAPTER XVI

VALIANT FOR TRUTH

I come now to the last chapter of this interpretation of the character of Theodore Roosevelt. And, as I glance back over the pages already written, I see that I am ending where Virgil began: it is *arma virumque cano*; and would that I had the inspired pen to chant, in rhythmic strophes, the epic of his dauntless, consecrated life. He was armor-clad, sword in hand, a "Happy Warrior." He was an ethical idealist, — not in words, merely, but in daring deeds and sustained industry, enduring privations and accepting vicissitudes. Dauntless in the face of danger, generous in the hour of victory.

Roosevelt's moral idealism, attested by his every deed, is what most commands my admiration and devotion. This element in a great leader's character is what determines his lasting fame before that mighty court — supreme over all other courts — World Opinion. The world may be dazzled for a time by the unscrupulous meteor-like career of a Napoleon Bonaparte or a Frederick the Great;

but it places in its permanent Pantheon of exaltation only such steadfast, star-like idealists as Abraham Lincoln, Chinese Gordon, Francis of Assisi, Georges Clemenceau and Theodore Roosevelt.

As I pass and repass over the incidents of his life, shaping and reshaping my conceptions of him, I hold all to be true of him that I have previously affirmed; but now, nearing the end, I exclaim: "How wonderfully and ceaselessly this man developed under the schooling of life!" No one preëminent quality in him made him great. He had the ordinary faculties possessed by his fellow men — will, memory, insight, patience, courage — only he had them in an extraordinary degree, each highly developed, none rudimentary, an assemblage of qualities essentially human but so fully developed in him that he was not merely "Man"; but as Oscar Straus declared to me, with conviction and repetition, "He was superman."

His chosen field of study, in college days as afterward, was not political economy or sociology or government, but it was a cross-section of all these which we might call "Applied Morals", morality applied to life, worked out in individuals and groups. No abstractions pleased him; but righteousness in terms of tenement houses, sweatshops, corporations, courts, criminals, wages,

trusts,—all these problems, with their human interest, called upon his insight and judgment and courage. And among these conditions and forces, as on a battlefield among cohorts and battalions, he fought joyously, gloriously, and life to him was a boon and a blessing.

It might seem that at this point in his life, having filled acceptably such high public offices and having made such a triumphal tour abroad, he would find few interests left him during his waning years. Indeed, he said this very thing to me, at Sagamore Hill one day: “I am through, I fancy, with the active part of my life. Henceforth the place for a man of my age is the hearth-side and with the grandchildren.” But his eyes were bright, even as he said this, and his expression was playful, and I knew that the lion in him would rouse easily and instantly, on challenge.

This playful plea of my strenuous classmate was only the merest pretence. He knew himself well and knew that “the call of the wild” would be potent over him to the end of his days. Theodore Roosevelt, with his frank, direct nature, was very unlike the “Wily Odysseus” of ancient Greek tradition. But he had many points in common with Tennyson’s “Ulysses.” As I read that poem, I come to the line,

"I cannot rest from travel. I will drink
Life to the lees. . . ."

And I am reminded of our illustrious, active American. He was eager to explore new regions of the earth; he desired to experience every human emotion. Hence, in 1913, when the opportunity came to travel into the wilderness of South America, he accepted it. It was an expedition fraught with perils and privations, at its best; and, in his case, it exhausted him and took years from his life. This he knew well and admitted, on his return. And thousands of saddened friends, in 1918, said to one another, "But for that deadly trip into the wilds of Brazil, our 'Greatest American' could become our President in 1920."

The original object of the expedition was the securing of flora and fauna from the central plateau of Brazil. Roosevelt's great interest in natural history made this prospect extremely attractive. But, at Rio Janeiro, the Brazilian Minister suggested that Colonel Roosevelt join in with the plans of Colonel Rondon, an experienced Brazilian explorer, and trace the course of a slightly known river, the Rio da Duvida (River of Doubt). This plan was carried out.

A detailed account of the vicissitudes of this deadly trip has been written out by Roosevelt in a book, "Through the Brazilian Wilderness." The

wonder is that any one of the Roosevelt party survived the exhausting experiences. All of them were in bad condition when they returned to New York, and the leader himself, at that time fifty-five years old, was manifestly at low ebb.

An interesting and very "human" incident which occurred on Roosevelt's journey from New York City down to Oyster Bay has been given me by Charles K. Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum. After the train had started from New York, Roosevelt was told that a considerable number of fellow townsmen had come up to the city in order to travel back with him and shake hands with him. He was in a very fatigued and even weakened condition; but, on learning this, he started on a tour through the train and greeted every friend. He ended this wearying little tour in the baggage car, where he sat down to rest on a trunk. Presently he asked a friend, who was standing near him, if he could get him a glass of water. This was done speedily. Just as he was about to drink, a little dog, who was fastened as "baggage" at the end of the car, whined a plaintive request for some of that water.

Instantly Roosevelt noted the thirsty little animal's need and wish, carried the glass of water over to the animal, drank half of it, and gave the eager little creature the remainder.

It was a characteristic act. He, the hunter of big game, who had killed lions and bears and many savage beasts, never lost that tender sympathy with petted dogs and horses which always characterized at least three Roosevelt generations. Savage, man-eating beasts of forest and jungle were quite different, in Colonel Roosevelt's estimation, from the loving, trusting, dependent animals of the household whom we make our pets.

A disastrous enterprise the Brazilian trip had proved to be. "The River of Doubt"—now called by official order Rio Teodoro—had been discovered, but at too great a cost. Roosevelt, after manifesting the most inflexible courage and fortitude, came back to civilization sick and enfeebled, and with at least a decade of years cut out of his life. But such years as he had remaining he filled with acts of the finest fiber of American citizenship. After a few months of rest and recuperation, he rose nearly to his former level of efficiency,—or outwardly appeared to. Then came the challenge to his lion-like nature,—his beloved country's great need of leadership in the days when Germany was threatening the rest of the world and the man in the White House was elaborating his "watchful waiting." "Waiting?" For what? Waiting for an indignant, humane nation to force him into a righteous war.

President Wilson's apologists urge that he could not safely and wisely have moved toward war "until he had the country behind him." But the reply to that plaintive, dove-like cooing is that had he been a real leader, he could have led them to action a year before they reached it,—dragging him along with them. Had Theodore Roosevelt been President he would have been a real leader; he would have brought the people—by speeches and proclamations—a year earlier to that goal of just and valorous knight-errantry toward which, unaided from the White House, they were blindly groping their way.

Lyman Abbott—perspicacious man—said to me anent the Mexican internal troubles, just then under full headway, "If Theodore Roosevelt were President he would settle and quiet Mexico in one month. Such is his power of stimulating leadership." And the same principle would have held true of the vastly larger, more complex World War.

While the pacifistic occupant of the White House dallied with his obvious duty and the people became more and more impatient at his indifference and timidity, Roosevelt busied himself, day and night, by tongue and pen, in voicing the rising tide of popular demand that we take part in the defense of justice, freedom, and world-civilization.

Although many Pacifists and pro-Germans raised a hue and cry against his efforts, Roosevelt became steadily the incarnated demand of the American people for righteous participation in the war.

In this voicing of the wish and will of the people, Roosevelt was much aided by his confidential relations with the newspaper men of the country. John Leary, Jr., has given us a very interesting chapter on the singularly intimate terms on which Roosevelt lived with the reporters or correspondents of the great New York dailies. They hung about him at Oyster Bay, even in his days of defeat, like a guard of honor. They knew, with a newspaper man's instinct, that although he was under the shadow of official disapproval, yet, as a private citizen, he stood foremost in the country, and his influence was more potent than that of any other man.

By their tact and intelligence and admiration, those reporters knew how to adjust themselves to the sometimes imperious yet always generous, tender will of the man about whom they gathered. They formed a brilliant little coterie and liked to think of themselves as a "newspaper cabinet", after the fashion of the intimate "Tennis Cabinet" of former days at Washington.

All through his life Roosevelt, more than any known public man, had depended on newspaper

men; through them, treated squarely, he had been able to thwart the wiles of party leaders and make himself understood by the "Plain People", — his real source of power. He always established trustful and even affectionate relations with them. He was once a guest of the Illinois Bar Association at a dinner. Several of the members of the "newspaper cabinet" followed him, but were kept outside. When, half through the dinner, he learned that they were not allowed to be present, he left the table and joined them in the grill of the hotel, remaining there much longer than the presiding officer of the dinner wished.

But the incident — and others like it — bound him and the newspaper men over the whole country closely together, even though many of those men, at times, were compelled to conceal their sympathies.

The genuine affection in which that "cabinet" — picked men — at Oyster Bay held him was evinced at the sad end, when they learned that he had died. John Leary gives the tender touch to that situation, thus:

"The taxicab driver was taking two reporters back to the station from Sagamore Hill, on the day when its master left it on his last journey. 'Brace up, Phil!' said one. 'We'll soon be in town. Pull yourself together!' 'Shut up, you fool!' blubbered

the other. ‘‘You’re crying just as hard as I am.’’

During the highly wrought ante-war period, aided by the more independent newspapers, Roosevelt—it has been said by competent judges—did a greater work than when in the presidential chair. He was tireless in summoning the nation to rise from its ease and lethargy and to heed its conscience and its heart, as the continued tyrannies and atrocities of Europe were reported in this country. Through it all, with Pacifists and pro-Germans synchronizing in their extremely militant demands for peace, he kept on his way. He was again in battle, this warrior, and he was happy, yet anxious withal. His faith in the American people—true democrat that he was—never really failed.

Julian Street gives a few flashing lines of comment worth remembering. “Well may we be thankful that Roosevelt lived to see his profound faith in us justified, lived long enough to see us take up arms, in answer to his repeated calls, to see us quit the life of ease for that of strenuous endeavor. That the poison of Pacifism did not ruin our nation was due largely to the fact that we had Theodore Roosevelt as an anti-toxin.”

When, after a laggard year had dragged itself along, came the declaration of war, April 6, 1917, not many days elapsed before Roosevelt made his

suggestion of sending across a regiment or even a division of men made up of former Rough Riders and similar men — all over the draft age — with expenses paid by private subscription, with equipment furnished by the Allies, and thus not conflicting with the plans of the regular army. He was to go with it, but not as its commander. There, as in the Spanish War, his good sense and modesty showed.

Everything looked favorable. Men volunteered for this division by hundreds, and a quota could easily have been raised. But — the President did not favor it. Senator Warren G. Harding placed a resolution before the Senate, in harmony with Roosevelt's suggestion. It passed the Senate and hung, for a time, in the House; but eventually it passed. But — the President would not sign it. He said that it would interfere with the plans of the regular army. A flimsy reason.

Roosevelt, eager, anxious to take part in the great world conflict, humbled himself to the seeking of an interview with the President in the White House. In vain. "Had I said to a man what Wilson said to me," remarked Roosevelt afterward, "it would have meant a permission. But it was Wilson who said it, and Wilson is — well, I don't know."

That was Wilson's evasiveness. "Being by na-

ture and inclination secretive"—as ex-Secretary Lansing has expressed it—he left the matter cloudy, in Roosevelt's eager, anxious mind. Then came those ominous, terrible words of Roosevelt's, as cited by Leary, "It is the regret of my life that I am not permitted to serve. Had I been permitted to go across, there need not have been any fear felt as to political glory to be reaped by me, *for I would never have come back.*"

That awful statement meant that he knew his limited resources of health and strength, and he intended to give all—yes, consecrate and expend himself in this enterprise, and die on a European battlefield—in behalf of world-justice and a righteous peace.

Such an avowal of martyr-purpose would not mean, from some men, all that it meant from Roosevelt. But we know him, and we know that he would have carried out his intention. It makes me recall by contrast the prophetic words of my friend, Judge Marcus P. Knowlton, regarding Wilson in the beginning of Wilson's presidential term: "We must not expect the highest things of Mr. Wilson." And we learned that. In pain and sorrow, in regret and despair, we learned it. But with Roosevelt we learned to expect the highest, the heroic things. And our dauntless leader never failed us.

But that humiliating personal and hopeless appeal to the autocrat of the White House marks for me the nadir of my classmate's adversity and pain. Think not that he would have made that appeal for any personal gain. To die were easier. But for his country's fair fame, for the rescue of civilization in Europe—for the welfare of the world—for all these he bowed himself and became a suppliant. In vain.

As a document bearing very directly and personally upon this period in Roosevelt's career, I offer a letter of recent date, written to me by Frederick H. Allen, my classmate and Roosevelt's.

New York, March 24, 1921.

My dear Gilman:

I have just received your letter regarding your "Life of Roosevelt" and am very glad to answer it.

You will recollect that Congress, shortly after the declaration of war, on April 6th, 1917, passed a resolution to allow the formation of a volunteer force not to exceed one hundred thousand men. This resolution was passed for the purpose of permitting Roosevelt to organize this force. This, with the aid of a staff of workers, his friends, was almost complete and hundreds were enrolling every day. What was lacking was the permission of the President to make it a recognized body, and a part of the army.

Mr. Roosevelt had tried in vain to get this permission from the President; and he finally asked me, as his friend and as a life-long Democrat and

one who had been active in Mr. Wilson's election, and who was in somewhat close touch with the Administration, to go to Washington to see if I could not secure this permission. He authorized me to say that if he should be permitted to get up an army corps, that the President could appoint the commander of the corps, the commanders of divisions, and that he would be the eighth brigadier, in command merely of a brigade.

I went to Washington and saw Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, and told him what Mr. Roosevelt had said. He demurred at the idea, on the ground that this war should be carried on by the regular officers of the army, and stated that the organization of the armies should be carried through on the lines laid down by the General Staff and the regular officers, and did not think it well that a volunteer force should be got together. I said to him that it seemed to me that the question was a broader one and should not be considered from the stand-point of the General Staff and regular officers of the army alone. That the country was not yet awakened to the seriousness of the war, that its enthusiasm had not yet been aroused, and that it would not only be a great help to the country to secure the eager support of Roosevelt and his ardent admirers and friends, but that I felt, from the Democratic Party point of view, it would be a very helpful thing to enlist this enthusiastic support and aid for the Democratic Administration and for the furtherance of its policies in the prosecution of the war. Besides, as commander of a brigade, Mr. Roosevelt's position would only be one in which he would be directed to carry out orders and in no way be one in which he would

have any influence upon the plans or strategy of a campaign.

I saw, however, from Mr. Baker's non-committal replies, that the cards had been stacked against Roosevelt, and that there was little hope of success. However, in order to do all I could and in order to get my views promptly before the President, I got Admiral Grayson, the President's personal physician, who saw him every day and who is an old friend of mine, to lunch with me; and I set forth the arguments that I had stated to Mr. Baker, and told him what I considered to be Mr. Baker's attitude, and that I wanted him to make a personal appeal to the President regarding the question; and he promised immediately to do so, and told me further that he agreed with me.

I returned to New York, and promptly saw Roosevelt and told him of my interviews, but that I felt there was no hope of success. That Mr. Baker had merely "rubber stamped" the views of the Administration and the General Staff; and so it proved to be.

After my appointment with the Naval Aviation in August, and shortly before sailing for France, I went to say good-by to Roosevelt; and, almost with tears in his eyes, he congratulated me upon the wearing of the uniform which had been his heart's desire. I never saw him again, as he died before I returned to this country. I still believe that had he been allowed to organize the corps which he wished to do, that it would have resulted in our getting into action in France much more promptly than we did, in effective force; for most of the men enrolled by him had already had

more or less military training and could have been promptly shipped overseas.

This part of my classmate's letter, bearing upon Wilson's autocratic and probably jealous action, needs no comment. The letter goes on interestingly, thus:

In the Spring of 1917, General Stepanek, then Major Stepanek, who was one of a committee of three, consisting of President Mazarik, Mr. Benes and himself, whose headquarters were in Paris, and who represented all the elements in Czechoslovakia opposed to the Central powers, came out to this country for the purpose of organizing a volunteer force of Czechoslovaks to go over to France to fight. He brought letters to me and I took him down to Washington, first to the State Department, where we saw various gentlemen and where little but a vague knowledge seemed to exist as to the attitude of the Czechoslovaks towards the war, and the reasons why so many of them had deserted and gone over to the enemy, and were in opposition to the Central powers, and they seemed in Washington to be rather suspicious of these people as citizens of an enemy power.

We were told that the Government did not wish to have bodies of Italian-American, Franco-American or American Czechoslovak troops, but that all citizens, no matter of what descent, should be organized into a national American army. This difficulty was finally overcome by granting permits to Czechoslovaks, whether citizens or not, to go to France as civilians, where they were afterwards organized as troops. However, prior to accom-

plishing this, I got Roosevelt to meet General Stepanek and myself at the Harvard Club, and instead of having to set forth detailed explanations as we had had to do in Washington, the historic and other reasons for the disaffection of Czechoslovakia, we immediately saw that Mr. Roosevelt knew the history of the country, the history of its coming under the Austrian crown, the difficulties the people had always had in their relations with the Austrian Empire, and the reasons why the great majority of the people took the position they did in opposition to Austria in the war. No explanations were necessary with him, such as we had to make in Washington.

Very truly yours,

Frederick H. Allen.

During this period of Wilson's "watchful waiting" our country was sinking steadily in the esteem and good-will of the entire world. Our nation was in a ferment of unrest and shame. The best elements of our people were increasingly desirous of throwing our strength — sadly and criminally unprepared though we were — on the side of the Allies as soon as possible. At this time, while visiting friends in Stockbridge, I made an afternoon call upon Joseph H. Choate. That brilliant diplomat, rich in honors, proved as always a most cordial and entertaining host. Conversing about current affairs, I recall that he said, "I receive a good many visits here from many kinds of people, many of them men from other countries. And, from all that

I can gather, we are the most hated people on the face of the earth." This he said with that blending of humor and truth for which he was famous. A few moments later, as he asked me questions, it transpired that I spoke of being a college classmate of Roosevelt's; and I added, "I admire and love that man."

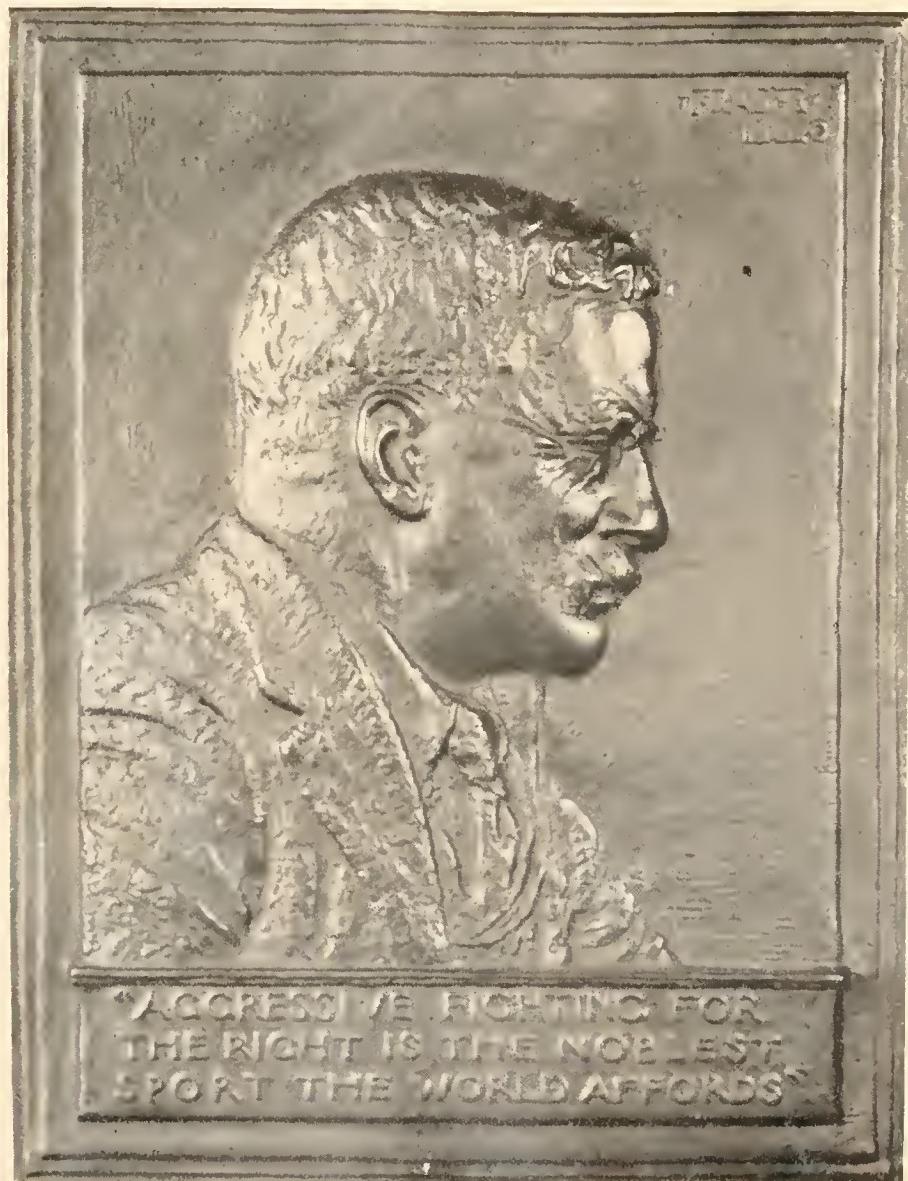
Instantly a mischievous smile spread over his expressive countenance; and, laying his friendly hand on my shoulder to counteract the sharpness of his words, he called out to his wife, in an adjoining room, "Do come in here, Mabel! Here's a man who really admires Roosevelt." But this was only a bit of play; and he said, immediately afterward, some wise, kind words about our then unpopular Progressive leader.

The tide of popular favor, however, was then at its lowest ebb. The country — influenced not a little by Wilson's hesitancy and procrastination — was giving more and more sympathetic heed to Roosevelt's exhortations. And Mr. Choate, like many other excellent citizens, altered his attitude appreciably toward that man who was really, in those days of impatience and shame, our country's leader, its uncrowned king. "*Autres temps, autres moeurs*", says the adage. "Opinions alter with the years", we may translate it. And one of the most striking changes in opinion and attitude that I

know was this: During the warring days of the Progressive campaign, my illustrious classmate—talking with that rare and charming, but dangerous, freedom of his—said to me, “I have many enemies; but the bitterest enemy I have is Winthrop Murray Crane.” I could not forget that statement. Fancy my feeling, therefore, as I sat in a Roosevelt Memorial Association meeting in Symphony Hall, Boston, in the autumn of 1920, and heard, after the speaking, announcements of checks given and moneys pledged to the Memorial Fund; and the first check which was read was “One thousand dollars from Winthrop Murray Crane.” Times had changed assuredly. Just how much and in what ways they had changed, I will not affirm. I make my statement of facts and leave it.

Roosevelt, the many-sided man of wide interests and broad sympathies, always kept in friendly touch with the magazine world. From 1908 to 1914 he was connected with the *Outlook* magazine. He was free to express his own opinions in its columns on any topic, over his name. This he did, yet he was open to suggestions and frequently altered his statements and modified his opinions, as some friend gave him new light on a subject.

In 1914, he became associated with the *Metropolitan* magazine. As previously mentioned in these pages, I had the great pleasure of sitting be-



FRAZIER'S BRONZE BAS-RELIEF OF ROOSEVELT.

side him at his desk one forenoon — the competent and devoted Miss Josephine Stricker, his secretary, being a third — and listened to scores of letters which had come to him, and listened also to the tactful, sympathetic replies which he dictated. The *mot* is told of him, in this connection, that he found certain critical people hard to please. "If I go down from my office or come up to it, in the front elevator, they say that I am ostentatious. And if I go or come in the rear elevator, they say that I am secretive."

At this period, and later, he wrote many editorials for the *Kansas City Star*. Through these various channels and by numberless speeches — he was incessantly in demand — he carried on his patriotic leadership of the best thought of the nation. Together with all this public activity ran purely and happily the parallel current of his private home life. His work for the nation did not prevent him from meeting, with great wisdom and matchless fidelity, the demands upon him of his nearest of kin. The same lofty key of family life at Sagamore Hill was kept throughout its master's life. Mr. Bishop gives, in a letter, a story which is striking but in no way exceptional, as to the high quality of the home life of the Roosevelt family.

During Roosevelt's tour in Europe on his return

from Africa, the ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt were staying with the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. At dinner one day, the Crown Princess turned to Roosevelt and asked, "Is it true that Mrs. Roosevelt would not receive the Russian Grand Duke Boris when he was in America?" Her guest met her frank question with a reply equally frank.

"We were at Sagamore Hill, not at the White House, when the incident occurred which you have in mind. The Grand Duke had led a scandalous life in America. This was known to everybody. The Russian ambassador asked permission to bring the Grand Duke to our home. I could not courteously refuse this request. Mrs. Roosevelt shared my disapproval of the Grand Duke's notorious conduct and felt that his presence in our house would be an insult. Accordingly, when the two dignitaries arrived, she had gone out. The ambassador expressed regret at not finding her at home. And I did not explain further than to say, 'Mrs. Roosevelt has gone out to lunch, Mr. Ambassador; she is not in the house.'"

With that fine courtesy which characterized them, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt never mentioned the affair. "But," adds my fun-loving classmate, in Mr. Bishop's narrative, "apparently the Grand Duke and the Ambassador were not able to conceal

their feelings and expressed their chagrin to a sufficient number of people to insure the matter getting into the papers, which it accordingly did."

It is a delightful little tidbit of social news, especially agreeable to democratic ears. The man Roosevelt — backed by his wife, who shared his life nobly, beautifully — was a real man, with a love of integrity and purity not only in his public career, in brilliant letters and speeches, but also in his private life, down through the simple, personal details of his daily living. Thirty years ago I heard President Arthur Hadley of Yale say in a public address upon social problems, "Society alone has the power to correct the evils which society creates." True words which have remained in my memory. And while many good people, themselves high-minded, hesitate or fail to make a stand against social moral laxities which they personally — and feebly — disapprove, not so acted Theodore Roosevelt. The moral idealism of the man was fundamental; it was expressed not only in words, as he stood on the platform with applause punctuating his appeals for truth and justice, but in deeds, even amid the smallest punctilioes of a clean, cultivated, social code.

In the earlier and even in the mid-life periods of my great friend's career, his record stands, in my memory, as in the black-and-white sketches of

deeds and facts. But the last ten years of his life stand recorded, for me, in colors — the colors of emotion; I knew his preëminence of character; I saw him developing it, through strenuous years — intellectually even if not morally, for he was born with an unchanging passion for truth and right — until he became the greatest living man of his time. And his greatness was not because of the extreme development of any single quality, but because he had all the high qualities of other men, only most of those qualities, in him, were larger and stronger than in them. Thus he was not a prodigy, not an abnormal type; he was a superman; he was first a man and then something more than other excellent able men, around the full periphery of his large, rich nature.

In masses of vivid color come to me those last scenes of his life. I am not so much concerned with the things he did; but I am deeply sympathetic with his feelings as he did them. I rejoice, for example, as I look at that fiery "Barnes trial" in its entirety. It stands out, like a battle scene, in vivid red, like blood. Roosevelt had expressed his opinion of William Barnes's character and actions in plain Saxon terms. Barnes at once brought suit for libel against Roosevelt. Barnes's counsel, William M. Ivins, declared that among Roosevelt's letters could be found evidence of

methods similar to Barnes's. He declared confidently to Elihu Root, on the eve of the trial, "I am going to Syracuse to-morrow, to nail Roosevelt's hide to the fence." To which boast astute Elihu Root replied, "I know Roosevelt, and you want to be very sure that it is Roosevelt's hide that you get on to the fence."

Results justified Root's warning. The trial lasted more than a month. Ivins went over thousands of letters and speeches written by Roosevelt during his public career, and read selections from them in court. Roosevelt's marvelous memory showed itself when he interrupted the reading of one letter, several years old: "Isn't there an interlineation there, which says — so and so?" And it was there, and was read out.

The whole country followed that exciting libel suit with deep interest, and with a confidence in the defendant's character which the results justified. Roosevelt's name was on the front page of the newspapers day after day. One of his most inveterate enemies said bitterly of Barnes, "He is the most blundering lunatic I ever saw. After the unsuccessful Progressive campaign we had Roosevelt dead and buried. And now Barnes has not only opened the door for him to come back, but has pushed him to the front of the stage and made him a greater popular idol than ever."

Two points connected with the triumphant vindication of Roosevelt in that trial are worth noting. First, when the time for cross-examination came, he requested his counsel to raise no objection to any question which might be asked him by Ivins. There you have the fearless Roosevelt, clear in conscience, and self-reliant as ever. He knew that his record was clean, and he welcomed all possible inquiries about it. And the second point, which appeals to every paternal and maternal heart, is that at the end of the day on which the last of his letters was read in the courtroom, he said to a friend, "It has meant more to me than anything else in this trial, that there is not a single thing in those old letters of mine which I am ashamed to have my children read." Just, clean, honest living it was, from his great public policies, known to all men, down to the smallest and most confidential items of his private correspondence, even under the microscope.

It might properly be added that not only did the whole nation rejoice that Roosevelt came through the trial — verdict eleven to one for acquittal — without even the "smell of fire upon his garments", but defeated and disappointed William Barnes was presently won over to a new attitude toward the man whom he had accused. Three years later, when the Republican leaders of New York wished

Roosevelt to run for the governorship, Barnes was with them; and he said to the reporters, "No matter what my relations to Roosevelt have been in the past, we need now a man of his integrity, character and great foresight."

It is always pleasant for friends of two men who have been open and intense rivals and enemies to see them generously bury the hatchet and "make up." Such a broad-minded, warm-hearted reconciliation took place between Taft and Roosevelt in the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, on a Sunday in May, 1918. The two strong-natured men, formerly friends, had become utterly estranged during the political campaign of 1912. The epithets which they hurled at each other in the blinding heat of that struggle now seem amusing only. But the estrangement was deep. And the breach between them continued to exist through several years. Friends of both, knowing their warm hearts, longed to see them in harmony again. A meeting between the two was arranged at the Union League Club in New York. But it amounted to little. The time for generous concessions on both sides was not yet ripe. Roosevelt said picturesquely, grimly, of this meeting at the Club, "It was one of those friendly affairs, where each side, before entering the meeting place, made sure its hardware was in good order."

Leary tells us that he was drawn to the dining room of the Blackstone Hotel by loud cheers. And, in a few moments, the message sped through the halls and corridors, "Taft and Roosevelt have got together." And that was the situation. They had happened, quite unexpectedly, to meet in that hotel on that day. And Time had healed the wounds of their former conflicts. They both longed to be friends again. And they became friends. They beamed on each other as they shook hands.

Later, as Roosevelt went to the railway station, he expressed himself freely and joyously to Leary. "Jack, I never felt happier over anything in my life. It was splendid of Taft."

Passing now to a somewhat different yet wholly unrelated side of Roosevelt's character, I say a few things about his religious faith. He went regularly to church, at Washington and at Oyster Bay, and wherever it was possible. But that fact does not throw much light on his — or any man's — real inner religious convictions. The habit and custom of church-going may involve many diverse considerations. And what a man really believes and aims at doing is hidden far within a man's heart. Roosevelt did unbosom himself, however, now and again, to sympathetic friends.

To John Leary he once said, "I am fond of that

verse of the prophet Micah: ‘To do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God’; that, to me, is the essence of religion.” And such it was, in his cool, calm moods. But in September, 1918, evidently amid the pangs of his heart over the death of his son Quentin, he wrote “The Great Adventure.” And I know few pieces of writing, in the English tongue, which are loftier than this. There is in it the same intense white-heat of passion which we find in James Russell Lowell’s “Commemoration Ode.” It almost clothes itself in a garment of rhyme and rhythm.

“Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die. . . . Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters would die for it at need. . . . In America all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. All who give service or stand ready for sacrifice are the torch-bearers. We run, with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers, are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they

face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above, or in the waters beneath. And no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes,—the girls whose boy-lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow. These are the torch-bearers. These are they who have dared the Great Adventure."

This is poetry of a high order. Lacking rigid conventional poetic form, it yet thrills with that exaltation of soul which marks the lines of the real poets. Indeed, what else is it but the mystical Faith of the great Apostle to the Gentiles?

The days and the months passed, the armies in Europe were close to the verge of exhaustion, but millions of fresh young warriors were hurrying to reach the battle line. And Germany sought an armistice,—which was granted. And the greatest war of all human history practically was over.

Through it all Roosevelt had expended his energy bounteously, in all channels that were still open to him, the channel which he had most eagerly sought having been closed to him by the autocrat of the White House. He had not sulked in his tent, like Greek Achilles, bitter with disappointment. But after his rebuff by Wilson he strove indefatigably for human rights and national honor.

And, by his own pure, high spirit, as well as by contrast with selfish, sordid Wilson, he grew in popular favor rapidly, day by day. And had he lived, he would have been the successful presidential candidate of the whole American nation in 1920. From the crest of the wave—as he expressed it, in 1910—he had sunk into the hollow of the wave in 1912 and 1913. Then, with the greatest crisis of the world imminent, our greatest leader was summoned from the wave-hollow; and men who had voted for Wilson, men who had hurled harsh epithets at the Progressive Leader, now as one man looked toward him, admired him, praised him and almost worshiped him. The tide of popular favor, at full in 1910, ebbed to its lowest point in 1913. Then, in 1916, it began to rise; and it rose steadily until the day of our illustrious hero's death.

That death came on January 6, 1919, at his dearly loved home at Oyster Bay. He had spent some time at the Roosevelt Hospital a short time before, and, after seeming to be dangerously and hopelessly sick, had revived and had gone to Sagamore Hill. His faithful secretary, Miss Josephine Stricker, attended him closely during those days in the hospital. She has described to me some of the conditions and incidents of that illness. Two qualities in him came out into bold relief, she told

me. One was his desire to cause as little trouble to doctors and nurses as possible. Even when stricken with discomfort and pain, he was unselfish, and often expressed sympathy for those who cared for him.

His other characteristic quality, which Miss Stricker set before me, was his insistence that the frequent bulletins which she prepared and gave out should express the exact facts of his case. Once or twice the doctors were inclined to modify or suppress some of the severest statements. For they knew that those bulletins were being telegraphed and cabled over the whole civilized world. And they did not like to arouse too much public excitement. When Roosevelt learned this, he protested; he insisted that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth should go into those bulletins. And his wishes were heeded.

It is a custom among Harvard graduate-classes, when a member of the class dies, for the Class Secretary to send a notice of the death, with a few salient facts, to every other living member of the class. When Roosevelt's death came, on January 6, 1919, at Oyster Bay, our Class Secretary, John Woodbury, sent out the usual notice; but, instead of giving the customary facts about our classmate's career, he sent to us this citation from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress":

"After this it was noised abroad that Valiant for Truth was taken with a summons, and had this for a token that the summons was true, that his pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's. And though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all my trouble. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can attain it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who will be my rewarder.'"

Thus came to Theodore Roosevelt the end of the earthly life. Our nation and the whole world felt a pang as the sad news went forth. From the lips and pens of longtime friends — and even former foes — poured tributes of praise for this remarkable human being. For all felt, as they made full survey, standing amid the shadows, of Theodore Roosevelt's earnest, noble life, that he had proved himself a true man, a high, fine ideal of American citizenship.

For myself, although deeply mourning his death, and wondering at his inexhaustible courage and his unbroken fortitude, I am assured that his life was

a happy one. To me he is—and shall ever be—the Happy Warrior.

“Who is the Happy Warrior? . . . He
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause:
This is the Happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.”

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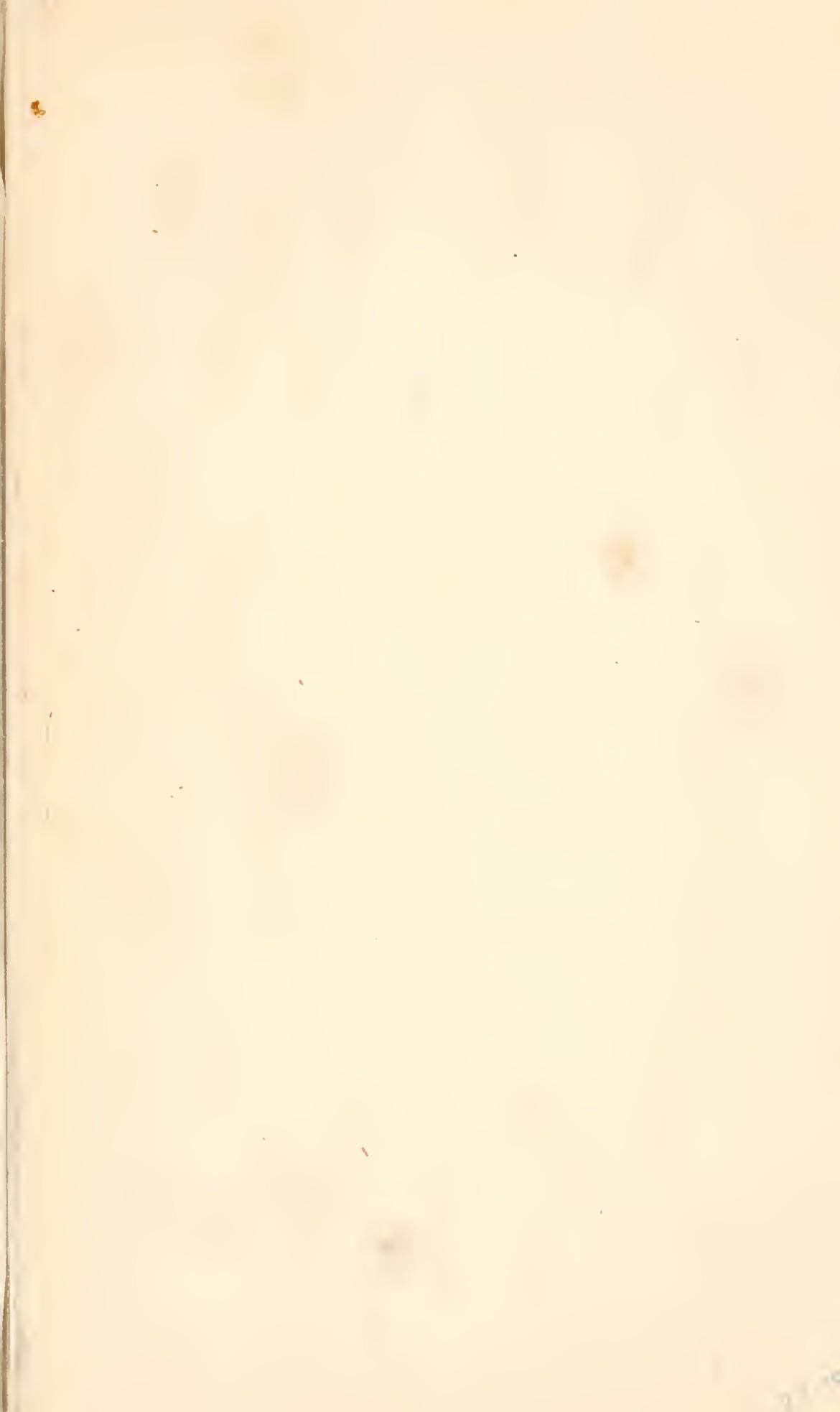
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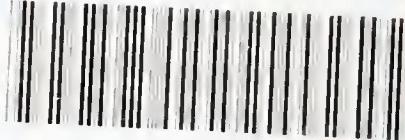








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